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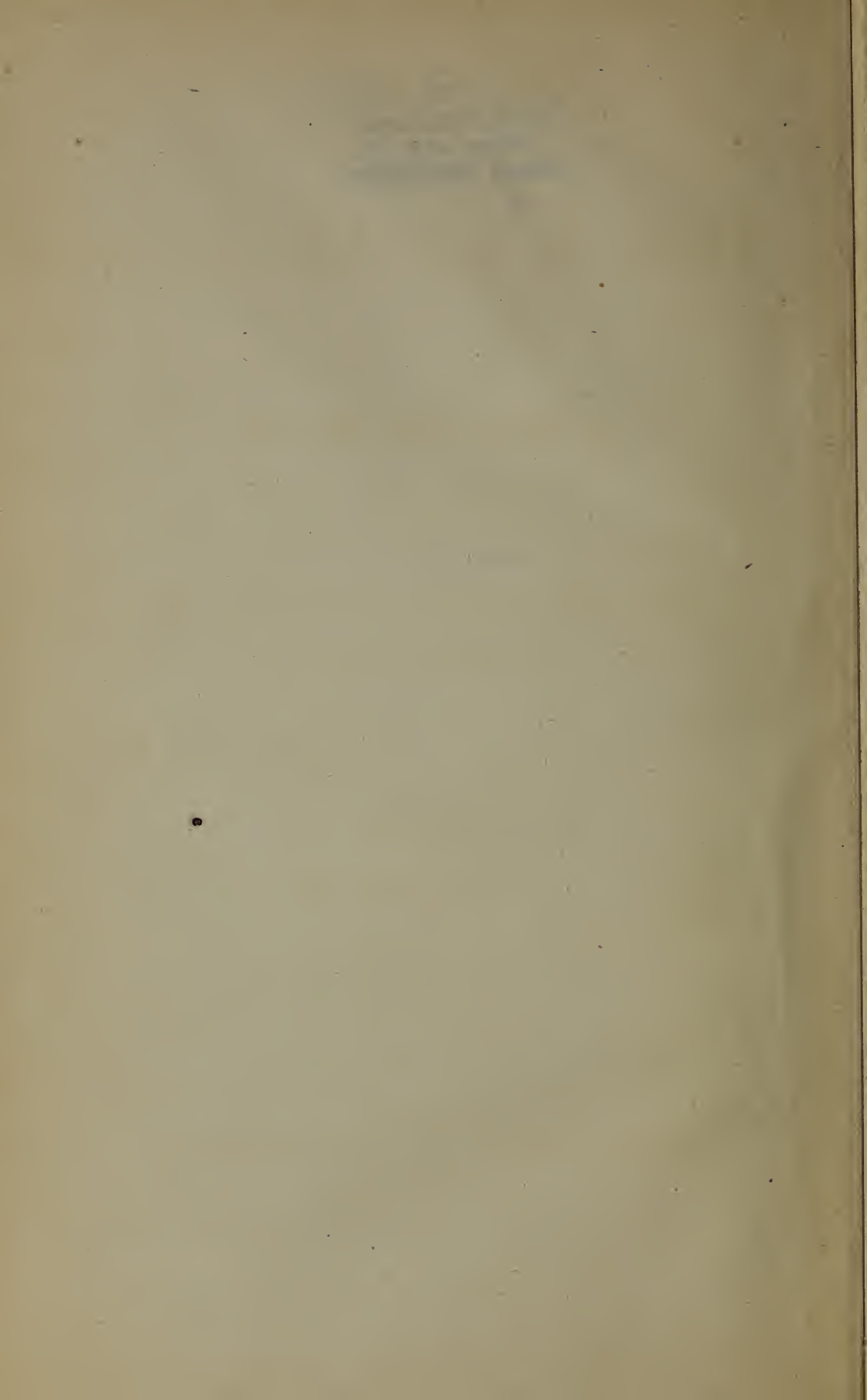
**COLLECTION OF  
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Bay State Monthly





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OF

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VOLUME II

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*James G. Maine*



# THE BAY STATE MONTHLY.

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No. I.

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## JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE.

IN the long list of illustrious men who have held the high office of President of the United States, a few names stand out with such prominence as to be constantly before the American people. While Adams, Jefferson, Monroe, Jackson, Grant, and others, did the country service that never will be forgotten, it is indisputable that Washington, Lincoln, and Garfield gained a firmer hold upon the confidence and affection of the masses than any others. And now, as we approach another presidential campaign, the result of which is to place in the highest office of the nation a new man, it is alike a source of pride and satisfaction that the Republican party has put in nomination a man, who, if elected, will bring to the discharge of his duties as high a degree of honesty as Washington, as thorough an acquaintance with human nature as Lincoln, and as profound a knowledge of political economy as Garfield. Through all the years of his manhood he has been a central figure in American politics, and his achievements are indelibly written on almost every page of American history for the

last quarter of a century. With such a man as a candidate the country may well congratulate itself that if he proves to be the choice of the majority he will, by his ability and experience, bring as great renown to the office as any of his predecessors, and that under his guidance the material prosperity and intellectual growth of the nation will be such as to gain for his administration great popular favor, the admiration of his friends, and the respect of all nations.

JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE, the nominee of the Republican party for President of the United States, was born on January 31, 1830, in Washington County, in the southwestern corner of Pennsylvania, in West Brownsville, a village on the west bank of the Monongahela. Here Neil Gillespie, before the British army left America at the close of the Revolution, had established his family, purchasing the land of the Indians. Nearly twenty years later the Blaines came from Carlisle, seeking investment and development in this new West, and the father of James G. Blaine, who had left Carlisle when a

child, married the daughter of Neil Gillespie the second.

The first of the Blaine family of whom much is known was Colonel Ephraim Blaine, who lived at Chester, and in the Revolution was purveyor-general of the Pennsylvania troops, and incidentally of the whole Revolutionary army. He married Rebekah Galbraith in 1765. Blaine is a well-known Scotch name. Galbraith and Gillespie are Scotch-Irish; in fact, the ancestors of James G. Blaine were nearly all Scotch and Irish. It is a circumstance worthy of comment that Blaine comes from a stock which has furnished the United States with many of her ablest public men, notably among them being Andrew Jackson and Horace Greeley.

Colonel Ephraim Blaine had two sons named Robert and James, and each of these sons named his son for Colonel Ephraim Blaine. Old Ephraim Blaine did not leave his property to his sons, but to these two grandsons, (1) Ephraim, who remained in Carlisle, and (2) Ephraim Lyon Blaine, who grew up in western Pennsylvania. Ephraim Lyon Blaine was named for his mother, Miss Lyon, the daughter of Samuel Lyon from about Carlisle. Ephraim Lyon Blaine married Miss Gillespie, a devout member of the Roman Catholic Church, but most of their seven children — five boys and two girls — adhered to the traditional faith of the Blaines. The second of these sons, James Gillespie Blaine, is the subject of this sketch. He would have inherited large blended fortunes, had not his father, like his grandfather, been a spendthrift. Therefore, soon after James G. Blaine was born his parents had to move out of the big house which they could no longer keep up, and occupy a frame-

house called the Pringle dwelling, also in West Brownsville, about a quarter of a mile distant. Here young Blaine lived and went to school both in Brownsville and in West Brownsville, until his father was elected prothonotary of the county, in 1842, when the whole family removed to Little Washington, twenty-four miles distant,

James G. entered Washington College in 1843, being then thirteen years of age, and became at once prominent as a scholar among the two or three hundred other lads from all parts of the country. He was also a leader in athletic sports. He was not a bookworm, but he was a close student and possessed the happy faculty of assimilating knowledge from books and tutors far more easily and quickly than most of his fellows. In debating-societies he held his own well, and was conspicuous by his ability to control and direct others.

After leaving college young Blaine started for Kentucky to carve out his own fortune. He went to Blue Lick Springs and became a professor in the Western Military Institute, in which there were about four hundred and fifty boys. A retired officer who was a student there at the time relates that Professor Blaine was a thin, handsome, earnest young man, with the same fascinating manners he has now. He was popular with the boys, who trusted him and made friends with him from the first. He knew the given name of every one, and he knew his shortcomings and his strong points. He was a man of great personal courage, and during a fight between the faculty of the school and the owners of the springs, involving some questions about the removal of the school, he behaved in the bravest manner, fighting



hard but keeping cool. Revolvers and knives were freely used, but Blaine only used his well-disciplined muscle. Colonel Thornton F. Johnson was the principal of the school, and his wife had a young ladies' school at Millersburg, twenty miles distant. There Blaine met Miss Harriet Stanwood, who subsequently became his wife. She was a Maine girl of excellent family sent to Kentucky to be educated.

After teaching for a while Blaine left Kentucky and went to Philadelphia to study law. While there he taught for a short time at the blind asylum and also wrote for the newspapers. He soon, however, was irresistibly attracted to the State of Maine, and left his native State for a home in the community with which his name is now indissolubly connected. It is somewhat remarkable that this ambitious young man should have gone East instead of West, choosing a State which the young men were fast leaving—one whose population in the last forty years has increased very little. He is, indeed, almost the only man who has gone East in the last half-century and risen to any prominence.

Mr. Blaine went to Maine in 1853, and soon afterward married Miss Stanwood, whose family are well known in New England. Through their influence he soon found an occupation in journalism, and until 1860 was actively engaged in editing at different times the *Kennebec Journal* and the *Portland Daily Advertiser*. He retained a part ownership in the *Kennebec Journal* until it began to hamper him in his political career, and then he sold out. A friend has said of him as a journalist: "I have often thought that a great editor, as great perhaps as Horace Greeley, was lost when Mr. Blaine went into politics.

He possesses all the qualities of a great journalist: he has a phenomenal memory; he remembers circumstances, dates, names, and places more readily than any other man I ever met."

Wielding a strong, vigorous, aggressive pen, Mr. Blaine soon made its power felt among politicians. He went to Maine at a time when the Whig and Democratic parties were breaking up. Previous to 1854 the Democratic party had governed the State for a quarter of a century, but its power was broken in the September election of that year, through a temporary union of the anti-slavery and temperance elements. In 1855 the different wings of the new party were well consolidated, and in the famous Frémont campaign of 1856 they carried the State, electing Hannibal Hamlin governor by twenty-four thousand majority. Mr. Blaine, during all these exciting times, did not by any means confine himself to writing political leaders. He took an active part in politics, attending Republican meetings throughout the State, and soon made himself one of the recognized Republican leaders in Maine. Of this period of his career, the late Governor Kent, of Maine, who himself stood in the front rank of public men in his State, once wrote as follows:—

"Almost from the day of his assuming editorial charge of the *Kennebec Journal*, at the early age of twenty-three, Mr. Blaine sprang into a position of great influence in the politics and policy of Maine. At twenty-five he was a leading power in the councils of the Republican party, so recognized by Fessenden, Hamlin, the two Morrills, and others, then, and still, prominent in the State. Before he was twenty-nine he was chosen chairman of the executive committee of the Republican

organization in Maine — a position he has held ever since, and from which he has practically shaped and directed every political campaign in the State, always leading his party to brilliant victory. Had Mr. Blaine been New-England born, he would probably not have received such rapid advancement at so early an age, even with the same ability he possessed. But there was a sort of Western *dash* about him that took with us Down-Easters; an expression of frankness, candor, and confidence, that gave him from the start a very strong and permanent hold on our people, and, as the foundation of all, a pure character and a masterly ability equal to all demands made upon him."

Mr. Blaine's early political addresses, and especially the ability which he displayed in them as a debater, won him great local reputation, and, during the Frémont campaign, he achieved a distinction as a speaker which insured him a seat in the Legislature, in 1858, though he was not yet thirty years of age and had been but five years in his adopted State. The ability which he displayed as a legislator was so marked that his constituents returned him four years in succession, and the Legislature, recognizing his talents, elected him speaker in 1860 and 1861, a rare honor for so young a man. As a presiding officer he displayed those fine qualifications which afterward made him one of the most brilliant of the long line of able men who have occupied the speaker's chair in the National House of Representatives.

By this time Mr. Blaine had become a professional politician. In other words he had given up all other occupations and made politics his sole employment. This is a fact worthy of serious consideration, for few men

in this country have avowedly chosen politics as a calling and succeeded in it as James G. Blaine has succeeded. Most of our statesmen, like Webster and Lincoln, have been eminent lawyers. Blaine studied law thoroughly, but never applied for admission at the bar. Some, like Greeley, have been eminent journalists. Blaine made journalism merely a means to an end, discarding it as soon as it had served his purpose. Blaine has made a systematic and thorough study of politics and political affairs. Constitutional history and international law he made it his business to master. Above all, he has studied men, has learned by careful observation how to handle, to mould, to use his fellow-beings. No man in America to-day is more learned in everything pertaining to the science of statesmanship than James G. Blaine. It is the fashion in this country to decry professional politicians, to uphold the doctrine that the office should seek the man and not the man the office. Yet there can be no more honorable profession than the service of one's country, and surely no man should be blamed for fitting himself for that service as thoroughly and as carefully as for any other profession.

A man of Mr. Blaine's ability, of his rare knowledge of parliamentary usages, and, above all, of his ambitions, was not likely to remain long content with the position of a representative in the State Legislature. As early as 1859 he had an ambition to go to Congress, and he was talked of as a candidate in 1860. But Anson P. Morrill was nominated, Mr. Blaine not having strength enough to obtain the honor. In 1862 Mr. Blaine was nominated to the office, although he was not then so desirous of it as he had been two years

before. His patriotic utterances in the convention which nominated him met with a hearty response, and he was elected over his Democratic competitor by the largest majority that had ever been given in his district, it exceeding three thousand. This majority he held in six succeeding and consecutive elections, running it up in one exciting contest to nearly four thousand.

During his first term in Congress Mr. Blaine gave himself up to study and observation, but in the next Congress, the Thirty-ninth, he gained some prominence, and from that time to the end of his congressional career he occupied a foremost place among the Republican leaders. His reputation was that of an exceedingly industrious committeeman. He was a member of the post-office and military committees, and of the committees on appropriations and rules. He paid close attention to the business of the committees, and took an active part in the debates of the House, manifesting practical ability and genius for details. The first remarkable speech which he made in Congress was on the subject of the assumption by the general government of the war debts of the States, in the course of which he urged that the North was abundantly able to carry on the war to a successful issue. This vigorous speech attracted so much attention that two hundred thousand copies of it were circulated in 1864 as a campaign document by the Republican party. In the winter of 1865-66 Mr. Blaine was very energetic in promoting the passage of reconstruction measures. In the early part of 1866 he proposed a resolution which finally became the basis of that part of the fourteenth amendment relating to congressional representation. In the second session

of the Thirty-ninth Congress he also distinguished himself by the "Blaine amendment" to the military bill, which was universally discussed in the public press of the day.

In 1867 Mr. Blaine made a trip to Europe, returning in time to fight against the greenback heresy, of which he was the foremost opponent. In December he made an elaborate speech on the finances, in which he analyzed Mr. Pendleton's greenback theory. "The remedy for our financial troubles," said he, "will not be found in a superabundance of depreciated paper currency. It lies in the opposite direction, and the sooner the nation finds itself on a specie basis the sooner will the public treasury be freed from embarrassment and private business be relieved from discouragement. Instead, therefore, of entering upon a reckless and boundless issue of legal tenders, with their constant depreciation, if not destruction, of value, let us set resolutely to work and make those already in circulation equal to so many gold dollars."

This was the last great question in the discussion of which Mr. Blaine took part on the floor of the House, his colleagues in 1869 electing him to the office of speaker, vacated by the promotion of Schuyler Colfax to the vice-presidency. The vote stood one hundred and thirty-five votes for Blaine to fifty-seven for Kerr, of Indiana. Mr. Blaine proved himself eminently fitted for the position. As a speaker he may be classed with Henry Clay and General Banks, who are acknowledged to have been the best speakers we have ever had. Blaine was their equal in every respect. The whole force of such a statement as this cannot be felt unless it is fully understood that



the speaker of the House of Representatives stands next to the President in power and importance in the United States. The business of Congress is done largely by committees, and the committees of the House are appointed and shaped by the speaker. Then, to say that Blaine was one of our three ablest speakers is to say a great deal, for a long line of very able men have filled the speaker's chair. His quickness, his thorough knowledge of parliamentary law and of the rules, his firmness, clear voice, impressive manner, his ready comprehension of subjects and situations, and his dash and brilliancy, really made him a great presiding officer. He rose to a high place not only in the estimation of his Republican friends, but also of his Democratic opponents, and he was re-elected to the speakership in 1871 and again in 1873. In 1875, the Democratic majority took control, and Mr. Blaine resumed his place on the floor to win fresh laurels as a debater, and to discomfit the majority in many a projected scheme which his quick eye detected and his ready words exposed.

The governor of Maine, on the tenth of July, 1876, appointed Mr. Blaine to the national Senate, in place of Mr. Morrill, who had resigned to become secretary of the treasury. He was afterward elected for the unexpired term and the full term following. On his appointment he wrote to his constituents thus:—

Beginning with 1862, you have, by continuous elections, sent me as your representative to the Congress of the United States. For such marked confidence, I have endeavored to return the most zealous and devoted service in my power, and it is certainly not without a feeling of pain

that I now surrender a trust by which I have always felt so signally honored. It has been my boast, in public and in private, that no man on the floor of Congress ever represented a constituency more distinguished for intelligence, for patriotism, for public and personal virtue. The cordial support you have so uniformly given me through these fourteen eventful years is the chief honor of my life. In closing the intimate relations I have so long held with the people of this district, it is a great satisfaction to me to know that with returning health I shall enter upon a field of duty in which I can still serve them in common with the larger constituency of which they form a part.

While in the Senate Mr. Blaine advocated the Chinese immigration bill, and opposed the electoral commission and Bland silver legislation. Here, as throughout his political career, he was never on the fence on any question. His position has always been clear and he has always taken strong grounds,

Mr. Blaine was a candidate for the presidential nomination in 1876, and came within twenty-seven votes of being successful. His vote increased from two hundred and ninety-one on the first ballot to three hundred and fifty-one on the seventh, but he was beaten by a combination against him of the delegates supporting Morton, Conkling, Hartranft, Bristow, and Hayes, who united upon Hayes, and made him the nominee. He was also one of the leading candidates for the presidential nomination at the Republican National Convention in Chicago, in June, 1880. Out of a total of seven hundred and fifty-five he received, on the first ballot, two hundred and eighty-four votes. On the thirteenth and fourteenth ballots he received his highest vote, two hundred and eighty-five, which very gradually declined to two

hundred and fifty-seven on the thirty-fifth ballot. On the thirty-sixth ballot General Garfield was nominated by a combination of the elements opposed to General Grant and a third term. As before, Mr. Blaine yielded to the inevitable, remaining true to his party principles, and contributing his aid to the election of James A. Garfield.

When President Garfield made up his Cabinet he offered Mr. Blaine the control of the state department. This is how Mr. Blaine accepted the offer:

WASHINGTON, December 20, 1880.

*My dear Garfield,*—Your generous invitation to enter your Cabinet as secretary of state has been under consideration for more than three weeks. The thought had really never occurred to my mind until, at our late conference, you presented it with such cogent arguments in its favor, and with such warmth of personal friendship in aid of your kind offer. I know that an early answer is desirable, and I have waited only long enough to consider the subject in all its bearings, and to make up my mind, definitely and conclusively. I now say to you, in the same cordial spirit in which you have invited me, that I accept the position. It is no affectation for me to add that I make this decision, not for the honor of the promotion it gives me in the public service, but because I think I can be useful to the country and to the party; useful to you as the responsible leader of the party and the great head of the government. I am influenced somewhat, perhaps, by the shower of letters I have received urging me to accept, written to me in consequence of the mere unauthorized newspaper report that you had been pleased to offer me the place. While I have received these letters from all sections of the Union, I have been especially pleased, and even surprised, at the cordial and widely extended feeling in my favor throughout New England, where I had expected to encounter local jealousy and, perhaps, rival aspiration.

In our new relation I shall give all that I am and all that I can hope to be, freely and joyfully, to your service. You need no pledge of my loyalty in heart and in act. I should be false to myself did I not prove true both to the great trust you confide to me and to your own personal and political fortunes in the present and in the future. Your administration must be made brilliantly successful and strong in the confidence and pride of the people, not at all directing its energies for re-election, and yet compelling that result by the logic of events and by the imperious necessities of the situation. To that most desirable consummation I feel that, next to yourself, I can possibly contribute as much influence as any other one man. I say this not from egotism or vainglory, but merely as a deduction from a plain analysis of the political forces which have been at work in the country for five years past, and which have been significantly shown in two great national conventions. I accept it as one of the happiest circumstances connected with this affair that in allying my political fortunes with yours—or, rather, for the time merging mine in yours—my heart goes with my head, and that I carry to you not only political support, but personal and devoted friendship. I can but regard it as somewhat remarkable that two men of the same age, entering Congress at the same time, influenced by the same aims and cherishing the same ambitions, should never, for a single moment in eighteen years of close intimacy, have had a misunderstanding or a coolness, and that our friendship has steadily grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength. It is this fact which has led me to the conclusion embodied in this letter; for however much, my dear Garfield, I might admire you as a statesman, I would not enter your Cabinet if I did not believe in you as a man and love you as a friend. Always faithfully yours,

JAMES G. BLAINE.

Mr. Blaine's diplomatic career began with his appointment as secretary of state on March 5, 1881, and ended with

his resignation on December 19, three months after President Garfield's death. The two principal objects of his foreign policy, as defined by himself on September 1, 1882, were these: "First, to bring about peace, and prevent future wars in North and South America; second, to cultivate such friendly commercial relations with all American countries as would lead to a large increase in the export trade of the United States, by supplying those fabrics in which we are abundantly able to compete with the manufacturing nations of Europe." President Garfield, in his inaugural address, had repeated the declaration of his predecessor that it was "the right and duty of the United States to assert and maintain such supervision and authority over any interoceanic canal across the isthmus that connects North and South America as will protect our national interests." This policy, which had received the direct approval of Congress, was vigorously upheld by Secretary Blaine. The Colombian Republic had proposed to the European powers to join in a guaranty of the neutrality of the proposed Panama Canal. One of President Garfield's first acts under the advice of Secretary Blaine was to remind the European governments of the exclusive rights which the United States had secured with the country to be traversed by the interoceanic waterway. These exclusive rights rendered the prior guaranty of the United States government indispensable, and the powers were informed that any foreign guaranty would be not only an unnecessary but unfriendly act. As the United States had made, in the Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850, a special agreement with Great Britain on this subject, Secretary Blaine supplemented

his memorandum to the powers by a formal proposal for the abrogation of all provisions of that convention which were not in accord with the guaranties and privileges covenanted for in the compact with the Colombian Republic. In this state paper, the most elaborate of the series receiving his signature as secretary of state, Mr. Blaine contended that the operation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty practically conceded to Great Britain the control of any canal which might be constructed in the isthmus, as that power was required, by its insular position and colonial possessions, to maintain a naval establishment with which the United States could not compete. As the American government had bound itself by its engagements in the Clayton-Bulwer treaty not to fight in the isthmus, nor to fortify the mouths of any waterway that might be constructed, the secretary argued that if any struggle for the control of the canal were to arise England would have an advantage at the outset which would prove decisive. "The treaty," he remarked, "commands this government not to use a single regiment of troops to protect its interests in connection with the interoceanic canal, but to surrender the transit to the guardianship and control of the British navy." The logic of this paper was unanswerable from an American point of view.

The war between Chili and Peru had virtually ended with the capture of Lima on January 17, 1881. The state department made strenuous exertions to bring about the conclusion of an early peace between Chili and the two prostrate states which had been crushed in war. The influence of the government was brought to bear upon victorious Chili in the interest of peace



and magnanimity; but, owing to an unfortunate misapprehension of Mr. Blaine's instructions, the United States ministers did not promote the ends of peace. Special envoys were accordingly sent to South America, accredited to the three governments, with general instructions which should enable them to bring those belligerent powers into friendly relations. After they had set out from New York Mr. Blaine resigned, and Mr. Frelinghuysen reversed the diplomatic policy with such precipitate haste that the envoys on arriving at their destination were informed by the Chilian minister of foreign affairs that their instructions had been countermanded, and that their mission was an idle farce. By this reversal of diplomatic methods and purposes the influence of the United States government on the South American coast was reduced to so low a point as to become insignificant. Mr. Blaine's policy had been at once strong and pacific. It was followed by a period of no policy, which enabled Chili to make a conqueror's terms with the conquered and to seize as much territory as pleased her rapacious generals.

The most conspicuous act of Mr. Blaine's administration of the state department was his invitation to the peace congress. The proposition was to invite all the independent governments of North and South America to meet in a peace congress at Washington on March 15, 1882. The representatives of all the minor governments on this continent were to agree, if possible, upon some comprehensive plan for averting war by means of arbitration, and for resisting the intrigues of European diplomacy. Invitations were sent on November 22, with the limitations and restrictions originally

designed. Mr. Frelinghuysen lost no time in undermining this diplomatic congress, and the meeting never took place.

On the morning of Saturday, July 2, President Garfield was to start from Washington by the morning limited express for New York, en route for New England and a reunion with his old college mates at the Williams College commencement. His secretary of state accompanied him to the train, and has recorded the great, almost boyish, delight with which the President anticipated his holiday. They entered the waiting-room at the station, and a moment later Guiteau's revolver had done its work. The country still vividly remembers the devotion with which the head of the Cabinet watched at the President's bedside, and the calm dignity with which, during those long weeks of suspense, he discharged the painful duties of his position. On September 6 the President was removed from Washington to Elberon, whither he was followed the same day by Mr. Blaine and the rest of the Cabinet. The apparent improvement in the President's condition warranted the belief that he would continue to gain, and Mr. Blaine went for a short rest to his home in Augusta. He was on his way back to Elberon when the fatal moment came, and reached there the next morning. It is the universal testimony of the press and people that, during the weary weeks which intervened between the President's injury and death, Mr. Blaine's every action and constant demeanor were absolutely faultless. Selected by Congress to pronounce a formal eulogy upon President Garfield, Mr. Blaine, on February 19, 1882, before President Arthur and his Cabinet, both Houses of Congress, the

Supreme Court, the foreign legations, and an audience of ladies and gentlemen which crowded the Hall of Representatives, delivered a most just, comprehensive, and admirable address upon the martyr's great career and character.

Since his withdrawal from President Arthur's Cabinet and his retirement to private life at Augusta, Mr. Blaine has busied himself with his history, entitled *Twenty Years of Congress*, the first volume of which was given to the public last April. When finished, this work will cover the period from Lincoln to Garfield, with a review of the events which led to the political revolution of 1860. The story he tells in his first volume is given with the simplicity and compactness of a trained journalist, and yet with sufficient fulness to make the picture distinct and clear in almost every detail. The book is as easy to read as a well-written novel; it is clear and interesting, and commands the attention throughout, the more for the absence of anything like oratorical display or forensic combativeness. In literary polish it is not beyond criticism, though occasional infelicities of expression and instances of carelessness do not outweigh the general clearness and force of style. It is not at all points unerring in portraiture, nor infallible in judgment, though the writer's impartiality of spirit and desire to be just are conspicuous, and he gives cogent reasons for opinions expressed. But in broad and comprehensive appreciation of the forces by which the development of public opinion has been affected, the work is one of great merit. It seems to be entirely free from those personal qualities which have characterized Mr. Blaine in politics. It is very remarkable that a man so prominent as a partisan in political affairs could have

written a book so free from partisanship.

Mr. Blaine is now in his fifty-fifth year. Although above medium height, he is so compactly and powerfully built that he scarcely seems tall. His features are large and expressive; he is slightly bald and his neatly trimmed beard is prematurely gray; his brows are lowering — his eyes keen. On the floor of Congress he manifested marvelous power and nerve. His voice is rich and melodious; his delivery is fluent and vigorous; his gestures are full of grace and force; his self-possession is never lost. He has appeared on the stump in almost every Northern State, and is an exceedingly popular and effective campaign speaker. But it is not when on the platform, speaking alone, that he has shown his greatest strength. He is strongest when hard pressed by opponents in parliamentary debate. He is a thorough believer in the organization of men who think alike for advancing their views. He believes that in order to carry out any great project it is necessary to have a party organization, not for the purpose of advancing individual interests, but to push ahead a great line of policy. He is as positive with the courage of his convictions, and believes in aggressive politics. As a consequence of this he has always had both very strong friends and very bitter enemies. It is probable that no man in this country has had a stronger personal following since the days of Harry Clay.

Blaine is a man of great physical capacities. He has great powers of application. His mind works quickly. He is as restless as the ocean and has the power of accomplishing an immense amount of work. Another quality which he possesses — rare but invaluable

to a public man — is that of remembering names and faces, of remembering men and all about them. This ability is partly natural, partly the result of his training. He has made it a study to get acquainted with men.

His knowledge of facts, dates, events, men in our history, is not only remarkable, but almost unprecedented. It would be difficult to find a man in the United States who can, on the instant, without reference to book or note, give so many facts and statistics relating to the social and political history of our country. This has been the study of his life, and his memory is truly encyclopædic.

Mr. Blaine was not a poor man when he entered Congress in 1863, and he is not a millionaire now. For twenty years he has owned a valuable coal tract of several hundred acres near Pittsburgh. This yielded him a handsome income before he entered Congress, and the investment has been a profitable one during his public life. He is said to have speculated more or less, and to have made and lost millions. Yet in general his business affairs have been managed with prudence and shrewdness, and he now has a handsome fortune. His home in Augusta, near the State House, is a plain two-story house. Several institutions in the State have received benefactions from him, and his charity and generosity are appreciated at home. He is a member of the Congregational Church in Augusta, and constant attendance at divine service is a practice that he has always inculcated upon his family. He has constantly refused to take religious matters into politics, but his respect for his mother's belief has made him tolerant and charitable toward all sects. In his own house he is a man

of culture and refinement, a genial host, a courteous gentlemen. No man in public life is more fortunate in his domestic relations. He is the companion and confidant of every one of his six children, and they fear him no more than they fear one of their own number. Mrs. Blaine is a model wife and mother. The eldest son, Walker Blaine, is a graduate of Yale College and of the Law School of Columbia College. He is a member of the bar of several States, and has been creditably engaged in public life in Washington. The second son, Emmons Blaine, is a graduate of Harvard College and the Cambridge Law School. The third is James G. Blaine, Jr., who was graduated from Exeter Academy last year. The three daughters are named Alice, Margaret, and Harriet. The eldest was married more than a year ago to Brevet-Colonel J. J. Coppinger, U.S.A.

But however Mr. Blaine may have distinguished himself as an author, a diplomatist, or a man of varied experience and knowledge, in the present political campaign, in which he is destined to play so important a part, he will necessarily be largely judged in a political sense, and as a politician. What does the record show in these directions? Has he been true or false to his political convictions? Assuredly no man, be he friend or foe, can point to a single instance in Mr. Blaine's long and varied political career, in which he has betrayed his political trust or failed to respond to the demands of his political professions. Through the anti-slavery period; during the trying years of the war; through the boisterous struggle for reconstruction, and constantly since, Mr. Blaine's voice has always been heard pleading for the cause of equality, arguing for freedom,



and combating all propositions that aimed to restrict human rights or fetter human progress. That he has sometimes been swayed by partisan rather than statesmanlike considerations is highly probable, but even that can but prove his zeal and devotion to party principles.

No one claims for him political infallibility, and his warmest admirer will admit that he, like other men, has faults. But those who look upon Mr. Blaine as an impetuous and rash politician have but to read his letter of acceptance to see how unjust that judgment is. Calm, dignified, and scholarly, it discusses with consummate

ability the issues that to-day are engaging the attention of the American people, and whether it be the tariff question or our foreign policy, he shows a familiarity with the subject that at once stamps him as a man of remarkable versatility and rare accomplishments. As the standard-bearer of the great Republican party, he will unquestionably inspire in his followers great enthusiasm and determination, and, if elected to the high office to which he has been nominated, there is every reason to believe that he will make a Chief Magistrate of whom the entire people will justly be proud.

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### THE BOUNDARY LINES OF OLD GROTON.—III.

BY THE HON. SAMUEL ABBOTT GREEN.

THE running of the Provincial line in 1741 cut off a large part of Dunstable, and left it on the New Hampshire side of the boundary. It separated even the meeting-house from that portion of the town still remaining in Massachusetts, and this fact added not a little to the deep animosity felt by the inhabitants when the disputed question was settled. It is no exaggeration to say that, throughout the old township, the feelings and sympathies of the inhabitants on both sides of the line were entirely with Massachusetts. A short time before this period the town of Nottingham had been incorporated by the General Court, and its territory taken from Dunstable. It comprised all the lands of that town, lying on the easterly side of the Merrimack River; and the difficulty of attending public worship led to the division. When the Provincial line was established, it affected

Nottingham, like many other towns, most unfavorably. It divided its territory and left a tract of land in Massachusetts, too small for a separate township, but by its associations belonging to Dunstable. This tract is to-day that part of Tyngsborough lying east of the river.

The question of a new meeting-house was now agitating the inhabitants of Dunstable. Their former building was in another Province, where different laws prevailed respecting the qualifications and settlement of ministers. It was clearly evident that another structure must be built, and the customary dispute of small communities arose in regard to its site. Some persons favored one locality, and others another; some wanted the centre of territory, and others the centre of population. Akin to this subject I give the words of the Reverend Joseph Emerson, of Pepper-

ell,—as quoted by Mr. Butler, in his History of Groton (page 306),—taken from a sermon delivered on March 8, 1770, at the dedication of the second meeting-house in Pepperell: “It hath been observed that some of the hottest contentions in this land hath been about settling of ministers and building meeting-houses; and what is the reason? The devil is a great enemy to settling ministers and building meeting-houses; wherefore he sets on his own children to work and make difficulties, and to the utmost of his power stirs up the corruptions of the children of God in some way to oppose or obstruct so good a work.” This explanation was considered highly satisfactory, as the hand of the evil one was always seen in such disputes.

During this period of local excitement an effort was made to annex Nottingham to Dunstable; and at the same time Joint Grass to Dunstable. Joint Grass was a district in the north-eastern part of Groton, settled by a few families, and so named from a brook running through the neighborhood. It is evident from the documents that the questions of annexation and the site of the meeting-house were closely connected. The petition in favor of annexation was granted by the General Court on certain conditions, which were not fulfilled, and consequently the attempt fell to the ground. Some of the papers relating to it are as follows:

A Petition of sundry Inhabitants of the most northerly Part of the first Parish in Groton, praying that they may be set off from said Groton to Dunstable, for the Reasons mentioned.

Read and Ordered, That the Petitioners serve the Towns of Groton and Dunstable with Copies of this Petition, that they show Cause, if any they have, on the first

Friday of the next Sitting of this Court, why the Prayer thereof should not be granted.

Sent up for Concurrence.

[Journal of the House of Representatives (page 264), March 11, 1746.]

Francis Foxcroft, Esq; brought down the Petition of the northerly Part of Groton, as entred the 11th of March last, and refer'd. Pass'd in Council, viz. In Council May 29th 1747. Read again, together with the Answers of the Towns of Groton and Dunstable, and Ordered, That Joseph Wilder and John Quincy, Esqrs; together with such as the honourable House shall join, be a Committee to take under Consideration this Petition, together with the other Petitions and Papers referring to the Affair within mentioned, and report what they judge proper for this Court to do thereon. Sent down for Concurrence.

Read and concur'd, and Major Jones, Mr. Fox, and Col. Gerrish, are joined in the Affair.

[Journal of the House of Representatives (page 11), May 29, 1747.]

John Hill, Esq; brought down the Petition of the Inhabitants of Groton and Nottingham, with the Report of a Committee of both Houses thereon.

Signed Joseph Wilder, per Order.

Pass'd in Council, viz. In Council June 5th 1747. The within Report was read and accepted, and Ordered, That the Petition of John Swallow and others, Inhabitants of the northerly Part of Groton be so far granted, as that the Petitioners, with their Estates petition'd for, be set off from Groton, and annexed to the Town of Dunstable, agreeable to Groton Town Vote of the 18th of May last; and that the Petition of the Inhabitants of Nottingham be granted, and that that Part of Nottingham left to the Province, with the Inhabitants thereon, be annexed to said Dunstable, and that they thus Incorporated, do Duty and receive Priviledges as other Towns within this Province do or by Law ought to enjoy.

And it is further Ordered, That the



House for publick Worship be placed two Hundred and forty eight Rods distant from Mr. *John Tyng's* North-East Corner, to run from said Corner North fifty two Degrees West, or as near that Place as the Land will admit of.

Sent down for Concurrence.

Read and concur'd with the Amendment, *viz.* instead of those Words, . . . *And it is further Ordered, That the House for publick Worship be.* . . . insert the following Words . . . *Provided that within one Year a House for the publick Worship of GOD be erected, and . . .*

Sent up for Concurrence.

[Journal of the House of Representatives (page 26), June 6, 1747.]

To his Excellency William Shirley Esquire Captain General and Governour in Chief in and over his Majestys Province of the Massachusetts Bay in New England The Hon<sup>ble</sup>: the Council and Hon<sup>ble</sup>: House of Representatives of the said Province in General Court Assembled at Boston the 31<sup>st</sup>. of May 1749.

The petition of the Inhabitants of the Town of Dunstable in the Province of the Massachusetts Bay

Most Humbly Shew

That in the Year 1747, that part of Nottingham which lyes within this Government and part of the Town of Groton Called Joint Grass preferred two petitions to this Great and Hon<sup>ble</sup>: Court praying that they might be Annexed to the Town of Dunstable which petitions Your Excellency and Honours were pleased to Grant upon Conditions that a meeting house for the Publick Worship of God should be built two hundred and forty Eight Rods 52 Degs: West of the North from North East Corner of Mr. John Tyngs land But the Inhabitants of the Town Apprehending Your Excellency and Honours were not fully Acquainted with the Inconveniencys that would Attend placing the Meeting House there Soon after Convened in Publick Town Meeting Legally Called to Conclude upon a place for fixing said meeting house where it would best Accommodate all the Inhabitants at which meeting pro-

posals were made by some of the Inhabitants to take the Advice and Assistance of three men of other Towns which proposal was Accepted by the Town and they accordingly made Choice of The Hon<sup>ble</sup>: James Minot Esqr. Maj<sup>r</sup>: Lawrence and Mr. Brewer and then Adjourned the Meeting.

That the said Gentlemen mett at the Towns Request and Determined upon a place for fixing the said meeting house which was approved of by the Town and they Accordingly Voted to Raise the sum of one hundred pounds towards defreying the Charge of Building the said House But Upon Reviewing the Spot pitched upon as aforesaid many of the Inhabitants Apprehended it was more to the southward than the Committee Intended it should be And thereupon a Meeting was Called on the Twenty Sixth day of May last when the Town voted to Build the meeting house on the East side of the Road that leads from Capt: Cummings's to Mr Simon Tompsons where some part of the Timber now lyes being about Forty Rods Northward of Isaac Colburns house which they Apprehended to be the Spot of Ground the Committee Intended to fix upon.

And for as much as the place Last Voted by the Town to Build their meeting house upon will best Accommodate all the Inhabitants,

Your pet<sup>rs</sup>. therefore most humbly pray Your Excellency and Honours would be pleased to Confirm the said Vote of the Town of the 26<sup>th</sup>: day of May last and order the meeting house for the Publick Worship of God to be Erected on the peice of Ground aforementioned,

And in duty bound they will ever pray  
&c

Simon tompson } Comtee for the  
Eben Parkhurst } Town of Dunstable

[Massachusetts Archives, cxv, 507, 508.]

The Committee appointed on the Petition of a Committee for the Town of *Dunstable*, reported according to Order.

Read and accepted, and thereupon the following Order pass'd, *viz.* *In as much as the House for the publick Worship of*

GOD in Dunstable was not erected within the Line limited in the Order of this Court of June 6th 1747, the Inhabitants of Groton and Nottingham have lost the Benefit of Incorporation with the Town of Dunstable: Therefore

Voted, That a Meeting House for the publick Worship of GOD be erected as soon as may be on the East Side of the Road that leads from Capt. Cummins to Simon Thompson's, where the Timber for such a House now lies, agreeable to a Vote of the said Town of Dunstable on the 26th of May last; and that the said Inhabitants of Groton and Nottingham be and continue to be set off and annexed to the Town of Dunstable, to do Duty and receive Priviledge there, their Neglect of Compliance with the said Order of June 6th 1747, notwithstanding, unless the major Part of the Inhabitants and rateable Estate belonging to said Groton and Nottingham respectively, shall on or before the first Day of September next in writing under their Hands, transmit to the Secretary's Office their Desire not to continue so incorporated with the town of Dunstable as aforesaid; provided also, That in Case the said Inhabitants of Groton and Nottingham shall signify such their Desire in Manner and Time as aforesaid, they be nevertheless subjected to pay and discharge their Proportion of all Publick Town or Ministerial Rates or Taxes hitherto granted or regularly laid on them; excepting the last Sum granted for building a Meeting House. And that the present Town Officers stand and execute their Offices respectively until the Anniversary Town-Meeting at Dunstable in March next. Sent up for Concurrence.

[Journal of the House of Representatives (pages 46, 47), June 26, 1749.]

Whereas the Great & Generall Court of the the [*sic*] Province of the Massachusetts Bay in June Last, On the Petitions of Dunstable & Nottingham has Ordered that the Inhabitants of Groton and Nottingham, Which by Order of the sd Court the 6th of June 1747 Were On Certain Conditions Annexed to sd Dunstable & (Which

Conditions not being Complied with) be Annexed to sd. Dunstable to do duty & Receive priviledge there their neglect of Compliance notwithstanding, Unless the major part of the Inhabitants and ratable Estate belonging to the sd. Groton & Nottingham respectively Shall on or before the first day of September next in Writing under their hands Transmitt to the Secretarys Office their desire not to Continue so Incorporated With the town of Dunstable as aforesd. Now therefore Wee the Subscribers Inhabitants of Groton & Nottingham Sett of as aforesd. do hereby Signifie Our desire not to Continue so Incorporated with the town of Dunstable as aforesd, but to be Sett at Liberty As tho that Order of Court had not ben passed

Dated the 10th day of July 1749

Inhabitants of Groton

Timothy Read  
Joseph fletcher  
John Swallow  
Samuel Comings  
Benjamin Robbins  
Joseph Spalding iuner

Inhabitants of Nottingham

Samuell Gould  
Robert Fletcher  
Joseph perriaham Daken [Deacon ?]  
iohn Collans  
Zacheus Spaulding  
and ten others

[Massachusetts Archives, cxv, 515.]

A manuscript plan of Dunstable, made by Joseph Blanchard, in the autumn of 1748, and accompanying these papers among the Archives (cxv, 519), has considerable interest for the local antiquary.

In the course of a few years some of these Groton signers reconsidered the matter, and changed their minds. It appears from the following communication that the question of the site of the meeting-house had some influence in the matter:—

Groton, May 10, 1753. We have concluded to Joine with Dunstable in settling the gospell and all other affairs hart & hand in case Dunstable woud meet us in erecting a meting house in center of Lands or center of Travel.

Joseph Spaulding jr.  
John Swallow.  
Timothy Read.  
Samuel Cumings.  
Joseph Parkhurst.

[Nason's History of Dunstable, page 85.]

The desired result of annexation was now brought about, and in this way Joint Grass became a part and portion of Dunstable. The following extracts give further particulars in regard to it:—

A Petition of a Committee in Behalf of the Inhabitants of *Dunstable*, within this Province, shewing, that that Part of *Dunstable* by the late running of the Line is small, and the Land much broken, unable to support the Ministry, and other necessary Charges; that there is a small Part of *Groton* contiguous, and well situated to be united to them in the same Incorporation, lying to the West and Northwest of them; that in the Year 1744, the Inhabitants there requested them that they might be incorporated with them, which was conceded to by the Town of *Groton*; that in Consequence of this, upon Application to this Court they were annexed to the Town of *Dunstable* with the following Proviso, *viz.* "That within one Year from that Time a House for the publick Worship of GOD should be erected at a certain Place therein mentioned": Which Place was esteemed by all Parties both in *Groton* and *Nottingham*, so incommodious, that it was not complied withal; that on a further Application to this Court to alter the Place, Liberty was given to the Inhabitants of *Groton* and *Nottingham*, to withdraw, whereby they are deprived of that contiguous and necessary Assistance which they expected: Now as the Reasons hold good in every Respect for their Incorporation with them, they humbly pray that the

said Inhabitants of *Groton* by the same Bounds as in the former Order stated, may be reannexed to them, for the Reasons mentioned.

Read and *Ordered*, That the Petitioners serve the Inhabitants of *Groton* therein refer'd to, as also the Clerk of the Town of *Groton*, with Copies of this Petition, that so the said Inhabitants, as also the Town of *Groton*, shew Cause, if any they have, on the first Tuesday of the next *May* Session, why the Prayer thereof should not be granted.

Sent up for Concurrence.

[Journal of the House of Representatives (pages 138, 139), April 4, 1753.]

*John Hill*, Esq; brought down the Petition of a Committee of the Town of *Dunstable*, as entred the 4th of *April* last, and refer'd. Pass'd in Council, *viz.* In Council *June* 5th 1753. Read again, together with the Answer of the Inhabitants of that Part of *Groton* commonly called *Joint-Grass*, and likewise *William Lawrence*, Esq; being heard in Behalf of the Town of *Groton*, and the Matter being fully considered, *Ordered*, That the Prayer of the Petition be so far granted, as that *Joseph Fletcher*, *Joseph Spaulding*, *Samuel Comings*, *Benjamin Robbins*, *Timothy Read*, *John Swallow*, *Joseph Parkhurst*, and *Ebenezer Parkhurst*, Jun. with their Families and Estates, and other Lands petitioned for, be set off from the Town of *Groton*, and annexed to the town of *Dunstable*, agreeable to the Vote of the Town of *Groton* on the 18th of *May* 1747, to receive Priviledge and do Duty there, provided that *Timothy Read*, Constable for the Town of *Groton*, and Collector of the said Parish in said Town the last Year, and *Joseph Fletcher*, Constable for the said Town this present Year, finish their Collection of the Taxes committed or to be committed to them respectively; and also that the said Inhabitants pay their Proportion of the Taxes that are already due or shall be due to the said Town of *Groton* for the present Year, for which they may be taxed by the Assessors of *Groton*, as tho' this Order had not



past: provided also that the Meeting-House for the publick Worship of GOD in *Dunstable* be erected agreeable to the Vote of *Dunstable* relating thereto in *May 1753*. Sent down for Concurrence.

Read and concur'd.

[*Journal of the House of Representatives* (page 21), June 7, 1753.]

The part of Nottingham, mentioned in these petitions, was not joined to Dunstable until a later period. On June 14, 1754, an order passed the House of Representatives, annexing "a very small Part of Nottingham now lying in this Province, unable to be made into a District, but very commodious for Dunstable;" but the matter was delayed in the Council, and it was a year or two before the end was brought about.

The west parish of Groton was set off as a precinct on November 26, 1742. It comprised that part of the town lying on the west side of the Nashua River, north of the road from Groton to Townsend. Its incorporation as a parish or precinct allowed the inhabitants to manage their own ecclesiastical affairs, while in all other matters they continued to act with the parent town. Its partial separation gave them the benefit of a settled minister in their neighborhood, which, in those days, was considered of great importance.

It is an interesting fact to note that, in early times, the main reason given in the petitions for dividing towns was the long distance to the meeting-house, by which the inhabitants were prevented from hearing the stated preaching of the gospel.

The petitioners for the change first asked for a township, which was not granted; but subsequently they changed their request to a precinct instead, which was duly allowed. The papers relating to the matter are as follows: —

Province of The Massechuets Bay in New England.

To His Excellency W<sup>m</sup>: Shirley Esq<sup>r</sup>: Goveinr in & over ye Same And To The Hon<sup>le</sup>: his Majestis Council & House of Representetives in Gen<sup>ll</sup>: Court Assembled June 1742:

The Petition of Sundry Inhabitants & Resendant in the Northerly Part of Groton Humbly Sheweth that the Town of Groton is at Least ten miles in Length North & South & seven miles in wedth East & West And that in Runing two miles Due North from the Present Meeting House & from thence to Run Due East to Dunstable West Line. And from the Ende of the S<sup>d</sup>: two miles to Run West till it Comes to the Cuntry Rode that is Laide out to Townshend & soon S<sup>d</sup>: Rode till it Comes to Townshend East Line then tur[n]ing & Runing Northly to Nestiquaset Corner which is for Groton & Townshend then tur[n]ing & Runing Easterly on Dunstable South Line & So on Dunstable Line till it comes to the Line first mentioned, Which Land Lyeth about Seven miles in Length & four miles & a Quarter in Wedth.

And Thare is Now Settled in those Lines here after mentioned is about the Number of Seventy families all Redy And may [many?] more ready to Settle there and as soon as scet off to the Petitioners & those families Settled in ye Lines afore s<sup>d</sup>: Would make A Good township & the Remaining Part of Groton Left in a regular forme And by reason of the great Distance your Petitioners are from the Present Meeting House are put to very Great Disadvantages in Attending the Public Worship of God many of Whom are Oblidged to travel Seven or Eight miles & that the Remaining Part of Groton Consisting of such good land & ye Inhabitants so Numerous that thay Can by no means be Hurt Should your Petitioners & those families Settled in ye Lines afore s<sup>d</sup>: Be Erected to a Seprate & Distinct Township: That the in Contestable situation & accomodations on the s<sup>d</sup>: Lands was ye one great reason of your Petitioners Settling thare & Had Not those Prospects been so Clear to us We should



by no means have under taken The Hardship We have already & must go Throu.

Wherefore Your Petitioners Would farther Shew that Part of ye Land here Prayed for all Redy Voted of by the S<sup>d</sup> town to be a Presinct & that the most of them that are in that Lines have Subscribed with us to be a Dest[i]ncte Township Wherefore Your Petitioners Humbly Pray your Honnors to Grante us our Desire according to This our Request as we in Duty Bound Shall Ever Pray &c

Joseph Spaulding iur  
Zachariah Lawrance  
William Allen  
Jeremiah Lawrance  
William Blood  
Nathaniel Parker  
Enoch Lawarnee  
Samuel Right  
James larwance  
Josiah Tucker  
Sam<sup>ll</sup> fisk  
Soloman blood  
John Woods  
Josiah Sartell  
benj<sup>n</sup>. Swallow  
Elies Ellat  
Richard Worner  
Ebenezer Gillson  
Ebenezer Parce  
James Blood iu  
Joseph Spaulding  
Phiniahas Parker iur  
Joseph Warner  
Phineahas Chambrlin  
Isacc laken  
Isacc Williams  
John Swallow  
Joseph Swallow  
Benj<sup>n</sup>: Robins  
Nathan Fisk  
John Chamberlin  
Jacob Lakin  
Seth Phillips  
John Cumings  
Benj<sup>n</sup>: Parker  
Gersham Hobart  
Joseph Lawrance  
John Spaulding  
Isaac Woods

In the House of Repives June. 10. 1742.

Read and Ordered that the Pet<sup>rs</sup> serve the Town of Groton with a Copy of this Pet<sup>n</sup> that they shew cause if any they have on the first fryday of the next session of this Court why the Prayer thereof should not be granted

Sent up for concurrence

T Cushing Spkr

In Council June 15. 1742;

Read & Non Concur'd

J Willard Sec<sup>ry</sup>

[Massachusetts Archives, cxiv, 779, 780.]

To his Excellency William Shirley Esqr. Captain General and Governour in Cheiff in and over his Majesties Province of ye. Massachusetts Bay in New England: To ye. Honourable his Majesties Council and House of Representatives in General Court Assembled on ye: Twenty sixth Day of May. A: D. 1742.

The Petition of as the Subscribers to your Excellency and Honours Humbley Sheweth that we are Proprietors and Inhabitants of ye. Land Lying on ye. Westerly Side Lancaster River (so called) [now known as the Nashua River] in ye North west corner of ye. Township of Groton: & Such of us as are Inhabitants thereon Live very Remote from ye Publick worship of God in s<sup>d</sup> Town and at many Times and Season of ye. year are Put to Great Difficulty to attend ye. same: And the Lands Bounded as Followeth (viz) Southerly on Townshend Rode: Westerly on Townshend Line: Northerly on Dunstable West Precint, & old Town: and Easterly on said River as it now Runs to ye. First mentioned Bounds. being of ye. Contents of about Four Miles Square of Good Land, well Scituated for a Precint: And the Town of Groton hath been Petitioned to Set of ye. Lands bounded as afores<sup>d</sup>. to be a Distinct and Seperate Precint and at a Town Meeting of ye. Inhabitants of s<sup>d</sup>. Town of Groton Assembled on ye Twenty Fifth Day of May Last Past The Town voted ye Prayer of ye. s<sup>d</sup>. Petition and that ye Lands before Described should be a Separate Precinct and that ye. Inhabitants thereon and Such others as hereafter Shall

Settle on s<sup>d</sup>. Lands should have ye Powers and Priviledges that other Precincts in s<sup>d</sup>. Province have or Do Enjoy: as p<sup>r</sup>. a Coppy from Groton Town Book herewith Exhibited may Appear: For the Reasons mentioned we the Subscribers as afores<sup>d</sup>. Humbley Prayes your Excellency and Honours to Set off ye s<sup>d</sup> Lands bounded as afores<sup>d</sup>. to be a Distinct and Seperate Precinct and Invest ye Inhabitants thereon (Containing about ye No. of Forty Families) and Such others as Shall hereafter Settle on s<sup>d</sup>. Lands with Such Powers & Priviledges as other Precincts in s<sup>d</sup>. Province have &c or Grant to your Petitioners Such other Releaf in ye. Premises as your Excellency and Honours in your Great Wisdom Shall think Fit: and your Petitioners as in Duty bound Shall Ever pray &c.

Benj Swallow  
Wm: Spalden  
Isaac Williams  
Ebenezer Gilson  
Elias Ellit  
Samuel Shattuck iu  
James Shattuck  
David Shattuck  
David Blood  
Jonathan Woods  
John Blood iuner  
Josiah Parker  
Jacob Ames  
Jonas Varnum  
Moses Woods  
Zachery Lawrence Junr  
Jeremiah Lawrence  
John Mozier  
Josiah Tucher  
Wm Allen  
John Shadd  
Jams. Green  
John Kemp  
Nehemiah Jewett  
Eleazar Green  
Jonathan Shattuck  
Jonathan Shattuck Junr

In the House of Reptives Novr. 26. 1742  
In Answer to the within Petition ordered that that Part of the Town of Groton Lying on the Westerly Side of Lancaster

River within the following bounds vizt bounding Easterly on said River Southerly on Townsend Road so called Wisterly on Townsend line and Northerly on Dunstable West Precinct with the Inhabitants thereon be and hereby are Set off a distinct and seperate precinct and Vested with the powers & priviledges which Other Precincts do or by Law ought to enjoy Always provided that the Inhabitants Dwelling on the Lands abovementioned be subject to pay their Just part and proportions of all ministeriall Rates and Taxes in the Town of Groton already Granted or Assessed.

Sent up for Concurrence.

T Cushing Spk<sup>r</sup>.

In Council Novr. 26 1742 Read and Concurr'd

J Willard Secry  
W Shirley.

[Massachusetts Archives, cxiv, 768, 769.]

When the new Provincial line was run between Massachusetts and New Hampshire, in the spring of 1741, it left a gore of land, previously belonging to the west parish of Dunstable, lying north of the territory of Groton and contiguous to it. It formed a narrow strip, perhaps three hundred rods in width at the western end, running easterly for three miles and tapering off to a point at the Nashua River, by which stream it was entirely separated from Dunstable. Shaped like a thin wedge, it lay along the border of the province, and belonged geographically to the west precinct or parish of Groton. Under these circumstances the second parish petitioned the General Court to have it annexed to their jurisdiction, which request was granted. William Prescott, one of the committee appointed to take charge of the matter, nearly a quarter of a century later was the commander of the American forces at the battle of Bunker Hill. It has

been incorrectly stated by writers that this triangular parcel of land was the gore ceded, in the summer of 1736, to the proprietors of Groton, on the petition of Benjamin Prescott. The documents relating to this matter are as follows: —

To his Honnor Spencer Phipes Esqr  
Capt Genirol and Commander In Cheaf in  
and ouer his majists prouince of the Mas-  
sachusetts Bay in New england and to The  
Hon<sup>ble</sup> his majestys Counsel and House of  
Representatiues In Geniral Courte assam-  
bled at Boston The 26 of December  
1751

The Petition of Peleg Lawrance Jarimah  
Lawrance and william Prescott a Cum<sup>tee</sup>.  
for the Second Parish In Groton in The  
County of Middle sikes.

Humbly Shew That Theare is a strip of  
Land of about fue or six hundred acors  
Lys ajoyning To The Town of Groton  
which be Longs To the town of Dun-  
stable the said strip of land Lys near  
four mill in Length and bounds on the  
North Line of the said second Parrish in  
Groton and on the South Side of New-  
hampsher Line which Peeace by Runing  
the sd Line of Newhampsher was Intierly  
Cut off from the town of Dunstable from  
Receueing any Priuelidge their for it Lys  
not Less then aboute Eight mill from the  
Senter of the town of Dunstable and but  
about two mill and a half from the meeting  
house in the said second Parish in Groton  
so that they that settel on the sd Strip of  
Land may be much beter accomadated to  
be Joyned to ye town of Groton and to the  
sd second Parish than Euer thay Can any  
other way in this Prouince and the town of  
Dunstable being well sencable thare of  
haue at thare town meeting on the 19 Day  
of December Currant voted of the sd Strip  
of Land allso James Colburn who now  
Liues on sd Strip Land from the town of  
Dunstable to be annexed to the town of  
Groton and to the sd second Parish in sd  
town and the second Parish haue aCord-  
ingly voted to Recue the same all which  
may appear by the vote of sd Dunstable

and said Parish which will be of Grate  
advantage to the owners of the sd. strip of  
Land and a benefit to the said second  
Parish in Groton so that your Petitioners  
Humbly Pray that the sd. strip of Land  
may be annexed to the said second Parish in  
Groton so far as Groton Nor west corner  
to do Duty and Recue Priulidge theare and  
your petionrs In Duty bound shall Euer  
Pray

Peleg Lawrence  
Will<sup>m</sup> Prescott  
Jeremiah Lawrence

Dunstable December 24 1751

this may Certifye the Grate and Genirol  
Courte that I Liue on the slip of Land  
within mentioned and it tis my Desier that  
the prayer of this Petition be Granted

James Colburn

In the House of Reptiues Janry 4. 1752

Voted that the prayer of the Petition be  
so farr granted that the said strip of Land  
prayed for, that is the Jurisdiction of it be  
Annex'd to the Town of Groton & to y<sup>e</sup>  
Second Precinct in said Town & to do  
dutys there & to recieve Priviledges from  
them.

Sent up for Concurrence

T. Hubbard Spkr.

In Council Janry 6. 1752 Read & Con-  
cur'd

Consented to

J Willard Secry.

S Phips

[Massachusetts Archives, cxvi, 162, 163.1

The west parish of Groton was made  
a district on April 12, 1753, the day the  
Act was signed by the Governor, which  
was a second step toward its final and  
complete separation. It then took the  
name of Pepperell, and was vested with  
still broader political powers. It was so  
called after Sir William Pepperrell, who  
had successfully commanded the New  
England troops against Louisburg; and  
the name was suggested, doubtless, by  
the Reverend Joseph Emerson, the first  
settled minister of the parish. He had  
accompanied that famous expedition in



the capacity of chaplain, only the year before he had received a call for his settlement, and his associations with the commander were fresh in his memory. It will be noticed that the Act for incorporating the district leaves the name blank, which was customary in this kind of legislation at that period; and the governor, perhaps with the advice of his council, was in the habit subsequently of filling out the name.

Pepperell, for one "r" is dropped from the name, had now all the privileges of a town, except the right to choose a representative to the General Court, and this political connection with Groton was kept up until the beginning of the Revolution. In the session of the General Court which met at Watertown, on July 19, 1775, Pepperell was represented by a member, and in this way acquired the privileges of a town without any special act of incorporation. Other similar districts were likewise represented, in accordance with the precept calling that body together, and they thus obtained municipal rights without the usual formality. The precedent seems to have been set by the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, which was made up of delegates from the districts as well as from the towns. It was a revolutionary step taken outside of the law. On March 23, 1786, this anomalous condition of affairs was settled by an act of the Legislature, which declared all districts, incorporated before January 1, 1777, to be towns for all intents and purposes.

The act for the incorporation of Pepperell is as follows:—

Anno Regni Regis Georgij Secundi vicesimo Sexto

An Act for Erecting the second Precinct in the Town of Groton into a separate District

Be it enacted by the Lieut. Govr: Council and House of Representatives

That the second Precinct in Groton bounding Southerly on the old Country Road leading to Townshend, Westerly on Townshend Line Northerly on the Line last run by the Governm<sup>t</sup>. of New Hampshire as the Boundary betwixt that Province and this Easterly to the middle of the River, called Lancaster [Nashua] River, from where the said Boundary Line crosses said River, so up the middle of ye. said River to where the Bridge did stand, called Kemps Bridge, to the Road first mentioned, be & hereby is erected into a separate District by the Name of . . . . . and that the said District be and hereby is invested with all the Priviledges Powers and Immunities that Towns in this Province by Law do or may enjoy, that of sending a Representative to the generall Assembly only excepted, and that the Inhabitants of said District shall have full power & Right from Time to time to joyn with the sd: Town of Groton in the choice of Representative or Representatives, in which Choice they shall enjoy all the Priviledges which by Law they would have been entitled to, if this Act had not been made. And that the said District shall from Time to time pay their proportionable part of the Expence of such Representative or Representatives According to their respective proportions of ye. Province Tax.

And that the sd. Town of Groton as often as they shall call a Meeting for the Choice of a Representative shall give seasonable Notice to the Clerk of said District for the Time being, of the Time and place of holding such Meeting, to the End that said District may join them therein, and the Clerk of said District shall set up in some publick place in sd. District a Notification thereof accordingly or otherwise give Seasonable Notice, as the District shall determine.

Provided Nevertheless and be it further enacted That the said District shall pay their proportion: of all Town County and Province Taxes already set on or granted



to be raised by s<sup>d</sup>. Town as if this Act had not been made, and also be at one half the charge in building and repairing the Two Bridges on Lancaster River aforesaid in s<sup>d</sup>. District.

Provided also and be it further Enacted That no poor Persons residing in said District and Who have been Warn'd by the Selectmen of said Groton to depart s<sup>d</sup>. Town shall be understood as hereby exempted from any Process they would have been exposed to if this Act had not been made.

And be it further enacted that W<sup>m</sup> Lawrence \* Esqr Be and hereby is empowered

\*This name apparently inserted after the original draft was made.

to issue his Warrant directed to some principal Inhabitant in s<sup>d</sup>. District requiring him to notify the Inhabitants of said District to meet at such Time & place as he shall appoint to choose all such Officers as by Law they are Impowered to Choose for conducting the Affairs for s<sup>d</sup>. District.

In the House of Reptives April 5, 1753  
Read three several times and pass'd to be Engross'd

Sent up for Concurrence

T. Hubbard Spkr.

In Council April 5 1753 AM

Read a first and Second Time and pass'd a Concurrence

Thos. Clarke Dpty. Secry

[Massachusetts Archives, cxvi, 360-362.]

## THE BOSTON HERALD.

THE newspapers of America have had their greatest growth within the past quarter-century. Their progress in commercial prosperity during this period has been remarkable. Before the Civil War the journals in this country which returned large profits on the capital invested could almost be numbered upon the fingers of one hand. Now they can be counted up into the hundreds, and a well-established and successful newspaper is rated as one of the most profitable of business ventures. This advance in financial value has accompanied, and for the most part is due to, the improvement in the character of the publications, which has been going on steadily year by year. There has been a constant increase of enterprise in all directions, especially in that of gathering news, and with this has come the exercise of greater care and better taste in presenting the intelligence collected to the reading public. The quality of the work of reporters and correspondents has been vastly

bettered, and the number of special writers engaged has been gradually enlarged; subjects which were once relegated to the monthlies and quarterlies for discussion are now treated by the daily press in a style which, if less ponderous, is nevertheless lucid and not unbefitting their importance. In short, the tone of the American newspaper has been elevated without the loss of its popular characteristics, and the tastes of its readers have thereby—unconsciously, perhaps, but none the less surely—been refined. For at least the length of time mentioned at the beginning of this article, journalism has been regarded as worthy to rank beside, if not exactly to be classed with, the “learned professions.” The newspaper writer has emerged from the confines of Bohemia, never to return, and has taken a recognized position in the literary world. His connection with a reputable journal gives him an unquestioned standing, of which his credentials are the diploma.

In view of these great changes in journalism, the record of the progress of a successful newspaper during the last four decades contains much matter of general interest, and if excuse were needed, this would warrant the publication here of a brief history of The Boston Herald.

Like most, if not all, of the leading journals of the country, The Boston Herald had a very humble origin. Forty years ago some journeymen printers on The Boston Daily Times began publishing a penny paper, called The American Eagle, in advocacy of the Native American or "Know-nothing" party.

Its publishers were "Baker, French, Harmon & Co." The full list of proprietors was Albert Baker, John A. French, George W. Harmon, George H. Campbell, Amos C. Clapp, J. W. Monroe, Justin Andrews, Augustus A. Wallace, and James D. Stowers, and W. H. Waldron was subsequently associated with them. The Eagle was successful at the outset, but its fortunes declined with those of the party of which it was the exponent, and in the summer of 1846 it was found to be moribund. The proprietors had lost money and labor in the failing enterprise, and now lost interest. After many protracted discussions they resolved to establish an evening edition under another name, which should be neutral in politics, and, if it proved successful, to let the Eagle die. The Herald, therefore, came into existence on August 31, 1846, and an edition of two thousand was printed of its first number. The editor of the new sheet was William O. Eaton, a Bostonian, then but twenty-two years of age, of little previous experience in journalism.

The Herald, it must be admitted, was

not a handsome sheet at the outset. Its four pages contained but five columns each, and measured only nine by fourteen inches. But, unpromising as was its appearance, it was really the liveliest of the Boston dailies from the hour of its birth, and received praise on all hands for the quality of its matter.

The total force of brain-workers consisted of but two men, Mr. Eaton having the assistance, after the middle of September, of Thomas W. Tucker. David Leavitt joined the "staff" later on, in 1847, and made a specialty of local news. The editorial, composing, and press rooms were the same as those of the Eagle, in Wilson's Lane, now Devonshire Street.

"Running a newspaper" in Boston in 1846 was a different thing altogether from journalism at the present day. The telegraph was in operation between Boston and New York, but the tolls were high and the dailies could not afford to use it except upon the most important occasions. Moreover, readers had not been educated up to the point of expecting to see reports of events in all parts of the world printed on the same day of their occurrence or, at the latest, the day following.

For several years before the extension of the wires overland to Nova Scotia, the newsgatherers of Boston and New York resorted to various devices in order to obtain the earliest reports from Europe. From 1846 to 1850 the revolutionary movements in many of the countries on the continent were of a nature to be especially interesting to the people of the United States, and this stimulated enterprise among the American newspapers. Mr. D. H. Craig, afterward widely known as agent of the Associated Press, conceived the idea of

anticipating the news of each incoming ocean-steamer by means of a pigeon-express, which he put into successful operation in the year first named. He procured a number of carrier-pigeons, and several days before the expected arrival of every English mail-steamer took three of them to Halifax. There he boarded the vessels, procured the latest British papers, collated and summarized their news upon thin paper, secured the dispatches thus prepared to the pigeons, and fifty miles or so outside of Boston released the birds. The winged messengers, flying homeward, reached the city far in advance of the steamers, and the intelligence they brought was at once delivered to Mr. W. G. Blanchard, then connected with the Boston press, who had the brief dispatches "extended," put in type, and printed as an "extra" for all the papers subscribing to the enterprise. Sheets bearing the head "New York Herald Extra" were also printed in Boston and sent to the metropolis by the Sound steamers, thus anticipating the arrival of the regular mail.

It is interesting, in these days of lightning, to read an account of how the Herald beat its local rivals in getting out an account of the President's Message in 1849. A column synopsis was received by telegraph from New York, and published in the morning edition, and the second edition, issued a few hours later, contained the long document in full, and was put on the street at least a half-hour earlier than the other dailies. How the message was brought from Washington is thus described: J. F. Calhoun, of New Haven, was the messenger, and he started from the capital by rail at two o'clock on the morning of December 24; a steamtug in waiting conveyed

him, on his arrival, from Jersey City to New York; a horse and chaise took him from the wharf to the New Haven dépôt, then in Thirty-second Street, where he mounted a special engine and at 10 P.M. started for Boston. He reached Boston at 6.20 the next morning, after an eventful journey, having lost a half-hour by a derailed tender and an hour and a half by the smashup of a freight-train.

The Herald, feeble as it was in many respects at first, managed to struggle through the financial diseases incident to newspaper infancy so stoutly that at the opening of 1847, when it had attained the age of four months, its sponsors were able to give it a New-Year dress of new type, to increase the size of its pages to seven columns, measuring twenty-one by seventeen inches, and to add a morning and a weekly edition. The paper in its new form, with a neat head in Roman letters replacing the former unsightly title, and printed on a new Adams press, presented a marked improvement.

Mr. Eaton continued in charge of the evening edition, while the new morning issue was placed in the hands of Mr. George W. Tyler. The Herald under this joint management presented its readers with from eight to ten columns of reading-matter daily. Two columns of editorials, four of local news, and two of clippings from "exchanges," were about the average. News by telegraph was not plenty, and, as has already been intimated, very little of it was printed during the first year. Yet, the Herald was a live and lively paper, and published nothing but "live matter." Much prominence was given to reports of affairs about home, and in consequence the circulation soon exhibited a marked improvement.



At this time the proprietors entered on a novel journalistic experiment. They allowed one editor to give "Whig" views and another to talk "Democracy." The public did not take kindly to this mixed diet, and Mr. Eaton, the purveyor of Democratic wisdom, was permitted to withdraw, leaving Mr. Tyler, the Whiggite, in possession of the field.

Meantime, Mr. French had bought out the original proprietors one by one, with the exception of Mr. Stowers, and in March their names appeared as publishers at the head of the paper. The publication-office was removed to more spacious quarters, and the press was thereafter run by steam-power rented from a neighboring manufactory. At the end of the month a statement of the circulation showed a total of eleven thousand two hundred and seventy.

In May, 1847, *The American Eagle* died peacefully. About this period Messrs. Tucker and Tyler left the *Herald*, and Mr. Stowers disposed of his interest to Samuel K. Head. The new editor of the paper was William Joseph Snelling, who acquired considerable local fame as a bold and fearless writer. He died in the December of the following year. Under a new manager, Mr. Samuel R. Glen, the *Herald* developed into a successful newsgatherer.

Special telegrams were regularly received from New York, a Washington correspondent was secured, and the paper covered a much broader field than it ever had before. Eight to ten columns of reading-matter were printed daily, and it was invariably bright and entertaining. The circulation showed a steady increase, and on August 17, 1848, was declared to be eighteen thousand seven hundred and fifteen daily, a

figure from which it did not recede during the autumn and winter. After the death of Mr. Snelling, Mr. Tyler was recalled to the chief editorial chair, and heartily co-operated with Mr. Glen and the proprietors in keeping the paper abreast of the times. On April 2, 1849, the custom of printing four editions daily was inaugurated. The first was dated 5 o'clock, A.M., the second, 8, the third, 12 M., and the fourth, 2.30 P.M. That day the force of compositors was increased by four men, and the paper was for the first time printed on a Hoe double-cylinder press, run by steam-power, and capable of producing six thousand impressions an hour. Mr. Head withdrew from the firm about this time, and Mr. French was announced as sole proprietor throughout the remainder of the year. In October the announcement was made that the *Herald* had a larger circulation than any other paper published in Boston or elsewhere, and the publisher made a successful demand for the post-office advertising, which by law was to be given to the paper having the greatest circulation.

During this year (1849) the *Herald* distanced its competitors and accomplished a feat that was the talk of the town for a long time afterwards, by reporting in full the trial of Professor Webster for the murder of Dr. Parkman. Extras giving longhand reports of this extraordinary case were issued hourly during the day, and the morning edition contained a shorthand report of the testimony and proceedings of the day previous. The extras were issued in New York as well as in Boston, the report having been telegraphed sheet by sheet as fast as written, and printed there simultaneously with the *Herald's*. The type of the verbatim report was



kept standing, and within an hour after the verdict was rendered pamphlets containing a complete record of the trial were for sale on the street. The year 1850 found the Herald as prosperous as it had been during the previous twelvemonth. In September, the editorial, composing, and press rooms were transferred to No. 6 Williams Court, where they remained until abandoned for the new Herald Building, February 9, 1878, and the business-office was removed to No. 203 (now No. 241) Washington Street. Early in 1851, through some inexplicable cause, Mr. French suddenly found himself financially embarrassed. In July he disposed of the paper to John M. Barnard, and soon after retired to a farm in Maine. Mr. Tyler was retained in charge of the editorial department; but Mr. Glen resigned and was succeeded as managing editor by Mr. A. A. Wallace. During the remainder of the year the Herald did not display much enterprise in gathering news. Its special telegraphic reports were meagre and averaged no more than a "stickful" daily, and it was cut off from the privileges of the Associated Press dispatches. In 1852 there was a marked improvement in the paper, but it did not reach the standard it established in 1850. Two new presses, one of Hoe's and the other a Taylor's Napier, were this year put in use, which bettered the typography of the sheet. In 1853 the Herald was little more than a record of local events, its telegraphic reports being almost as brief and unsatisfactory as during the first year of its existence. But the circulation kept up wonderfully well, growing, according to the sworn statements of the proprietor, from sixteen thousand five hundred and five in Jan-

uary to twenty-three thousand two hundred and ten in December. The Herald of 1854 was a much better paper than that of the year previous, exerting far more energy in obtaining and printing news. On April 1 it was enlarged for the second time and came out with columns lengthened two inches, the pages measuring twenty-three by seventeen inches. The circulation continued to increase, and, by the sworn statements published, grew from twenty-five thousand two hundred and sixteen in January to thirty thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight in June. Success continued through the year 1855. In February, Mr. Barnard, while remaining proprietor, withdrew from active management, and Edwin C. Bailey and A. Milton Lawrence became the publishers. There were also some changes in the editorial and reportorial staff. Henry R. Tracy became assistant editor, and Charles H. Andrews (now one of the editors and proprietors) was engaged as a reporter. There were then engaged in the composing-room a foreman and eight compositors, one of whom, George G. Bailey, subsequently became foreman, and later one of the proprietors. Printers will be interested to know that the weekly composition bill averaged one hundred and seventy-five dollars. This year but one edition was published in the morning, while the first evening edition was dated 12 M., the second, 1.30 P.M., and a "postscript" was issued at 2.30 P.M., to contain the latest news for city circulation. Twelve to fourteen columns of reading-matter were printed daily, two of which were editorial, two news by telegraph, two gleanings from "exchanges," and the remainder local reports, correspondence, etc. The average daily circulation during 1855 was

claimed to have been thirty thousand, but was probably something less.

Early in 1856 a change took place in the proprietorship, Mr. Barnard selling out to Mr. Bailey, and Mr. Lawrence retiring.

Mr. Bailey brought to his new task a great deal of native energy and enterprise, and he was ably seconded by the other gentlemen connected with the paper, in his efforts to make the *Herald* a thoroughly live journal. He strengthened his staff by engaging as assistant editor, Justin Andrews, who had for some years held a similar position on *The Daily Times*, and who subsequently became one of the news-managers of the *Herald*, holding the office until, as one of the proprietors, he disposed of his interest in 1873.

During Mr. Bailey's first year as proprietor he enlarged the facilities for obtaining news, and paid particular attention to reporting the events of the political campaign when Frémont was run against Buchanan for the presidency. The result of the election was announced with a degree of detail never before displayed in the *Herald's* columns or in those of its contemporaries. The editorial course of the paper that year is perhaps best explained by the following paragraph, printed a few days after the election: "One of our contemporaries says the *Herald* has alternately pleased and displeased both parties during this campaign. That is our opinion. How could it be different if we told them the truth? And that was our only aim." The circulation during election week averaged forty-one thousand six hundred and ninety-three copies daily; throughout the year it was nearly thirty thousand — considerably larger than

during the preceding year — and the boast that it was more than double that of any other paper in Boston undoubtedly was justified by the facts. Mechanically, the paper was well got up; in July the two presses which had been in use for a number of years were discarded, and a new four-cylinder Hoe press, having a capacity of ten thousand impressions an hour, was set up in their place. Ten compositors were employed, and the weekly composition bill averaged one hundred and sixty dollars. In 1857 the *Herald* was a much better paper than it had ever been, the Messrs. Andrews, upon whom the burden of its management devolved, sparing no effort to make it newsy and bright in every department. Beginning the year with a daily circulation of about thirty thousand, in April it reached forty-two thousand, and when on the twenty-third of that month the subscription list, carriers' routes, agencies, etc., of *The Daily Times* were acquired by purchase, there was another considerable increase, the issue of May 30 reaching forty-five thousand one hundred and twenty. In 1858 the *Herald* continued its prosperous career in the same general direction. Its telegraphic facilities were improved, and events in all parts of the country were well reported, while local news was most carefully attended to. The editors and reporters this year numbered eleven, and the force in the mechanical departments was correspondingly increased. A new six-cylinder Hoe press was put in use, alongside the four-cylinder machine, and both were frequently taxed to their utmost capacity to print the large editions demanded by the public. The bills for white paper during the year were upwards of seventy thousand dol-

lars, which, in those ante-war times, was a large sum. The circulation averaged over forty thousand per diem. In 1859 the system of keeping an accurate account of the circulation was inaugurated, and the actual figures of each day's issue were recorded and published. From this record it is learned that the *Herald*, from a circulation of forty-one thousand one hundred and ninety-three in January, rose to fifty-three thousand and twenty-six in December. Twelve compositors were regularly employed this year, and the weekly composition bill was two hundred dollars. The year 1860 brought the exciting presidential campaign which resulted in the election of Abraham Lincoln. Great pains were taken to keep the *Herald's* readers fully informed of the movements of all the political parties, and its long reports of the national conventions, meetings, speeches, etc., in all parts of the country, especially in New England, brought it to the notice of many new readers. The average daily circulation for the year was a little over fifty-four thousand, and the issue on the morning after the November election reached seventy-three thousand seven hundred and fifty-two, the largest edition since the Webster trial. E. B. Haskell, now one of the proprietors, entered the office as a reporter in 1860, and was soon promoted to an editorial position. A year later R. M. Pulsifer, another of the present proprietors, entered the business department.

The breaking out of the Civil War in the spring of 1861 created a great demand for news, and an increase in the circulation of all the daily papers was the immediate result. It is hardly necessary to say here that the *Herald* warmly espoused the cause of the Union, and that the events of that

stirring period were faithfully chronicled in its columns. To meet a call for news on Sunday, a morning edition for that day was established on May 26; the new sheet was received with favor by the reading public, and from an issue of ten thousand at the outset its circulation has reached, at the present time, nearly one hundred thousand. The *Herald's* enterprise was appreciated all through the war, and as there were no essential changes in the methods of its management or in the members of its staff, a recapitulation of statistics taken from its books will suffice here as a record of its progress. In 1861 the average circulation was sixty thousand; the largest edition (reporting the attack on the sixth Massachusetts regiment in Baltimore), ninety-two thousand four hundred and forty-eight; the white paper bill, one hundred and eight thousand dollars; the salary list, forty thousand dollars; telegraph tolls, sixty-five hundred dollars. In 1862 the average circulation was sixty-five thousand one hundred and sixteen; the largest edition, eighty-four thousand; the white paper bill, ninety-three thousand five hundred dollars; the salary list, forty-three thousand dollars; telegraph tolls, eight thousand dollars. In 1863 the average circulation was thirty-six thousand one hundred and twenty-eight; the largest issue, seventy-four thousand; the paper bill, ninety-five thousand dollars; salaries, forty-six thousand five hundred dollars; telegraphing, eight thousand dollars. In July the four-cylinder Hoe press was replaced by one with six cylinders, from the same maker. In 1864 the average circulation was thirty-seven thousand and eighty-eight; largest issue, fifty thousand eight hundred and eighty; paper bill, one hundred and twenty-



eight thousand dollars ; salaries, fifty-eight thousand dollars ; telegraph, ten thousand five hundred dollars. The cost of white paper rose to such a figure that the proprietors of Boston dailies were compelled to increase the price of their journals, and a mutual agreement was made on August 15 whereby the Herald charged three cents a copy and the others five cents. On June 1, 1865, the price of the Herald was reduced to its former rate of two cents. The average circulation that year was thirty-seven thousand six hundred and seventeen ; the largest day's issue, eighty-three thousand five hundred and twenty ; the paper bill was about the same as in 1864, but the telegraphic expenses ran up to fifteen thousand dollars. The circulation in 1866 averaged forty-five thousand eight hundred and forty-eight, and on several occasions rose to seventy thousand and more. Twenty-one compositors were regularly employed, and the average weekly composition bill was five hundred dollars. Paper that year cost one hundred and fifty-two thousand dollars, and the telegraph bill was fifteen thousand five hundred dollars. In 1867 seventy persons were on the Herald's payroll, a larger number than ever before. The circulation showed a steady gain, and the average for the year was fifty-two thousand one hundred and eighteen. The paper bill was one hundred and fifty-six thousand dollars, and the expense of telegraphing, twenty-three thousand dollars. In 1868 the circulation continued to increase, and the daily average reached fifty-four thousand seven hundred and forty ; white paper cost one hundred and fifty-three thousand dollars, and telegraphing, twenty-eight thousand dollars.

In 1869 occurred an important event in the Herald's history. Mr. Bailey, who had acquired an interest in 1855 and became sole proprietor a year later, decided to sell out, and on April 1 it was announced that he had disposed of the paper to Royal M. Pulsifer, Edwin B. Haskell, Charles H. Andrews, Justin Andrews, and George G. Bailey. All these gentlemen were at the time and had for some years previously been connected with the Herald : the first-named in the business department, the next three on the editorial staff, and the last as foreman of the composing-room. In announcing their purchase, the firm, which was then and ever since has been styled R. M. Pulsifer and Company, said in the editorial column : "We shall use our best endeavors to make the Herald strictly a newspaper, with the freshest and most trustworthy intelligence of all that is going on in this busy age ; and to this end we shall spare no expense in any department. . . . The Herald will be in the future, as it has been in the past, essentially a people's paper, the organ of no clique or party, advocating at all proper times those measures which tend to promote the welfare of our country, and to secure the greatest good to the greatest number. It will exert its influence in favor of simplicity and economy in the administration of the government, and toleration and liberality in our social institutions. It will not hesitate to point out abuses or to commend good measures, from whatever source they come, and it will contain candid reports of all proceedings which go to make up the discussions of current topics. It will give its readers all the news, condensed when necessary and in an intelligible and readable form, with a free use of the telegraph by



reliable reporters and correspondents." That these promises have been sacredly fulfilled up to the present moment cannot be denied even by readers and contemporary sheets whose opinions have been in direct opposition to those expressed in the Herald's editorial columns. No pains or expense have been spared to obtain the news from all quarters of the globe, and the paper's most violent opponent will find it impossible to substantiate a charge that the intelligence collected with such care and thoroughness has in a single instance been distorted or colored in the publication to suit the editorial policy pursued at the time. The expression of opinions has always, under the present management, been confined to the editorial columns, and here a course of absolute independence has been followed.

The Herald, immediately upon coming under the control of the new proprietors, showed a marked accession of enterprise, and that this change for the better was appreciated by the reading public was proved by the fact that during the year 1869 the circulation rose from a daily average of fifty-three thousand four hundred and sixty-five in January to sixty thousand five hundred and thirty-five in December, the increase having been regular and permanent, and not caused by any "spurts" arising from extraordinary events. On New Year's day, 1870, the Herald was enlarged for the third time, to its present size, by the addition of another column and lengthening the pages to correspond. On September 3, of that year, the circulation for the first time passed above one hundred thousand, the issue containing an account of the battle of Sedan reaching a sale of over one hundred and five

thousand copies. The average daily circulation for the year was more than seventy-three thousand. Finding it impossible, from the growing circulation of the paper, to supply the demand with the two six-cylinder presses printing from type, it was determined, early in the year, to stereotype the forms, so that duplicate plates could be used simultaneously on both. The requisite machinery was introduced therefor, and on June 8, 1870, was put in use for the first time. For nearly ten years the Herald was the only paper in Boston printed from stereotype plates. In 1871 the average daily circulation was eighty-three thousand nine hundred, a gain of nearly eleven thousand over the previous year. On a number of occasions the edition reached as high as one hundred and twelve thousand. On October 1 George G. Bailey disposed of his interest in the paper to the other proprietors, and retired from the firm. In 1872 there was a further increase in the circulation, the daily average having been ninety-three thousand five hundred. One issue (after the Great Fire) reached two hundred and twenty thousand, and several were not much below that figure. The first Bullock perfecting-press ever used east of New York was put in operation in the Herald office in June, 1872; this press feeds itself from a continuous roll of paper, and prints both sides, cutting and delivering the papers complete. On January 1, 1873, Justin Andrews, who had been connected with the Herald, as one of its editors since 1856, and as one of the proprietors who succeeded Mr. Bailey in 1869, sold his interest to his partners, and retired from newspaper life altogether. Since that date, the ownership in the Herald has been vested in R. M. Pulsifer, E. B. Haskell,

and Charles H. Andrews. The circulation in 1873 exceeded one hundred and one thousand daily; in 1874 one hundred and seven thousand; in 1875 one hundred and twelve thousand; in 1876 one hundred and sixteen thousand five hundred. On November 8, of that year, the day after the presidential election, the issue was two hundred and twenty-three thousand two hundred and fifty-six. The two six-cylinder Hoe presses had given place, in 1874, to two more Bullock machines, and a Mayall press was added in 1876; the four were run to their utmost capacity on the occasion just mentioned, and the magnitude of the day's work will be better understood when it is stated that between 4 A.M. and 11 P.M. fourteen tons of paper were printed and sold, an amount which would make a continuous sheet the width of the Herald two hundred and fifty miles long. In 1877 a fourth Bullock press was put in use, and the Mayall was removed to Hawley Street, where type, stands for fifty compositors, a complete apparatus for stereotyping, and all the necessary machinery, materials, and implements are kept in readiness to "start up" at any moment, in case a fire or other disaster prevents the issue of the regular editions in the main office.

On February 9, 1878, the Herald was issued for the first time from the new building erected by its proprietors at No. 255 Washington Street. This structure has a lofty and ornate front of gray granite with trimmings of red granite; it covers an irregular shaped lot, something in the form of the letter L. From Washington Street, where it has a width of thirty-one feet nine inches, it extends back one hundred and seventy-nine feet, and from the

rear a wing runs northward to Williams Court forty feet. This wing was originally twenty-five feet wide on the court; but in 1882 an adjoining lot, formerly occupied by the old Herald Building, was purchased and built upon, increasing the width of the wing and its frontage on the court to eighty-five feet. The structure forms one of the finest and most convenient newspaper-offices in the country. In the basement are the pressroom, where at the present time six Bullock perfecting-presses (two with folders attached) are run by two 45-horse-power engines; the stereotype-room, where the latest improvements in machinery have enabled the casting, finishing, and placing on the press of two plates in less than eight minutes after the receipt of a "form"; the two dynamos and the engine running them, which supply the electricity for the incandescent lights with which every room in the building is illuminated; and the storage-room for paper and other supplies. On the first floor are the business-office, a very handsome and spacious apartment facing Washington Street, and finished in mahogany, rare marbles, and brasswork; the delivery and mailing rooms, whence the editions are sent out for distribution at the Williams-court door. On the second floor are the reception-room, the library, and the apartments of the editor-in-chief, managing editor, and department editors. On the third floor are the general manager's office and the rooms of the news and city editors and the reporters. The entire fourth floor is used as a composing-room, where stand "frames" for ninety-six compositors; the foreman and his assistants have each a private office, and a private room is assigned to the proof-readers. All the editors' and reporters'

rooms are spacious, well lighted, and admirably ventilated; they are finished in native woods, varnished, and are handsomely furnished. Electric call-bells, speaking-tubes, and pneumatic-tubes furnish means of communication with all the departments, and no expense has been spared in supplying every convenience for facilitating work and the comfort of the employees.

With increased facilities came continued prosperity. The business depression in 1877 affected the circulation of the Herald, as it did that of every newspaper in the country, and the circulation that year was not so large as during the year previous; still, the daily average was one hundred and three thousand copies.

The army of men employed in the various departments of the Herald at the present time would astonish the founders of the paper. In 1846 the editorial and reportorial staff consisted of two men; now it comprises seventy-seven. Six compositors were employed then; now there are one hundred and forty-seven. One pressman and an assistant easily printed the Herald, and another daily paper as well, in those days, upon one small handpress; now forty men find constant employment in attending the engines and the six latest improved perfecting-presses required to issue the editions on time. The business department was then conducted with ease by one man, who generally found time to attend to the mailing and sale of papers; now twenty-one persons have plenty to do in the counting-room, and the delivery-room engages the services of twenty. Then stereotyping the forms of a daily newspaper was an unheard-of proceeding; now fourteen men are employed in the Herald's foundry. The salaries and

bills for composition aggregated scarcely one hundred and fifty dollars a week then; now the weekly composition bill averages over three thousand dollars, and the payroll of the other departments reaches three thousand dollars every week, and frequently exceeds that sum. Then the Herald depended for outside news upon the meagre dispatches of telegraph agencies in New York (the Associated Press system was not inaugurated until 1848-49, and New England papers were not admitted to its privileges until some years later), and such occasional correspondence as its friends in this and other States sent in free of charge. Now it not only receives the full dispatches of the Associated Press, but has news bureaus of its own in London, Paris, New York, and Washington, and special correspondents in every city of any considerable size throughout the country. All these are in constant communication with the office and are instructed to use the telegraph without stint when the occasion demands. The Herald has grown from a little four-paged sheet, nine by fourteen inches in dimensions, to such an extent that daily supplements are required to do justice to readers as well as advertisers, and it is necessary to print an eight-paged edition as often as four times a week during the busy season of the year.

The Herald has achieved a great success; it has broadened from year to year since the present proprietors assumed control. It has been their steadily followed purpose gradually to elevate the tone of their paper, till it should reach the highest level of American journalism. They have done this, and, at the same time, they have retained their enormous constituency. The wonderful educating power of a



great newspaper cannot easily be over-estimated. It is the popular university to which thousands upon thousands of readers resort daily for intelligent comment on the events of the world — the great wars, the suggestions of science, the achievements of the engineers, home and foreign politics, etc. That such a great newspaper as the *Herald*, wherein the elucidating comment is kept up from day to day by cultivated writers trained in journalism, must perform many of the functions of a university is clear. The news columns of the *Herald* are a perfect mirror of the great world's busy life. The ocean-cable is employed to an extent which would have seemed recklessly extravagant ten years ago. It has its news bureaus in the great capitals of civilization; its roving correspondents may be found, at the date of this writing, exploring the Panama Canal, the interior of Mexico, studying the railway system of Great Britain, investigating Mormon homelife, scouring the vast level stretches of Dakota, traversing the great Central States of the Union for presidential "pointers," making a tour of the Southern States to secure trustworthy data as to the progress achieved in education there, and journeying along the coast of hundred-harbored Maine for the latest information as to the growth of the newer summer resorts in that picturesque region. In large and quiet rooms in the home office a force of copy-readers is preparing the correspondence from all over the world for the compositors; at the news desks trained men are working day and night over telegrams flashed from far and near, eliminating useless words, punctuating, putting on "heads," and otherwise dressing copy for the typesetters. The enormous amount of

detail work in a great paper is not easily to be conveyed to the non-professional reader. From the managing editor, whose brain is employed in inventing new ideas for his subordinates to carry into execution, to that very important functionary, the proof-reader, who corrects the errors of the types, there is a distracting amount of detail work performed every day. The *Herald* is managed with very little friction; the great machine runs as if oiled. With an abundance of capital, an ungrudging expenditure of money in the pursuit of news, a great working-force well disciplined and systematized, it goes on weekday after weekday, turning out nine editions daily, and on Sundays giving to the public sixteen closely-crowded pages, an intellectual bill-of-fare from which all may select according to individual preference.

The organization of the *Herald* force is almost ideally perfect. Its three proprietors, all of whom are still on the ascending grade of the hill of life, share in the daily duties of their vast establishment. Colonel Royal M. Pulsifer is the publisher of the paper, and has charge of the counting-room, the delivery, press, and composition rooms, the three last departments being under competent foremen. A large share of the wonderful business success of the *Herald* is due to his sagacity and liberality. He is a publisher who expends at long range, not expecting immediate returns. Under this generous and wisely prudent policy of spending liberally for large future returns the *Herald* has grown to its present proportions. The editor-in-chief of the paper is Mr. Edwin B. Haskell, who directs the political and general editorial policy of the paper. He has the courage of his independ-



ence, and is independent even of the Independents. Since he assumed the editorial chair, the Herald has fought consistently for honest money, for a reformed civil service, for the purification of municipal politics, for freer trade, and local self-government. The editor of the Herald writes strong Saxon-English, believing that in a daily newspaper the people should be addressed in a plain, understandable style. He has an unexpected way of putting things, his arguments are enlivened by a rare humor, and clinched frequently by some anecdote or popular allusion. The third partner, Mr. Charles H. Andrews, is one of those newspaper men who are born journalists. He has the gift of common sense. His judgment is always sound. The news end of the Herald establishment is under control of Mr. Andrews, and to no man more than to him is due the wonderful development of the Herald's news features. The executive officer of the Herald ship is the managing editor, Mr. John H. Holmes, who is known to newspaper workers all over the country as a man of great journalistic ability. He has the cosmopolitan mind; is free from local prejudices, and can take in the value of news three thousand miles away as quickly as if the happening were at the office door. An untiring, sleepless man, prodigal of his energies in the development of the Herald into a great world-paper, Mr. Holmes is a type of that distinctively modern development, the "newspaper man." Men of adventurous minds, of breadth of view, and delighting in positive achievements, take to journalism in these days as in the sixteenth century they became navigators of the globe, explorers of distant regions, and founders of new empires.

Years ago the Herald outgrew the provincial idea that the happenings of the streets must be of more importance, and, consequently, demanding more space, than events of universal interest in the chief centres of the world. The policy of the paper has been, while neglecting nothing of news value at home, and while photographing all events of local importance with fulness and accuracy, to keep its readers *au courant* with the world's progress. In all departments of sporting intelligence the Herald is an acknowledged authority; its dramatic news is fuller than that of any paper in the country; it "covers," to use a newspaper technicality, the world's metropolis on the banks of the Thames not with a single correspondent, but with a corps of able writers; during the recent troubles in Ireland one of its special correspondents traversed that distracted country, giving to his paper the most graphic picture of Irish distress and discontent, and he capped the climax of journalistic achievement by interviewing the leading British statesmen on the Irish theme, making a long letter, which was cabled to the Herald and recabled back the same day to the London press, which had to take, at second-hand, the enterprise of the great New-England daily. At Paris, the world's pleasure capital, the chief seat of science, it is ably represented, and its Italian correspondence has been ample and excellent. When public attention was first drawn to Mexico by the opening up of that land of mystery and revolutions by American railway-builders, the Herald put three correspondents into that field, and made Mexico an open book to the reading public. It is one of the characteristics of the paper's policy to take up and exhaust all topics

of great current interest, and then to pass quickly on to something new. In dealing with topics of interest of local importance, the paper has long been noted for exhaustive special articles by writers of accuracy and fitness for their task. Its New York City staff comprises a general correspondent, a political observer, a chronicler of business failures, an accomplished art critic, a fashion writer, a theatrical correspondent, and three general news correspondents, using the wires. The Herald is something more than a Boston paper. It has a wide reach, and employs electricity more freely than did the oldtime newspaper the post-horse.

In its closely-printed columns the Herald has, during the last decade,

given to its readers a cyclopædia of the world's daily doings. Portraits of men of affairs done by skilled writers, the fullest records of contemporaneous events, the gossip and news of the chief towns of the globe,—all this has made up a complete record to which the future historian may turn.

To manage such a paper requires a coördination of forces and an intellectual breadth of view deserving to be ranked with the work and attributes of a successful general. Not to wait for the slow processes of legislation, to be up and ahead of the government itself, to be alert and untiring—this is the newspaper ideal. How near the Herald has come to this, its enduring popularity, its great profits, and its wide fame and influence, best show.

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## WACHUSETT MOUNTAIN AND PRINCETON.

BY ATHERTON P. MASON.

ALMOST the first land seen by a person on board a vessel approaching the Massachusetts coast is the summit of Wachusett Mountain; and any one standing upon its rocky top beholds more of Massachusetts than can be seen from any other mountain in the State. For these two reasons, if for no others, a short historical and scenographical description of this lonely and majestic eminence, and of the beautiful township in which it lies, would seem to be interesting.

Wachusett, or "Great Watchusett Hill," as it was originally called, lies in the northern part of the township of Princeton, and is about fifty miles due west from Boston. The Nashaways, or Nashuas, originally held this tract and all the land west of the river that still

bears their name, and they gave to this mountain and the region around its base the name of "Watchusett." Rising by a gradual ascent from its base, it has the appearance of a vast dome. The Reverend Peter Whitney\* speaking of its dimensions, says: "The circumference of this monstrous mass is about three miles, and its height is 3,012 feet above the level of the sea, as was found by the Hon. John Winthrop, Esq., LL.D., in the year 1777: and this must be 1,800 or 1,900 feet above the level of the adjacent country." More recent measurements have not materially changed these figures, so they may be regarded as substantially correct.

The first mention, and probably the

\*History of Worcester County. Worcester: 1793.

first sight, of this mountain, or of any portion of the region now comprised in Worcester County, is recorded in Governor Winthrop's journal, in which, under the date of January 27, 1632, is written: "The Governour and some company with him, went up by Charles River about eight miles above Watertown." The party after climbing an eminence in the vicinity of their halting-place saw "a very high hill, due west about forty miles off, and to the N. W. the high hills by Merrimack, above sixty miles off." The "very high hill" seen by them for the first time was unquestionably Wachusett.

"On the 20th of October, 1759, the General Court of Massachusetts, passed an act for incorporating the east wing, so called, of Rutland, together with sundry farms and some publick lands contiguous thereto," as a district under the name of Prince Town, "to perpetuate the name and memory of the late Rev. Thomas Prince, colleague pastor of the Old South church in Boston, and a large proprietor of this tract of land." The district thus incorporated contained about nineteen thousand acres; but on April 24, 1771, its inhabitants petitioned the General Court, that it, "with all the lands adjoining said District, not included in any other town or District," be incorporated into a town by the name of Princeton; and by the granting of this petition, the area of the town was increased to twenty-two thousand acres.

The principal citizen of Princeton at this period was the Honorable Moses Gill, who married the daughter of the Reverend Thomas Prince. He was a man of considerable note in the county also, holding office as one of the judges of the court of common pleas for the

county of Worcester, and being "for several years Counsellor of this Commonwealth." His country-seat, located at Princeton, was a very extensive estate, comprising nearly three thousand acres. Mr. Whitney appears to have been personally familiar with this place, and his description of it is so graphic and enthusiastic, that it may be interesting to quote a portion of it.

"His noble and elegant seat is about one mile and a quarter from the meeting-house, to the south. The mansion-house is large, being fifty by fifty feet, with four stacks of chimneys. The farmhouse is forty feet by thirty-six. In a line with this stands the coach and chaise house, fifty feet by thirty-six. This is joined to the barn by a shed seventy feet in length — the barn is two hundred feet by thirty-two. Very elegant fences are erected around the mansion-house, the outhouses, and the garden. When we view this seat, these buildings, and this farm of so many hundred acres under a high degree of profitable cultivation, and are told that in the year 1776 it was a perfect wilderness, we are struck with wonder, admiration, and astonishment. Upon the whole, the seat of Judge Gill, all the agreeable circumstances respecting it being attentively considered, is not paralleled by any in the New England States: perhaps not by any this side the Delaware."

Judge Gill was a very benevolent and enterprising man, and did much to advance the welfare of the town in its infancy. During the first thirty years of its existence, it increased rapidly in wealth and population, having in 1790 one thousand and sixteen inhabitants. For the next half-century it increased slowly, having in 1840 thirteen hundred and forty-seven inhabitants. Since



then, like all our beautiful New-England farming-towns, it has fallen off in population, having at the present time but little over one thousand people dwelling within its limits. Yet neither the town nor the character of the people has degenerated in the last century. Persevering industry has brought into existence in this town some of the most beautiful farms in New England, and in 1875 the value of farm products was nearly a quarter of a million dollars. Manufacturing has never been carried on to any great extent in this town. "In Princeton there are four grist mills, five saw mills, and one fulling mill and clothiers' works," says Whitney in 1793. Now lumber and chair-stock are the principal manufactured products, and in 1875 the value of these, together with the products of other smaller manufacturing industries, was nearly seventy thousand dollars.

Princeton is the birthplace of several men who have become well known, among whom may be mentioned Edward Savage (1761-1817), noted as a skilful portrait-painter; David Everett (1770-1813), the journalist, and author of those familiar schoolboy verses beginning:—

"You'd scarce expect one of my age  
To speak in public on the stage";

and Leonard Woods, D.D., the eminent theologian.

This locality derives additional interest from the fact that Mrs. Rowlandson, in her book entitled *Twenty Removes*, designates it as the place where King Philip released her from captivity in the spring of 1676. Tradition still points out the spot where this release took place, in a meadow near a large boulder at the eastern base of the mountain. The boulder is

known to this day as "Redemption Rock." It is quite near the margin of Wachusett Lake, a beautiful sheet of water covering over one hundred acres. This is a favorite place for picnic parties from neighboring towns, and the several excellent hotels and boarding-houses in the immediate vicinity afford accommodations for summer visitors, who frequent this locality in large numbers.

The Indian history of this region is brief, but what there is of it is interesting to us on account of King Philip's connection with it. At the outbreak of the Narragansett War, in 1675, the Wachusetts, in spite of their solemn compact with the colonists, joined King Philip, and, after his defeat, "the lands about the Wachusetts" became one of his headquarters, and he was frequently in that region. For many years their wigwams were scattered about the base of the mountain and along the border of the lake, and tradition informs us that on a large flat rock near the lake their council-fires were often lighted.

Until 1751, but three families had settled in the Wachusett tract. In May of that year Robert Keyes, a noted hunter, settled there with his family, upon the eastern slope of the mountain, near where the present carriage-road to the summit begins. On April 14, 1755, a child of his named Lucy, about five years old, strayed away, presumably to follow her sisters who had gone to the lake, about a mile distant. She was never heard of again, though the woods were diligently searched for weeks. Whitney speaks of this incident, and concludes that "she was taken by the Indians and carried into their country, and soon forgot her relations, lost her native language, and became as one of the aborigines." In 1765 Keyes peti-



tioned the General Court to grant him "ye easterly half of said Wachusett hill" in consideration of the loss of "100 pounds lawful money" incurred by him in seeking for his lost child. This petition was endorsed "negatived" in the handwriting of the secretary. With this one exception the early settlers of Princeton seem to have suffered very little at the hands of the Indians.

Princeton, in common with its neighbors, underwent much religious controversy during the first half-century of its existence. The first meeting-house, "50 fouts long and 40 fouts wide," was erected in 1762 "on the highest part of the land, near three pine trees, being near a large flat rock." This edifice was taken down in 1796, and replaced by a more "elegant" building, which in turn was removed in 1838. The three pine trees are now no more, but the flat rock remains, and on account of the fine sunset view obtained from it has been named "Sunset Rock."

The first minister in Princeton was the Reverend Timothy Fuller, settled in 1767. In 1768 the General Court granted him Wachusett Mountain to compensate him for his settlement over "a heavily burdened people in a wilderness country." It was certainly at that time neither a profitable nor useful gift, and it was a pity to have this grand old pile pass into private hands. Mr. Fuller continued as pastor until 1776. His successors were the Reverend Thomas Crafts, the Reverend Joseph Russell, and the Reverend James Murdock, D.D. At the time when Dr. Murdock left, in 1815, Unitarian sentiments had developed extensively, and "the town and a minority of the church" called the Reverend Samuel

Clarke, who had been a pupil of Dr. Channing. The call was accepted and, as a result, a portion of the church seceded and built a small house of worship; but in 1836 the church and society reunited and have remained so ever since.

In 1817 a Baptist society was organized, and had several pastors; but in 1844 the society began to diminish, and not long after ceased to exist. The meeting-house was sold and is now an hotel — the Prospect House. In 1839 a Methodist Episcopal Church was organized which still flourishes.

Besides Wachusett Mountain there are two other hills in Princeton that are deserving of mention — Pine Hill and Little Wachusett. The former is about two miles from the centre of the town and not far from Wachusett, and the latter is about half a mile to the north of the centre. Neither of these hills is large or high, their elevation being about one thousand feet less than that of Wachusett, but they appear like two beautiful children of the majestic father that looms above them. All these hills were once heavily wooded, but much timber has been cut off during the last century, and forest-fires have devastated portions at different times; yet there is still an abundance left. Whitney speaks of the region as abounding in oak of various kinds, chestnut, white ash, beech, birch, and maple, with some butternut and walnut trees. The vigorous growth of the primeval forest indicated the strength and richness of the soil which has since been turned to such profitable use by the farmers. The houses in which the people live are all substantial, convenient, and, in many cases, beautiful, being surrounded by neatly kept grounds and well-tilled land.

In a hilly country such as this is, springs and brooks of course abound. The height of land upon which Princeton is situated is a watershed between the Connecticut and Merrimack Rivers, and of the three beautiful brooks having their source in the township, one, Wachusett Brook, runs into Ware River, and thence to the Connecticut, while the other two, East Wachusett and Keyes Brooks, get to the Merrimack by Still River and the Nashua.

Mention has been made of Wachusett Lake. Properly speaking, this cannot perhaps be considered as being in Princeton, inasmuch as about four fifths of its surface lie in the adjoining township of Westminster. Besides Wachusett Lake there is another called Quinneboxet, which lies in the southwestern part of the township, a small portion of it being in Holden. It is smaller than its northern neighbor, covering only about seventy acres, but it is a very charming sheet of water.

A brief account of the geology of this region may perhaps prove interesting. In the eastern portion of Princeton the underlying rock is a kind of micaceous schist, and in the western is granitic gneiss. The gneiss abounds in sulphuret of iron, and for this reason is peculiarly liable to undergo disintegration; hence the excellent character of the soil in this portion of Worcester County where naked rock is seldom seen in place, except in case of the summits of the hills scattered here and there; and these summits are rounded, and show the effects of weathering. As we go westerly upon this gneiss range, and get into the limits of Franklin and Hampshire Counties, a larger amount of naked rock appears, the hills are more craggy and precipitous, and

in general the soil is poorer. The three principal elevations in Princeton are mainly composed of gneiss. This variety of rock is identical with granite in its composition, the distinctive point between the two being that gneiss has lines of stratification while granite has none. The rock of which Wachusett is mainly composed has rather obscure stratification, and hence may be called granitic gneiss. What stratification there is does not show the irregularity that one would suppose would result from the elevation of the mountain to so great a height above the surrounding country; on the other hand the rock does not differ essentially in hardness from that in the regions below, and hence the theory that all the adjacent land was once as high as the summit of the mountain, and was subsequently worn away by the action of water and weather, is hardly tenable. The gneiss of this region is not especially rich in other mineral contents. Some fine specimens of mica have however been obtained from the summit of Wachusett. The only other extraneous mineral found there to any great extent is the sulphuret of iron before mentioned. The common name of this mineral is iron pyrites, and being of a yellow color has in many localities in New England, in times past, caused a vast waste of time and money in a vain search for gold. It does not appear that the inhabitants of Princeton were ever thus deceived, though Whitney wrote in 1793: "Perhaps its bowels may contain very valuable hid treasure, which in some future period may be descried." In describing the summit of the mountain he speaks of it as "a flat rock, or ledge of rocks for some rods round; and there is a small pond of

water generally upon the top of it, of two or three rods square; and where there is any earth it is covered with blueberry bushes for acres round." The small pond and blueberry bushes are visible at present, or were a year or two ago at any rate, but the area of bare rock has increased somewhat as time went on, though the top is not as bare as is that of its New Hampshire brother, Monadnock, nor are its sides so craggy and precipitous.

The people of Princeton have always kept abreast of the times. From the first they were ardent supporters of the measures of the Revolution, and foremost among them in patriotic spirit was the Honorable Moses Gill, previously mentioned in this paper, who, on account of his devotion to the good cause, was called by Samuel Adams "The Duke of Princeton." Their strong adherence to the "state rights" principle led the people of the town to vote against the adoption of the Constitution of the United States; but when it was adopted they abided by it, and when the Union was menaced in the recent Rebellion they nobly responded to the call of the nation with one hundred and twenty-seven men and nearly twenty thousand dollars in money — exceeding in both items the demand made upon them. Nor is their record in the pursuits of peace less honorable, for in dairy products and in the rearing of fine cattle they have earned an enviable and well-deserved reputation. As a community it is cultured and industrious, and has ever been in full sympathy with

progress in education, religion, and social relations.

But few towns in Massachusetts offer to summer visitors as many attractions as does Princeton. The air is clear and bracing, the landscape charming, and the pleasant, shady woodroads afford opportunities for drives through most picturesque scenery. Near at hand is the lake, and above it towers Wachusett. It has been proposed to run a railroad up to and around the mountain, but thus far, fortunately, nothing has come of it. A fine road of easy ascent winds up the mountain, and on the summit is a good hotel which is annually patronized by thousands of transient visitors.

The view from here is magnificent on a clear day. The misty blue of the Atlantic, the silver thread of the Connecticut, Mounts Tom and Holyoke, and cloud-clapped Monadnock, the cities of Worcester and Fitchburg — all these and many other beautiful objects are spread out before the spectator. But it cannot be described — it must be seen to be appreciated; and the throngs of visitors that flit through the town every summer afford abundant evidence that the love of the beautiful and grand in nature still lives in the hearts of the people.

Brief is the sketch of this beautiful mountain town, which is neither large nor possessed of very eventful history: but in its quiet seclusion dwell peace and prosperity, and its worthy inhabitants are most deeply attached to the beautiful heritage handed down to them by their ancestors.



WASHINGTON AND THE FLAG.

BY HENRY B. CARRINGTON.

"Strike, strike! O Liberty, thy silver strings!"

**NOTE.** — On a pavement slab in Brighton Chapel, Northamptonshire, England, the Washington coat-of-arms appears: a bird rising from nest (coronet), upon azure field with three five-pointed stars, and parallel red-and-white bands on field below; suggesting origin of the national escutcheon.

I.

STRIKE, strike! O Liberty, thy silver strings;  
And fill with melody the clear blue sky!  
Give swell to chorus full, — to gladness wings,  
And let swift heralds with the tidings fly!  
Faint not, nor tire, but glorify the record  
Which honors him who gave the nation life;  
Fill up the story, and with one accord  
Our people hush their conflicts — end their strife!

II.

Tell me, ye people, why doth this appeal  
Go forth in measure swift as it has force,  
To quicken souls, and make the nation's weal  
Advance, unfettered, in its onward course,  
Unless that they who live in these our times  
May grasp the grand, o'erwhelming thought,  
That he who led our troops in battle-lines,  
But our best interests ever sought!

III.

What is this story, thus redolent of praise?  
Why challenge Liberty herself to lend her voice?  
Why must ye hallelujah anthems raise,  
And bid the world in plaudits loud rejoice?  
Why lift the banner with its star-lit folds,  
And give it honors, grandest and the best,  
Unless its blood-stripes and its stars of gold  
Bring ransom to the toilers — to the weary rest?

IV.

O yes, there's a secret in the stars and stripes:  
It was the emblem of our nation's sire;  
And from the record of his father's stripes,  
He gathered zeal which did his youth inspire.  
Fearless and keen in the border battle,

Careless of risk while dealing blow for blow,  
 What did he care for yell or rifle-rattle  
 If he in peril only duty e'er could know !

## v.

As thus in youth he measured well his work,  
 And filled that measure ever full and true,  
 So then to him to lead the nation looked,  
 When all to arms in holy frenzy flew.  
 Great faith was that, to inspire our sires,  
 And honor him, so true, with chief command,  
 And fervid be our joy, while beacon-fires  
 Do honor to this hero through the land.

## vi.

Strike, strike ! O Liberty, thy silver strings !  
 Bid nations many in the contest try !  
 Tell them, O, tell, of all thy mercy brings  
 For all that languish, be it far or nigh !  
 For all oppressed the time shall surely come,  
 When, stripped of fear, and hushed each plaintive cry,  
 All, all, will find in Washington  
 The model guide, for now — for aye, for aye.

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**A SUMMER ON THE GREAT LAKES.**

BY FRED. MYRON COLBY.

WHERE shall we go this year? is the annual recurring question as the summer heats draw near. We must go somewhere, for it will be no less unwholesome than unfashionable to remain in town. The body needs rest; the brain, no less wearied, unites in the demand for change, for recreation. A relief from the wear and tear of professional life is a necessity. The seaside? Cape May and York Beach are among our first remembrances. We believe in change. The mountains? Their inexhaustible variety will never pall, but then we have "done" the White Mountains, explored the Catskills, and encamped among the Adirondacks in years gone by. Saratoga? We have never been there, but we have an abhorrence for a great fashionable crowd. To say the truth, we are heartily sick of "summer resorts," with their gambling, smoking, and drinking. The great watering-places hold no charms for us. "The world, the flesh, and the devil" there hold undisputed sway: we desire a gentler rule.

"What do you say to a trip on the Great Lakes?" suggests my friend, Ralph Vincent, with indefatigable patience.

"I—I don't know," I answered, thoughtfully.

"Don't know!" cried "the Histo-

rian" — (we called Hugh Warren by that title from his ability to always give information on any mooted point). He was a walking encyclopædia of historical lore. "Don't know! Yes, you do. It is just what we want. It will be a delightful voyage, with scenes of beauty at every sunset and every sunrise. The Sault de Ste. Marie with its fairy isles, the waters of Lake Huron so darkly, deeply, beautifully green, and the storied waves of Superior with their memories of the martyr missionaries, of old French broils and the musical flow of Hiawatha. The very thought is enough to make one enthusiastic. How came you to think of it, Vincent?"

"I never think: I scorn the imputation," replied Vincent, with a look of assumed disdain. "It was a inspiration."

"And you have inspired us to a glorious undertaking. The Crusades were nothing to it. Say, Montague," to me, "you are agreed?"

"Yes, I am agreed," I assented. "We will spend our summer on the Great Lakes. It will be novel, it will be refreshing, it will be classical."

So it was concluded. A week from that time found us at Oswego. Our proposed route was an elaborate one. It was to start at Oswego, take a bee-line across Lake Ontario to Toronto, hence up the lake and through the Welland Canal into Lake Erie, along the shores of that historical inland sea, touching at Erie, Cleveland, Sandusky, and Toledo, up Detroit River, through the Lake and River of St. Clair, then gliding over the waters of Lake Huron, dash down along the shores of Lake Michigan to Chicago, and back past Milwaukee, through the Straits of Mackinaw and the ship-canal into the placid waves of Superior, mak-

ing Duluth the terminus of our journey. Our return would be leisurely, stopping here and there, at out-of-the-way places, camping-out whenever the fancy seized us and the opportunity offered, to hunt, to fish, to rest, being for the time knight-errants of pleasure, or, as the Historian dubbed us, peripatetic philosophers, in search, not of the touchstone to make gold, but the touchstone to make health. Our trip was to occupy two months.

It was well toward the latter part of June in 1881, on one of the brightest of summer mornings, that our steamer, belonging to the regular daily line to Toronto, steamed slowly out from the harbor of Oswego. So we were at last on the "beautiful water," for that is the meaning of Ontario in the Indian tongue. Here, two hundred years before us, the war-canoes of De Champlain and his Huron allies had spurned the foaming tide. Here, a hundred years later the batteaux of that great soldier, Montcalm, had swept round the bluff to win the fortress on its height, then in English hands. Historic memories haunted it. The very waves sparkling in the morning sunshine whispered of romantic tales.

Seated at the stern of the boat we looked back upon the fading city. Hugh Warren was smoking, and his slow-moving blue eyes were fixed dreamily upon the shore. He did not seem to be gazing at anything, and yet we knew he saw more than any of us.

"A centime for your thoughts, Hugh!" cried Vincent, rising and stretching his limbs.

"I was thinking," said the Historian, "of that Frenchman, Montcalm, who one summer day came down on the English at Oswego unawares with his gunboats and Indians and gendarmes.



Of the twenty-five thousand people in yonder city I don't suppose there are a dozen who know what his plans were. They were grand ones. In no country on the face of the globe has nature traced outlines of internal navigation on so grand a scale as upon our American continent. Entering the mouth of the St. Lawrence we are carried by that river through the Great Lakes to the head of Lake Superior, a distance of more than two thousand miles. On the south we find the Mississippi pouring its waters into the Gulf of Mexico, within a few degrees of the tropics after a course of three thousand miles. 'The Great Water,' as its name signifies, and its numerous branches drain the surface of about one million one hundred thousand square miles, or an area twenty times greater than England and Wales. The tributaries of the Mississippi equal the largest rivers of Europe. The course of the Missouri is probably not less than twenty-five hundred miles. The Ohio winds above a thousand miles through fertile countries. The tributaries of *these* tributaries are great rivers. The Wabash, a feeder of the Ohio, has a course of above five hundred miles, four hundred of which are navigable. If the contemplated canal is ever completed which will unite Lake Michigan with the head of navigation on the Illinois River, it will be possible to proceed by lines of inland navigation from Quebec to New Orleans. There is space within the regions enjoying these advantages of water communication, and already peopled by the Anglo-Saxon race, for four hundred millions of the human race, or more than double the population of Europe at the present time. Imagination cannot conceive the new influences which will be exercised

on the affairs of the world when the great valley of the Mississippi, and the continent from Lake Superior to New Orleans, is thronged with population. In the valley of the Mississippi alone there is abundant room for a population of a hundred million.

"In Montcalm's day all this territory belonged to France. It was that soldier's dream, and he was no less a statesman than a soldier, to make here a great nation. Toward that end a great chain of forts was to be built along the line from Ontario to New Orleans. Sandusky, Mackinaw, Detroit, Oswego, Du Quesne, were but a few links in the contemplated chain that was to bind the continent forever to French interests. It was for this he battled through all those bloody, brilliant campaigns of the old French war. But the English were too strong for him. Montcalm perished, and the power of France was at an end in the New World. But it almost overwhelms me at the thought of what a mighty empire was lost when the English huzza rose above the French clarion on the Plains of Abraham."

"Better for the continent and the world that England won," said Vincent.

"Perhaps so," allowed Hugh. "Though we cannot tell what might have been. But that does not concern this Ulysses and his crew. Onward, voyagers and voyageresses."

"Your simile is an unfortunate one. Ulysses was wrecked off Circe's island and at other places. Rather let us be the Argonauts in search of the Golden Fleece."

"Mercenary wretch!" exclaimed Hugh. "My taste is different. I am going in search of a dinner."

Hugh Warren's ability for discovering anything of that sort was proverbially

good, so we, having the same disposition, followed him below to the dining-saloon.

We arrived at Toronto, one hundred and sixty miles from Oswego, a little before dusk. This city, the capital of the province of Ontario, is situated on an arm of the lake. Its bay is a beautiful inlet about four miles long and two miles wide, forming a capacious and well-protected harbor. The site of the town is low, but rises gently from the water's edge. The streets are regular and wide, crossing each other generally at right angles. There is an esplanade fronting the bay which extends for a distance of two miles. The population of the city has increased from twelve hundred in 1817 to nearly sixty thousand at present. In the morning we took a hurried survey of its chief buildings, visited Queen's Park in the centre of the city, and got round in season to take the afternoon steamer for Buffalo.

The district situated between Lake Ontario and Lake Erie, as it has been longest settled, so also is it the best-cultivated part of Western Canada. The vicinity to the two Great Lakes renders the climate more agreeable, by diminishing the severity of the winters and tempering the summers' heats. Fruits of various kind arrive at great perfection, cargoes of which are exported to Montreal, Quebec, and other places situated in the less genial parts of the eastern province. Mrs. Jameson speaks of this district as "superlatively beautiful." The only place approaching a town in size and the number of inhabitants, from the Falls along the shores of Lake Erie for a great distance, beyond even Grand River, is Chippewa, situated on the river Welland, or Chippewa, which empties itself into Niagara Strait, just where the rapids commence

and navigation terminates. One or more steamers run between Chippewa and Buffalo. Chippewa is still but a small village, but, as it lies directly on the great route from the Western States of the Union to the Falls of Niagara and the Eastern States, it will probably rise into importance. Its greatest celebrity at present arises from the fact of there having been a great battle fought near by between the British and Americans in the war of 1812.

The line of navigation by the St. Lawrence did not extend beyond Lake Ontario until the Welland Canal was constructed. This important work is thirty-two miles long, and admits ships of one hundred and twenty-five guns, which is about the average tonnage of the trading-vessels on the lakes. The Niagara Strait is nearly parallel to the Welland Canal, and more than one third of it is not navigable. The canal, by opening this communication between Lake Ontario and Lake Erie, has conferred an immense benefit on all the districts west of Ontario. The great Erie Canal has been still more beneficial, by connecting the lakes with New York and the Atlantic by the Hudson River, which the canal joins after a course of three hundred and sixty miles. The effect of these two canals was quickly perceptible in the increased activity of commerce on Lake Erie, and the Erie Canal has rendered this lake the great line of transit from New York to the Western States.

Lake Erie is the most shallow of all the lakes, its average depth being only sixty or seventy feet. Owing to this shallowness the lake is readily disturbed by the wind; and for this reason, and for its paucity of good harbors, it has the reputation of being the most dangerous to navigate of any of the

Great Lakes. Neither are its shores as picturesquely beautiful as those of Ontario, Huron, and Superior. Still it is a lovely and romantic body of water, and its historic memories are interesting and important. In this last respect all the Great Lakes are remarkable. Some of the most picturesque and interesting chapters of our colonial and military history have for their scenes the shores and the waters of these vast inland seas. A host of great names — Champlain, Frontenac, La Salle, Marquette, Perry, Tecumseh, and Harrison — has wreathed the lakes with glory. The scene of the stirring events in which Pontiac was the conspicuous figure is now marked on the map by such names as Detroit, Sandusky, Green Bay, and Mackinaw. The thunder of the battles of Lundy's Lane and the Thames was heard not far off, and the very waters of Lake Erie were once canopied with the sulphur smoke from the cannon of Perry's conquering fleet.

We spent two days in Buffalo, and they were days well spent. This city is the second in size of the five Great Lake ports, being outranked only by Chicago. Founded in 1801, it now boasts of a population of one hundred and sixty thousand souls. The site is a plain, which, from a point about two miles distant from the lake, slopes gently to the water's edge. The city has a water front of two and a half miles on the lake and of about the same extent on Niagara River. It has one of the finest harbors on the lake. The public buildings are costly and imposing edifices, and many of the private residences are elegant. The pride of the city is its public park of five hundred and thirty acres, laid out by Frederick Law Olmstead in 1870. It has the reputation of

being the healthiest city of the United States.

Buffalo was the home of Millard Fillmore, the thirteenth President of the United States. Here the great man spent the larger part of his life. He went there a poor youth of twenty, with four dollars in his pocket. He died there more than fifty years afterward worth one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and after having filled the highest offices his country could bestow upon him. He owned a beautiful and elegant residence in the city, situated on one of the avenues, with a frontage toward the lake, of which a fine view is obtained. It is a modern mansion, three stories in height, with large stately rooms. It looks very little different externally from some of its neighbors, but the fact that it was for thirty years the home of one of our Presidents gives it importance and invests it with historic charm.

On board a steamer bound for Detroit we again plowed the waves. The day was a delightful one; the morning had been cloudy and some rain had fallen, but by ten o'clock the sky was clear, and the sunbeams went dancing over the laughing waters. Hugh was on his high-horse, and full of historic reminiscences.

"Do you know that this year is the two hundredth anniversary of a remarkable event for this lake?" he began. "Well, it is. It was in 1681, in the summer of the year, that the keel of the first vessel launched in Western waters was laid at a point six miles this side of the Niagara Falls. She was built by Count Frontenac who named her the Griffen. I should like to have sailed in it."

"Its speed could hardly equal that



of the Detroit," observed Vincent, complacently.

"You hard, cold utilitarian!" exclaimed the Historian; "who cares anything about that? It is the romance of the thing that would charm me."

"And the romance consists in its being distant. We always talk of the good old times as though they were really any better than our own age! It is a beautiful delusion. Don't you know how in walking the shady places are always behind us?"

The Historian's only answer to this banter was to shrug his shoulders scornfully and to light a fresh cigar.

Lake Erie is about two hundred and forty miles in length and has a mean breadth of forty miles. Its surface is three hundred and thirty feet above Lake Ontario, and five hundred and sixty-five above the level of the sea. It receives the waters of the upper lakes by means of the Detroit River, and discharges them again by the Niagara into Lake Ontario. Lake Erie has a shallow depth, but Ontario, which is five hundred and two feet deep, is two hundred and thirty feet below the tide level of the ocean, or as low as most parts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the bottoms of Lakes Huron, Michigan, and Superior, although their surface is much higher, are all, from their vast depths, on a level with the bottom of Ontario. Now, as the discharge through Detroit River, after allowing all the probable portion carried off by evaporation, does not appear by any means equal to the quantity of water which the other three lakes receive, it has been conjectured that a subterranean river may run from Lake Ontario. This conjecture is not improbable, and accounts for the singular fact that salmon and herring are caught in all

the lakes communicating with the St. Lawrence, but no others. As the Falls of Niagara must always have existed, it would puzzle the naturalists to say how those fish got into the upper lakes unless there is a subterranean river; moreover, any periodical obstruction of the river would furnish a not improbable solution of the mysterious flux and influx of the lakes.

Some after noon we steamed past a small city on the southern coast which had a large natural harbor.

"Erie and Presque Isle Bay," announced the Historian. "A famous place. From it sailed Oliver Hazard Perry with his fleet of nine sail to most unmercifully drub the British lion on that tenth day of September, 1813. The battle took place some distance from here over against Sandusky. I will tell you all about it when we get there. My grandfather was one of the actors."

He said no more, and for a long time the conversation was sustained by Vincent and myself. The steamer put in at Cleveland just at dusk. The stop was brief, however, and we left the beautiful and thriving city looking like a queen on the Ohio shore under the bridal veil of night. The evening was brilliant with moonlight. The lake was like a mirror or an enchanted sea. Hour after hour passed, and we still sat on deck gazing on the scene. Far to the south we saw the many lights of a city shining. It was Sandusky.

"How delightful it is!" murmured Vincent.

"Beautiful," I replied. "If it were only the Ionian Sea, now, or the clear *Ægean*!"—

"Those classic waters cannot match this lake," interrupted Hugh. "The battle of Erie will outlive Salamis or

Actium. The laurels of Themistokles and Augustus fade even now before those of Perry. He was a hero worth talking about, something more human altogether than any of Plutarch's men. I feel it to be so now at least. It was right here somewhere that the battle raged."

"He was quite a young man, I believe," said I, glad to show that I knew something of the hero. I had seen his house at Newport many times, one of the old colonial kind, and his picture, that of a tall, slim man, with dash and bravery in his face, was not unfamiliar to me.

"Yes; only twenty-seven, and just married," continued the Historian, settling down to work. "Before the battle he read over his wife's letters for the last time, and then tore them up, so that the enemy should not see those records of the heart, if victorious. 'This is the most important day of my life,' he said to his officers, as the first shot from the British came crashing among the sails of the *Lawrence*; 'but we know how to beat those fellows,' he added, with a laugh. He had nine vessels, with fifty-four guns and four hundred and ninety officers and men. The British had six ships mounting sixty-three guns, with five hundred and two officers and men.

"In the beginning of the battle the British had the advantage. Their guns were of longer range, and Perry was exposed to their fire half an hour before he got in position where he could do execution. When he had succeeded in this the British concentrated their fire on his flag-ship. Enveloped in flame and smoke, Perry strove desperately to maintain his ground till the rest of his ships could get into action. For more than two hours he sustained

the unequal conflict without flinching. It was his first battle, and, moreover, he was enfeebled by a fever from which he had just risen; but he never lost his ease and confidence. When most of his men had fallen, when his ship lay an unmanageable wreck on the water, 'every brace and bowline shot away,' and all his guns were rendered ineffective, he still remained calm and unmoved.

"Eighteen men out of one hundred stood alive on his deck; many of those were wounded. Lieutenant Yarnell, with a red handkerchief tied round his head and another round his neck to stanch the blood flowing from two wounds, stood bravely by his commander. But all seemed lost when, through the smoke, Perry saw the *Niagara* approaching uncrippled.

"'If a victory is to be won I will win it,' he said to the lieutenant. He tore down his flag with its glorious motto, — 'Don't give up the ship,' — and leaping into a boat with half a dozen others, told the sailors to give way with a will. The *Niagara* was half a mile distant to the windward, and the enemy, as soon as they observed his movement, directed their fire upon his boat. Oars were splintered in the rowers' hands by musket-balls, and the men themselves covered with spray from the roundshot and grape that smote the water on every side. But they passed safely through the iron storm, and at last reached the deck of the *Niagara*, where they were welcomed with thundering cheers. Lieutenant Elliot of the *Niagara*, leaving his own ship, took command of the *Somers*, and brought up the smaller vessels of the fleet, which had as yet been little in the action. Perry ran up his signal for close action, and from vessel to vessel

the answering signals went up in the sunlight and the cheers rang over the water. All together now bore down upon the enemy and, passing through his line, opened a raking crossfire. So close and terrible was that fire that the crew of the *Lady Prevost* ran below, leaving the wounded and stunned commander alone on the deck. Shrieks and groans rose from every side. In fifteen minutes from the time the signal was made Captain Barclay, the British commander, flung out the white flag. The firing then ceased; the smoke slowly cleared away, revealing the two fleets commingled, shattered, and torn, and the decks strewn with dead. The loss on each side was the same, one hundred and thirty-five killed and wounded. The combat had lasted about three hours. When Perry saw that victory was secure he wrote with a pencil on the back of an old letter, resting it on his navy cap, the despatch to General Harrison: 'We have met the enemy, and they are ours: two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop.'

"It was a great victory," concluded the eloquent narrator. "The young conqueror did not sleep a wink that night. Until the morning light he was on the quarter-deck of the *Lawrence*, doing what he could to relieve his suffering comrades, while the stifled groans of the wounded men echoed from ship to ship. The next day the dead, both the British and the American, were buried in a wild and solitary spot on the shore. And there they sleep the sleep of the brave, with the sullen waves to sing their perpetual requiem."

We sat in silence a long time after; no one was disposed to speak. It came to us with power there on the moonlit lake, a realization of the hard-fought battle, the gallant bearing of the

young commander, his daring passage in an open boat through the enemy's fire to the Niagara, the motto on his flag, the manner in which he carried his vessel alone through the enemy's line, and then closed in half pistol-shot, his laconic account of the victory to his superior officer, the ships stripped of their spars and canvas, the groans of the wounded, and the mournful spectacle of the burial on the lake shore.

Our next stopping-place was at Detroit, the metropolis of Michigan, on the river of the same name, the colony of the old Frenchman De la Mothe Cadillac, the colonial Pontchartrain, the scene of Pontiac's defeat and of Hull's treachery, cowardice, or incapacity, grandly seated on the green Michigan shore, overlooking the best harbor on the Great Lakes, and with a population of more than one hundred thousand. Two stormy days kept us within doors most of the time. The third day we were again "on board," steaming up Detroit River into Lake St. Clair. On and on we kept, till the green waters of Huron sparkled beneath the keel of our steamer. All the way over the lake we kept the shores of Michigan in sight, beaches of white sand alternating with others of limestone shingle, and the forests behind, a tangled growth of cedar, fir, and spruce in impenetrable swamps, or a scanty, scrubby growth upon a sandy soil. Two hours were spent at Thunder Bay, where the steamer stopped for a supply of wood, and we went steaming on toward Mackinaw, a hundred miles away. At sunset of that day the shores of the green rocky island dawned upon us. The steamer swept up to an excellent dock, as the sinking sun was pouring a stream of molten gold across the flood, out of the amber gates of the west.



"At last Mackinaw, great in history and story," announced the Historian leaning on the taffrail and gazing at the clear pebbly bottom and through forty feet of water.

"My history consists of a series of statues and tableaux — statues of the great men, tableaux of the great events," said Vincent. "Were there any such at Mackinaw?"

"Yes," answered Hugh, "two statues and one tableau — the former Marquette and Mae-che-ne-mock-quah, the latter the massacre at Fort Michilimackinack."

"The event happened during Pontiac's war, I believe," I hastened to observe. "The Indians took the place by stratagem, did they not?"

"They did. It was on the fourth of July, 1763. The fort contained a hundred soldiers under the command of Major Etherington. In the neighborhood were four hundred Indians apparently friendly. On the day specified the savages played a great game of ball or baggatiway on the parade before the fort. Many of the soldiers went out to witness it and the gate was left open. During the game the ball was many times pitched over the pickets of the fort. Instantly it was followed by the whole body of players, in the unrestrained pursuit of a rude athletic exercise. The garrison feared nothing; but suddenly the Indians drawing their concealed weapons began the massacre. No resistance was offered, so sudden and unexpected was the surprise. Seventy of the soldiers were murdered, the remainder were sold for slaves. Only one Englishman escaped. He was a trader named Henry. He was in his own house writing a letter to his Montreal friends by the canoe which was just on the eve of departure, when the

massacre began. Only a low board fence separated his grounds from those of M. Longlade, a Frenchman, who had great influence with the savages. He obtained entrance into the house, where he was concealed by one of the women, and though the savages made vigorous search for him, he remained undiscovered. You can imagine the horrible sight the fort presented when the sun went down, the soldiers in their red uniforms lying there scalped and mangled, a ghastly heap under the summer sky. And to just think it was only a short time ago, a little more than a hundred years."

We could hardly realize it as we gazed up the rocky eminence at the United States fort, one hundred and fifty feet high, overlooking the little village. And yet Mackinaw's history is very little different from that of most Western settlements and military stations. Dark, sanguinary, and bloody tragedies were constantly enacted upon the frontiers for generations. As every one acquainted with our history must know, the war on the border has been an almost interminable one. As the tide of emigration has rolled westward it has ever met that fiery counter-surge, and only overcome it by incessant battling and effort. And even now, as the distant shores of the Pacific are wellnigh reached, that resisting wave still gives forth its lurid flashes of conflict.

Mackinaw Island is only about three miles long and two in breadth, with a circuit of nine miles in all. It rises out of the lake to an average height of three hundred feet, and is heavily wooded with cedar, beech, maple, and yew. Three of its sides are bold and rocky, the fourth slopes down gradually toward the north to meet the blue

waters of the lake. The island is intersected in all directions with carriage-roads and paths, and in the bay are always to be seen the row and sail boats belonging to pleasure-seekers. From four to seven steamers call at the wharf daily, while fleets of sailing-vessels may at any time be descried from old Fort Holmes, creeping noiselessly on to the commercial marts of those great inland seas.

Tradition lends its enchantment to the isle. According to the Indian legend it rose suddenly from the calm bosom of the lake at the sunset hour. In their fancy it took the form of a huge turtle, and so they bestowed upon it the name of Moe-che-ne-nock-e-nung. In the Ojibway mythology it became the home of the Great Fairies, and to this day it is said to be a sacred spot to all Indians who preserve the memory of the primal times. The fairies lived in a subterranean abode under the island, and an old sagamore, Chees-a-kee, is related to have been conducted *à la* Æneus, in Virgil, to the halls of the spirits and to have seen them all assembled in the spacious wigwam. Had some bard taken up the tale of this fortunate individual, the literature of the red man might have boasted an epic ranking perhaps with the Æneid or the Iliad.

From the walls of old Fort Holmes, two hundred feet above the lake, a fine view is obtained of the island and its surroundings. Westward is Point St. Ignace, a sharply defined cape running out from the mainland into the strait. There rest the bones of good Father Marquette, who, in 1671, erected a chapel on the island and began to Christianize the wild natives of this region. On the northwest we see the "Sitting Rabbits," two curious-looking

rockhills which bear a singular resemblance to our common American hare. Eastward stretches away the boundless inland sea, a beautiful greenish-blue, to the horizon. The mountains of St. Martin, and the hills from which flow Carp and Pine Rivers meet the northern vision. To the south is Boisblanc Island, lying like an emerald paradise on the bosom of Lake Huron, and close beside it, as if seeking protection, is lovely Round Island. Among all these islands, and laving the shores of the adjacent mainland, are the rippling waves of the lake, now lying as if asleep in the flooding light, anon white-capped and angry, driven by the strong winds. Beneath us are the undulations of billowy green foliage, calm and cool, intersected with carriage-roads, and showing yonder the white stones of the soldiers' and citizens' graves. Here, down by the water, and close under the fort, the white, quaint houses lie wrapped in light and quiet. Breezes cool and delightful, breezes that have traversed the broad expanse of the lakes, blow over your face softly, as in Indian myth blows the wind from the Land of Souls. The scene and the hour lulls you into a sense of delicious quietude. You are aroused by the shrill whistle of a steamer, and you descend dockward to note the fresh arrivals.

Several days' excursions do not exhaust the island. One day we go to see Arch Rock, a beautiful natural bridge of rock spanning a chasm some eighty feet in height and forty in width. The summit is one hundred and fifty feet above the level. Another day we visit Sugar-loaf Rock, an isolated conical shape one hundred and forty feet high, rising from a plateau in the centre of the island. A hole half-way up its side is large enough to hold a

dozen persons, and has in it the names of a hundred eager aspirants after immortality. On the southwest side of the island is a perpendicular rock bluff, rising one hundred and fifty feet from the lake and called "Lover's Leap." The legend was told us one afternoon by Hugh, as follows:—

"In the ancient time, when the red men held their councils in this heart of the waters, and the lake around rippled to the canoe fleets of warrior tribes going and returning, a young Ojibway girl had her home on this sacred isle. Her name was Mae-che-ne-mock-qu, and she was beautiful as the sunrise of a summer morning. She had many lovers, but only to one brave did the blooming Indian girl give her heart. Often would Mae-che-ne-mock-qu wander to this solitary rock and gaze out upon the wide waters after the receding canoes of the combined Ojibway and Ottawa bands, speeding south for scalps and glory. There, too, she always watched for their return, for among them was the one she loved, an eagle-plumed warrior, Ge-win-e-gnon, the bravest of the brave. The west wind often wafted the shouts of the victorious braves far in advance of them as they returned from the mainland, and highest above all she always heard the voice of Ge-win-e-gnon. But one time, in the chorus of shouts, the maiden heard no longer the voice of her lover. Her heart told her that he had gone to the spirit-land behind the sunset, and she should no more behold his face among the chieftains. So it was: a Huron arrow had pierced his heart, and his last words were of his maiden in the Fairy Isle. Sad grew the heart of the lovely Mae-che-ne-mock-qu. She had no wish to live. She could only stand on the cliff and gaze at the

west, where the form of her lover appeared beckoning her to follow him. One morning her mangled body was found at the foot of the cliff; she had gone to meet her lover in the spirit-land. So love gained its sacrifice and a maiden became immortal."

A well-earned night's sleep, bathed in this highly ozoned lake atmosphere, which magically soothes every nerve and refreshes every sense like an elixir, and we are off again on the broad bosom of the Mackinaw strait, threading a verdant labyrinth of emerald islets and following the course of Father Jacques Marquette, who two hundred years before us had set off from the island in two canoes, with his friend Louis Joliet, to explore and Christianize the region of the Mississippi. We looked back upon the Fairy Island with regretful eyes, and as it sunk into the lake Hugh repeated the lines of the poet:—

"A gem amid gems, set in blue yielding waters,  
Is Mackinac Island with cliffs girded round,  
For her eagle-plumed braves and her true-hearted  
daughters;  
Long, long ere the pale face came widely re-  
nowned.

"Tradition invests thee with Spirit and Fairy;  
Thy dead soldiers' sleep shall no drum-beat  
awake,  
While about thee the cool winds do lovingly tarry  
And kiss thy green brows with the breath of the  
lake.

"Thy memory shall haunt me wherever life  
reaches,  
Thy day-dreams of fancy, thy night's balmy sleep,  
The splash of thy waters along the smooth beaches,  
The shade of thine evergreens, grateful and deep.

"O Mackinac Island! rest long in thy glory!  
Sweet native to peacefulness, home of delight!  
Beneath thy soft ministry, care and sad worry  
Shall flee from the weary eyes blessed with thy  
sight."

"That poet had taste," remarked our friend when he had concluded.



"Beautiful Isle! No wonder the great missionary wished his bones to rest within sight of its shores. Marquette never seemed to me so great as now. He was one of those Jesuits like Zinzendorf and Sebastian Ralle, wonderful men, all of them, full of energy and adventure and missionary zeal, and devoted to the welfare of their order. At the age of thirty he was sent among the Hurons as a missionary. He founded the mission of Sault de Ste. Marie in Lake Superior; in 1668, and three years later that of Mackinaw. In 1673, in company with Joliet and five other Frenchmen, the adventurous missionary set out on a voyage toward the South Sea: They followed the Mississippi to the Gulf, and returning, arrived at Green Bay in September. In four months they had traveled a distance of twenty-five hundred miles in an open canoe. Marquette was sick a whole year, but in 1674, at the solicitation of his superior, set out to preach to the Kaskaskia Indians. He was compelled to halt on the way by his infirmities, and remained all winter at the place, with only two Frenchmen to minister to his wants. As soon as it was spring, knowing full well that he could not live, he attempted to return to Mackinaw. He died on the way, on a small river that bears his name, which empties into Lake Michigan on the western shore. His memory enwreathes the very names of Superior and Michigan with the halo of romance."

"Thank you," said Vincent, looking out over the dark water. "I can fancy his ghost haunting the lake at midnight."

"Speak not of that down at the Queen City," returned Hugh, with a tragic air. "Pork and grain are more

substantial things than ghosts at Chicago, and they might look on you as an escaped lunatic. Nathless, it was a pretty idea to promulgate among the Indians two centuries ago. Observe how civilization has changed. Two hundred years ago we sent missionaries among them: now we send soldiers to shoot them down, after we have plundered them of their lands."

Neither of us were disposed to discuss the Indian question with Hugh Warren, and the conversation dropped after a while.

At noon of the next day the steamer made Milwaukee, and the evening of the day after Chicago. These two cities are excellent types of the Western city, and both show, in a wonderful degree, the rapid growth of towns in the great West. Neither had an inhabitant before 1825, and now one has a population of one hundred thousand, and the other of five hundred thousand. Chicago is, in fact, a wonder of the world. Its unparalleled growth, its phoenix-like rise from the devastation of the great fire of 1871, and its cosmopolitan character, all contribute to render it a remarkable city.

The city looks out upon the lake like a queen, as in fact she is, crowned by the triple diadem of beauty, wealth, and dignity. She is the commercial metropolis of the whole Northwest, an emporium second only to New York in the quantity of her imports and exports. The commodious harbor is thronged with shipping. Her water communication has a vast area. Foreign consuls from Austria, France, Great Britain, Belgium, Italy, Sweden, Germany, and the Netherlands, have their residence in the city. It is an art-centre, and almost equally with Brooklyn is entitled to be called a city of churches.

A week is a short time to devote to seeing all that this queen city has that is interesting, and that included every day we spent there. Neither in a sketch like the present shall we have space to give more than we have done—a general idea of the city. One day about noon we steamed out of the harbor, on a magnificent lake-steamer, bound for Duluth. We were to have a run of over seven hundred miles with but a single stopping-place the whole distance. It would be three days before we should step on land again.

"Farewell, a long farewell, to the city of the Indian sachem," said Hugh, as the grand emporium and railway-centre grew dim in the distance. "By the way," continued he, "are you aware that the correct etymology of the name Chicago is not generally known?"

Vincent and I confessed that we did not even know the supposed etymology of the name.

"No matter about that," went on the Historian. "The name is undoubtedly Indian, corrupted from Chercaqua, the name of a long line of chiefs, meaning strong, also applied to a wild onion. Long before the white men knew the region the site of Chicago was a favorite rendezvous of several Indian tribes. The first geographical notice of the place occurs in a map dated Quebec, Canada, 1683, as 'Fort Chicagon.' Marquette camped on the site during the winter of 1674-5. A fort was built there by the French and afterward abandoned. So you see that Chicago has a history that is long anterior to the existence of the present city. Have a cigar, Montague?"

Clouds of fragrant tobacco-smoke soon obscured the view of the Queen City of the Northwest, busy with life above the graves of the Indian saga-

mores whose memories she has forgotten.

On the third day we steamed past Mackinaw, and soon made the ship-canal which was constructed for the passage of large ships, a channel a dozen miles long and half a mile wide. And now, hurrah! We are on the waters of Lake Superior, the "Gitche Gumee, the shining Big Sea-Water," of Longfellow's musical verse. The lake is a great sea. Its greatest length is three hundred and sixty miles, its greatest breadth one hundred and forty miles; the whole length of its coast is fifteen hundred miles. It has an area of thirty-two thousand square miles, and a mean depth of one thousand feet. These dimensions show it to be by far the largest body of fresh water on the globe.

Nothing can be conceived more charming than a cruise on this lake in summer. The memories of the lake are striking and romantic in the extreme. There is a background of history and romance which renders Superior a classic water. It was a favorite fishing-ground for several tribes of Indians, and its aboriginal name Ojibwakechegun, was derived from one of these, the Ojibways, who lived on the southern shore when the lake first became known to white men. The waters of the lake vary in color from a dazzling green to a sea-blue, and are stocked with all kinds of excellent fish. Numerous islands are scattered about the lake, some low and green, others rocky and rising precipitately to great heights directly up from the deep water. The coast of the lake is for the most part rocky. Nowhere upon the inland waters of North America is the scenery so bold and grand as around Lake Superior. Famous among travelers

are those precipitous walls of red sandstone on the south coast, described in all the earlier accounts of the lake as the "Pictured Rocks." They stand opposite the greatest width of the lake and exposed to the greatest force of the heavy storms from the north. The effect of the waves upon them is not only seen in their irregular shape, but the sand derived from their disintegration is swept down the coast below and raised by the winds into long lines of sandy cliffs. At the place called the Grand Sable these are from one hundred to three hundred feet high, and the region around consists of hills of drifting sand.

Half-way across the lake Keweenaw Point stretches out into the water. Here the steamer halted for wood. We landed on the shore in a beautiful grove. "What a place for a dinner!" cried one of the party.

"Glorious! glorious!" chimed in a dozen voices.

"How long has the boat to wait?" asked Hugh.

"One hour," was the answer of the weather-beaten son of Neptune.

"That gives us plenty of time," was the general verdict. So without more ado lunch-baskets were brought ashore. The steamer's steward was prevailed upon, by a silver dollar thrust slyly into his hand, to help us, and presently the whole party was feasting by the lakeside. And what a royal dining-room was that grove, its outer pillars rising from the very lake itself, its smooth brown floor of pine-needles, arabesqued with a flitting tracery of sun shadows and fluttering leaves, and giving through the true Gothic arches of its myriad windows glorious views of the lake that lay like an enchanted sea before us! And whoever dined more regally, more di-

vinely, even, though upon nectar and ambrosia, than our merry-makers as they sat at their well-spread board, with such glowing, heaven-tinted pictures before their eyes, such balmy airs floating about their happy heads, and such music as the sunshiny waves made in their glad, listening ears? It was like a picture out of *Hiawatha*. At least it seemed to strike our young lady so, who in a voice of peculiar sweetness and power recited the opening of the twenty-second book of that poem:—

"By the shore of Gitche Gumees,  
By the shining Big Sea-Water,  
At the doorway of his wigwam,  
In the pleasant Summer morning,  
*Hiawatha* stood and waited.

All the air was full of freshness,  
All the earth was bright and joyous,  
And before him, through the sunshine,  
Westward toward the neighboring forest  
Passed in golden swarms the Ahmo,  
Passed the bees, the honey-makers,  
Burning, singing in the sunshine.

Bright above him shone the heavens,  
Level spread the lake before him;  
From its bosom leaped the sturgeon,  
Sparkling, flashing in the sunshine;  
On its margin the great forest  
Stood reflected in the water,  
Every treetop had its shadow  
Motionless beneath the water."

"Thank you, Miss," said Hugh, gallantly. "We only need a wigwam with smoke curling from it under these trees, and a 'birch canoe with paddles, rising, sinking on the water, dripping, flashing in the sunshine,' to complete the picture. It's a pity the Indians ever left this shore."

"So the settlers of Minnesota thought in '62," observed Vincent, ironically.

"The Indians would have been all right if the white man had stayed away," replied the Historian, hotly.

"In that case we should not be here now, and, consequently"—



What promised to be quite a warm discussion was killed in the embryo by the captain's clear cry, "All aboard!"

Once more we were steaming westward toward the land of the Dacotahs. That night we all sat up till after midnight to see the last of our lake, for in the morning Duluth would be in sight. It was a night never to be forgotten. The idle words and deeds of my companions have faded from my mind, but never will the memory of the bright lake rippling under that moonlit sky.

A city picturesquely situated on the side of a hill which overlooks the lake and rises gradually toward the northwest, reaching the height of six hundred feet a mile from the shore, with a river on one side. That is Duluth. The city takes its name from Juan du Luth, a French officer, who visited the region in 1679. In 1860 there were only seventy white inhabitants in the place, and in 1869 the number had not much increased. The selection of the village as the eastern terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad gave it an impetus, and now Duluth is a city of fifteen thousand inhabitants, and rapidly growing. The harbor is a good one, and is open about two hundred days in the year. Six regular lines of steamers run to Chicago, Cleveland, Canadian ports, and ports on the south shore of Lake Superior. The commerce of Duluth, situated as it is in the vicinity of the mineral districts on both shores of the lake, surrounded by a well-timbered country, and offering the most convenient outlet for the products of the wheat region further west, is of growing importance. In half a century Duluth will be outranked in wealth and population by no more than a dozen cities in America.

Our stay at Duluth was protracted

many days. One finds himself at home in this new Western city, and there are a thousand ways in which to amuse yourself. If you are disposed for a walk, there are any number of delightful woodpaths leading to famous bits of beach where you may sit and dream the livelong day without fear of interruption or notice. If you would try camping-out, there are guides and canoes right at your hand, and the choice of scores of beautiful and delightful spots within easy reach of your hotel or along the shore of the lake and its numerous beautiful islands, or as far away into the forest as you care to penetrate. Lastly, if piscatorially inclined, here is a boathouse with every kind of boat from the steam-yacht down to the birch canoe, and there is the lake, full of "lakers," sturgeon, whitefish, and speckled trout, some of the latter weighing from thirty to forty pounds apiece, — a condition of things alike satisfactory and tempting to every owner of a rod and line.

The guides, of whom there are large numbers to be found at Duluth, as indeed at all of the northern border towns, are a class of men too interesting and peculiar to be passed over without more than a cursory notice. These men are mostly French-Canadians and Indians, with now and then a native, and for hardihood, skill, and reliability, cannot be surpassed by any other similar class of men the world over. They are usually men of many parts, can act equally well as guide, boatman, baggage-carrier, purveyor, and cook. They are respectful and chivalrous: no woman, be she old or young, fair or faded, fails to receive the most polite and courteous treatment at their hands, and with these qualities they possess a manly independence that is

as far removed from servility as forwardness. Some of these men are strikingly handsome, with shapely statuesque figures that recall the Antinous and the Apollo Belvidere. Their life is necessarily a hard one, exposed as they are to all sorts of weather and the dangers incidental to their profession. At a comparatively early age they break down, and extended excursions are left to the younger and more active members of the fraternity.

Camping-out, provided the weather is reasonably agreeable, is one of the most delightful and healthful ways to spend vacation. It is a sort of woodman's or frontier life. It means living in a tent, sleeping on boughs or leaves, cooking your own meals, washing your own dishes and clothes perhaps, getting up your own fuel, making your own fire, and foraging for your own provender. It means activity, variety, novelty, and fun alive; and the more you have of it the more you like it; and the longer you stay the less willing you are to give it up. There is a freedom in it that you do not get elsewhere. All the stiff formalities of conventional life are put aside: you are left free to enjoy yourself as you choose. All in all, it is the very best way we know to enjoy a "glorious vacation."

At Duluth, at Sault de Ste. Marie, at Mackinaw, at Saginaw, we wandered away days at a time, with nothing but our birch canoe, rifles, and fishing-rods, and for provisions, hard bread, pork, potatoes, coffee, tea, rice, butter, and sugar, closely packed. Any camper-out can make himself comfortable with

an outfit as simple as the one named. How memory clings around some of those bright spots we visited! I pass over them again, in thought, as I write these lines, longing to nestle amid them forever.

Following along the coast, now in small yachts hired for the occasion, now in a birch canoe of our own, we passed from one village to another. Wherever we happened to be at night, we encamped. Many a time it was on a lonely shore. Standing at sunset on a pleasant strand, more than once we saw the glow of the vanished sun behind the western mountains or the western waves, darkly piled in mist and shadow along the sky; near at hand, the dead pine, mighty in decay, stretching its ragged arms athwart the burning heavens, the crow perched on its top like an image carved in jet; and aloft, the night-hawk, circling in his flight, and, with a strange whining sound, diving through the air each moment for the insects he makes his prey.

But all good things, as well as others, have an end. The season drew to a close at last. August nights are chilly for sleeping in tents. Our flitting must cease, and our thoughts and steps turn homeward. But a few days are still left us. At Buffalo once more we go to see the Falls. Then by boat to Hamilton, thence to Kingston at the foot of the lake, and so on through the Thousand Islés to Montreal, and finally to Quebec, — a tour as fascinating in its innumerable and singularly wild and beautiful "sights" as heart could desire.

## OUR NATIONAL CEMETERIES.

BY CHARLES COWLEY, LL.D.

THERE are circumstances generally attending the death of the soldier or the sailor, whether on battle-field or gun-deck, whether in the captives' prison, the cockpit, or the field-hospital, which touch our sensibilities far more deeply than any circumstances which usually attend the death of men of any other class; moving within us mingled emotions of pathos and pity, of mystery and awe.

"There is a tear for all that die,  
A mourner o'er the humblest grave;  
But nations swell the funeral cry,  
And freedom weeps above the brave;

"For them is sorrow's purest sigh,  
O'er ocean's heaving bosom sent;  
In vain their bones unburied lie,—  
All earth becomes their monument.

"A tomb is their's on every page;  
An epitaph on every tongue;  
The present hours, the future age,  
Nor them bewail, to them belong.

"A theme to crowds that knew them not,  
Lamented by admiring foes,  
Who would not share their glorious lot?  
Who would not die the death they chose?"

A similar halo invests our National Cemeteries — which are the most permanent mementos of our sanguinary Civil War.

Nature labors diligently to cover up her scars. Most of the battle-fields of the Rebellion now show growths of use and beauty. Many of the structures of that great conflict have already ceased to be. Some of them have been swept away by the winds or overgrown with weeds; others, like Fort Wagner, have been washed away by the waves. But neither winds nor waves are likely to disturb the monuments or the cemeteries of our soldiers and sailors. Where they were placed,

there they remain; "and there they will remain forever."

The seventy-eight National Cemeteries distributed over the country contain the remains of three hundred and eighteen thousand four hundred and fifty-five men, classed as follows: known, 170,960; unknown, 147,495; total, 318,455. And these are not half of those whose deaths are attributable to their service in the armies and navies of the United States and the Confederate States, who are buried in all sections of the Union and in foreign lands.

In some of these cemeteries, as at Gettysburg, Antietam, City Point, Winchester, Marietta, Woodlawn, Hampton, and Beaufort, by means of public appropriations and private subscriptions, statues and other monuments have at different times been erected; and many others doubtless will be erected in them hereafter. Some of them are in secluded situations, where for many miles the population is sparse, and the few people that live near them cherish tenderer recollections of the "Lost Cause" than of that which finally won. But such of them as are contiguous to cities are places of interest to more or less of the neighboring population; and, in some of them, there are commemorative services upon Memorial Days.

These cemeteries have many features in common; and much that may be said of one of them may also be said of the others — merely changing the names.

It happened to the present writer to visit the National Cemetery at Beaufort, South Carolina, to deliver an oration on Memorial Day, 1881, in the



midst of ten thousand graves of the soldiers and sailors of the department of the South and South Atlantic blockading squadron. The dead interred in these thirty acres of graves are : known, 4,748, unknown, 4,493 ; total, 9,241. Among the trees planted in this cemetery is a willow, grown from a branch of the historic tree which once overshadowed the grave of Napoleon at St. Helena.

Generals Thomas W. Sherman and John G. Foster, who commanded that department, and Admirals Dupont and Dahlgren, who commanded that squadron, all died in their Northern homes since the peace, and their graves are not to be looked for here. The same may be said of hundreds of military and naval officers who performed valuable services on these shores and along these coasts, and have since "passed over to the great majority."

That neither General Strong nor General Schimmelfennig is buried here might be accounted for by the fact that, though they died by reason of their having served in this department, they died at the North. But even General Mitchell, whose flag of command was last unfurled in this department, who died in Beaufort, and was originally buried under the sycamores of the Episcopal churchyard, now sleeps in the shades of Greenwood, and not (as he would probably have preferred, could he have foreseen this cemetery) among the brave men whom he commanded.

The best known names among those here buried (to use a pardonable Hibernianism) are among the "unknown." For here, as we may believe, in unknown graves, rest the remains of Colonel Robert G. Shaw, of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts (colored), Colonel Haldimand S. Putnam, of the

Seventh New Hampshire, Lieutenant-Colonel James M. Green, of the Forty-eighth New York, and many other gallant officers and men who were killed in the assault on Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863, and who were first buried by the Confederates in the sands of Morris Island.

Many a Northern college is represented here. Among those to whom tablets have been erected in the Memorial Hall of Harvard University, who are buried here, besides Colonel Shaw, are Captains Winthrop P. Boynton and William D. Crane, who were killed at Honey Hill, November 30, 1864 ; and Captain Cabot J. Russell, who fell with Shaw at Fort Wagner. Yet these are but the beginning of the list of the sons of Massachusetts who rest in this "garden of graves."

Among the many gallant men of the navy buried here is Acting-Master Charles W. Howard, of the ironclad steam-frigate *New Ironsides*, whom Lieutenant Glassell shot during his bold attempt to blow up the *New Ironsides* with the torpedo steamer *David*, October 5, 1863. Another is Thomas Jackson, coxswain of the *Wabash*, the *beau ideal* of an American sailor, who was killed in the battle of Port Royal, November 7, 1861.

Death, like a true democrat, levels all distinctions. Still, it may be mentioned that Lieutenant-Colonel William N. Reed, who was mortally wounded at Olustee while in command of the Thirty-fifth United States colored troops, February 20, 1864, was, while living, the highest officer in rank, whose grave is known here. Other gallant officers, killed at Olustee, are buried near him. Among these, probably, is Colonel Charles W. Fribley, of the Eighth United States colored troops ; though

he may be still sleeping beneath the sighing pines of Olustee.

As far as practicable, all Federal soldiers and sailors buried along the seaboard of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, have been removed to Beaufort Cemetery; and, as Governor Alexander H. Bullock said: "Wherever they offered up their lives, amid the thunder of battle, or on the exhausting march, in victory or in defeat, in hospital or in prison, officers and privates, soldiers and sailors, patriots all, they fell like the beauty of Israel on their high places, burying all distinctions of rank in the august equality of death."

One section of the cemetery is devoted to the Confederates. There are more than a hundred of these, including several commissioned officers; and on Memorial Days the same ladies who decorate the graves of the Federals decorate also in the same manner the graves of the Confederates; recognizing that, though in life they were arrayed as mortal enemies, they are now reconciled in "the awful but kindly brotherhood of death." Sir Walter Scott enjoins:—

"Speak not for those a separate doom,  
Whom fate made brothers in the tomb,"

And One infinitely greater than Sir Walter has inculcated still loftier sentiments.

Among the graves to which the attention of the writer was particularly attracted was that of Charley —, a boy of Colonel Putnam's regiment, who had now been dead more years than he

had lived. His parents, living on the shores of Lake Winnipiseogee, and walking daily over the paths which he had often trod, had plucked the earliest flower of their northern clime and sent it to the superintendent of the cemetery, to be planted at Charley's grave. The burning sun of South Carolina had not spared that flower; but something of it still remained. Its mute eloquence spoke to the heart of the tender recollections of a father and of a mother's undying love. How truly does Wordsworth say, —

"The meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

For us who have survived the perils of battle and the far more fatal diseases that wasted our forces, and for all who cherish the memory of these dead, it will always be a consoling thought that the Federal government has done so much to provide honorable sepulture for those who fell in defence of the Union. We can all appreciate Lord Byron's lament for the great Florentine poet and patriot: —

"Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar,  
Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore."

But we can have no such regret for our lost comrades, buried not upon a foreign, nor upon an unfriendly shore, but in the bosom of the soil which their blood redeemed. Sacred is the tear that is shed for the unreturning brave.

"'Tis the tear through many a long day wept,  
'Tis life's whole path o'er-shaded;  
'Tis the one remembrance, fondly kept,  
When all lighter griefs have faded."







Engraved by Geo E. Ferme New York.

*Samuel Anthony*

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## GROVER CLEVELAND.

By HENRY H. METCALF.

SAVE only that of Ulysses S. Grant, no name in America has come from comparative obscurity into national eminence in so short a time as that of GROVER CLEVELAND.

The fame of Grant was wrought out through the exigencies of a great civil war, in which the unity of the Republic was the issue involved. The distinction which Cleveland has achieved comes of valiant service in another field of conflict, wherein the issue involves the perpetuity and dominance of the great principles which constitute the framework and fibre of republican government itself. Under ordinary circumstances, probably, neither Grant nor Cleveland would have risen above the plane of every-day life. The same, too, might perhaps justly be said even of Washington. In the history of human progress it will be seen that every great crisis involving the triumph of the principles and tendencies which make for the moral, social, or political advancement of mankind has developed a leader endowed with

the special qualities demanded by the occasion.

The brilliant and self-assertive men who press forward to leadership in ordinary times, whether impelled by mere love of notoriety, personal ambition, or an honest desire to promote the welfare of their fellow-men, seldom become masters of the situation when a supreme emergency arises. They may set in motion great contending forces; they may precipitate conflicts whose ultimate outcome brings inestimable benefit to mankind; but other hands and other minds are required to direct the issue and shape the result. The master spirit of the occasion is born thereof. Ulysses S. Grant had absolutely no part in bringing about that great conflict of ideas and systems which culminated in the war of the rebellion; nor had he even figured prominently in the field of military achievement until long after hostilities were commenced, and the struggle had assumed proportions entirely unforeseen by, and actually appalling

to, not only the people themselves, but those in control of active operations in the field. But the emergency developed the man required to meet it, and Grant came to the front.

So, too, in this later and greater conflict, which is to test the virtue and determine the durability of popular government—whose outcome is to decide whether political parties are to be the mere instruments through which the people express their will, and whose relations can be changed as the public good may seem to require, or whether the government itself shall be subordinated to party, and its functions prostituted for the perpetuation of party ascendancy and the aggrandizement of corrupt and selfish individuals—the leader in whom the hopes of those who contend for the supremacy of the popular will, the subordination of party-power to public welfare, and the administration of the government in the interests of the whole people, are now thoroughly centred, is one who has gained no distinction in shaping partisan contests, and won no laurels in the halls of legislation or the forum of public debate. He is, simply, the man who, in the last few years, first in one, and then in another still more important position of official responsibility, has demonstrated more emphatically than any other in recent times (possibly because circumstances have more generally drawn attention in his direction) his thorough devotion to the doctrine that public office is a public trust; and has, therefore, been selected as the best representative and exponent of the popular idea in the great political conflict about to be brought to an issue.

The purpose and scope of this brief article permit no detailed account of the private life or public career of Grover Cleveland. Those who have cared to do so have already familiarized themselves with the same through the ordinary channels; yet, as a matter of record, a few salient facts may be presented.

Grover Cleveland was born in the village of Caldwell, near Newark, New Jersey, March 18, 1837. His paternal ancestry was of the substantial English stock.

I. Aaron Cleveland, an early settler in the valley of the Connecticut. He was liberally educated, and, ardently devoted to the interests of the Church, he determined to take holy orders, and returned to England for confirmation therein. Coming back to America he settled in the ministry at East Haddam, Conn. Some fifteen years later, in August, 1757, he died, while on a visit to Philadelphia, at the residence of his friend, Benjamin Franklin, then publisher of the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, who spoke of him, in an obituary notice in his paper, as “a gentleman of a humane and pious disposition, indefatigable in his ministry, easy and affable in his conversation, open and sincere in his friendship, and above every species of meanness and dissimulation.”

II. Aaron Cleveland, born at East Haddam, Conn., February 9, 1744. He was a hatter by trade and located in Norwich, which town he represented in the Legislature, where he introduced a bill for the abolition of slavery, of which institution he was a determined opponent. Subsequently he became a Congregational clergyman, and a power in that de-



nomination. He died at New Haven in 1815.

III. William Cleveland, second son of the above, a silversmith by occupation, also dwelt in Norwich. His wife was Margaret Falley. He was prosperous in business, respected in the community, and deacon of the church of which his father had been pastor for a quarter of a century previous to his decease.

IV. Richard Falley Cleveland, second son of William, born in 1804, graduated from Yale in 1824 with high honors. He, too, became a clergyman, having adopted the Presbyterian faith, and pursued his studies at Princeton Theological Seminary, after serving a year as a tutor in Baltimore, where he made the acquaintance of Miss Anne Neale, daughter of a prominent law publisher of Irish birth, with whom he united in marriage after completing his studies, in 1829. He was located in pastorates, successively, at Windham, Conn.; Portsmouth, Va.; Caldwell, N.J., and Fayetteville, N.Y. Subsequently, moved by failing health, he sought a change, and, as agent of the American Home Missionary Society, located at Clinton. Two years later he returned to pastoral service, though still in feeble health, establishing himself and family at Holland Patent, a few miles north of the city of Utica. Here he died suddenly, a few weeks after his removal, leaving to his wife and nine children no other fortune than the legacy of an honorable name, and the enduring influence of a true and devoted life.

V. Grover Cleveland, third son and fifth child of Richard Falley and Anne (Neale) Cleveland, was sixteen years of age when his father died.

The sad event necessarily marked a turning-point in his career. He was forced to look life and duty seriously in the face, and he proved himself equal to the emergency. It had been a cherished hope of his boyhood that he might secure the benefit of a classical education at Hamilton College, from which his eldest brother, William (now a Presbyterian clergyman at Forestport, N.Y.), had then recently graduated. But this was now out of the question. He had not only to provide for himself, but he felt bound to aid his mother in the support of the younger members of the family. The idea of the college course, for which he had partially fitted himself in the preparatory school at Clinton, was relinquished, and the battle of life commenced in earnest. He had already learned something of the lesson of self-reliance, having served for a year or more as a clerk in a grocery at Fayetteville, and he soon secured a situation as an assistant in the Institution for the Blind in the city of New York, where his brother William was then engaged as a teacher. Here he remained nearly two years, faithfully discharging the duties assigned him, and promptly forwarding to his mother such portion of his moderate wages as remained after providing for his own personal necessities. The situation, however, grew irksome. As the young man's capabilities developed his ambition was aroused. There was no way of advancement open before him here, and he felt that his duty to himself, as well as others, demanded that he make the best practicable use of the powers with which he was endowed. Returning home for a short visit, and taking counsel with his mother, he

soon set out for the "West," the field toward which ambitious young men have turned, with hearts full of hope, for the last half century.

His proposed destination was Cleveland, Ohio; his cherished ambition the study and practice of the law. He was accompanied on his journey by a young friend of kindred aspirations. Arriving at Buffalo he called on an uncle, Mr. Lewis F. Allen, who had a fine stock farm, just out of the city, and who finally induced him to remain there, promising to secure him admission to a law office in Buffalo. He remained with his uncle for a time, assisting him in the preparation of the manuscript of the "American Herd Book," a work upon which he was then engaged; but in the course of a few months (in August, 1855) he secured admission as a student in one of the best known law offices of the city—that of Rogers, Bowen, & Rogers. Blessed with good health and industrious habits, with an earnest determination to succeed, he entered upon the work before him. For a time he boarded at his uncle's house, taking the long walk to and from the office at morning and night; but after a few months he was enabled to be of such assistance in the office in clerical and other work, that, from the modest compensation allowed, he secured lodgings in the city and provided for all his humble wants.

After four years of unremitting study and toil, he was admitted to the Erie county bar, having laid the foundation for future professional success in a thorough mastery of legal principles and all the details of practice, and in those well-established habits of thought and application by

which his subsequent life has been so fully characterized. He had gained, also, the confidence and esteem of his preceptors and employers, and after his admission continued with them as confidential clerk in charge of the office business, receiving a salary which enabled him, then, to contribute materially to the assistance of his mother in providing for the wants of the family and maintaining the comforts of the humble home in Holland Patent, toward which his fondest thoughts have turned in all the years of his busy life, and where such periods of recreation as he has felt warranted in indulging have mainly been spent.

In 1863 Mr. Cleveland received an appointment as assistant district attorney for Erie county, a strong testimonial to the legal abilities of so youthful a practitioner, considering the array of professional talent in the county and the responsibilities of the position. The war was then in progress; two brothers, one the next older, and the other younger than himself, had enlisted in the Union army; and when, a few months after his appointment, as he had fairly familiarized himself with the details of important cases intrusted to his care, he was himself drafted, he pursued the only practicable course, and provided a substitute for the service. In the fall of 1865, while yet serving as deputy, he was unanimously selected by the Democratic Nominating Convention as candidate for district attorney. The county was strongly Republican, but young Cleveland received a support beyond his party strength and was beaten, by a few hundred majority only, by the Republican nominee, Lyman K. Bass,

then and since his warm personal friend.

Upon the expiration of his term of service as deputy district attorney, in January, 1866, he entered actively into practice, having formed a partnership with the late Isaac K. Vanderpoel, a prominent lawyer and ex-State treasurer. The burden of the labor fell to the share of the junior partner, and through his close attention to the interests of clients the business of the firm soon became extensive and the income fairly remunerative. Three years later the partnership was dissolved, through the election of Mr. Vanderpoel as police judge, and soon after the new firm of Cleveland, Laning, & Folsom was formed. In 1870 Mr. Cleveland was urged by leading Democrats of Erie county to accept the party nomination for sheriff. The proposition was by no means in accordance with his desires or inclinations. The office, although a most important one in a large and populous county, and commanding liberal compensation in fees, was a most thankless one in many respects: its duties, always delicate and exacting, sometimes disagreeable in the extreme, and its responsibilities great. It was felt, however, that the acceptance of this nomination by one who so thoroughly commanded the confidence of the people, and whose professional training and experience gave him superior qualification for the office, would insure to the county ticket of the party, with due care in the selection of other candidates, the strength necessary to success in the election. As a loyal member of the party to whose principles he had ever been devotedly attached, and in the support of whose cause he had la-

bored in every consistent capacity since becoming a voter, he finally yielded, accepted the nomination, and, as had been hoped, was duly elected along with the entire ticket. He administered the office, upon which he entered in January following, upon strict business principles, and to the eminent satisfaction of the courts, the bar, and the public at large, during the full term of three years. There were no duties, however irksome, from which he shrank; no responsibilities which he failed to meet in a becoming manner; and when, on the first of January, 1874, his term expired and he returned to his legal practice, it was with a larger measure of popular esteem than he had ever before enjoyed.

In resuming professional labor he formed a partnership with his friend and former antagonist, Lyman K. Bass, Mr. Wilson S. Bissel also becoming a member of the firm. Now thirty-seven years of age, with mental powers thoroughly developed, and a capacity for labor far greater than that with which most men are favored, he was eminently well equipped for substantial achievement in his chosen field of effort; and it is not too much to say that, in the next seven years, during which he gave uninterrupted attention to the work, he accomplished as much in the way of honest professional triumph as any lawyer in Western New York. He sought no mere personal distinction, but put his heart into his work, and practically made his clients' interests his own. His judgment was sound, his industry indefatigable, his integrity unquestioned. He was eminently well fitted for judicial service, but could never be induced to put him-



self in the way of preferment in that direction. He was always the "working member" of the firms with which he was connected. As an advocate, he made no pretensions to brilliancy; but in the preparation of cases, and in the cogent statement of principles involved, as well as in the effective presentation of pertinent facts, he found no superiors, and few equals, among his associates at the bar.

Caring nothing for the pecuniary rewards of labor, beyond the provision for his own modest wants and the comfort of those, in a measure, depending upon his assistance, Mr. Cleveland has accumulated no large fortune; although, with the opportunities at hand, had he made wealth his object, he might have secured it. On the other hand, he has befriended many a poor client to his own cost; and, while failing in many cases to collect the fees which were his due, he has contributed to public and private charities with a liberal, but unostentatious hand. Though he has never posed as a "working-men's candidate" for official preferment, the laboring people of his city and section have long known him as the true and sympathetic friend of every honest son and daughter of toil.

When, in the autumn of 1881, the people of the great city of Buffalo, the third in the Empire State in population, and the second in commercial importance, tired of the corruption, the robbery, and oppression of the ring rule, which had fastened its grip upon them under long years of Republican ascendancy, turned at last to the Democratic party for relief, the Democracy of the city saw in Grover Cleveland the one man of all

others with whom as their candidate for mayor, they might reasonably hope to win, not simply a partisan triumph, but a victory for honest government in which all patriotic citizens might well rejoice. Much against his own will, after repeated solicitation on the part of leading Democrats, and many Republicans, who appreciated his character and fitness, he again consented to become the candidate of his party for responsible office; and, at the election which followed, so great was the desire for a change in municipal matters, and so general the confidence in Mr. Cleveland as the man under whose direction the needed reform might be effected, that his majority for mayor was about three thousand five hundred, or nearly the same figure with which the Republican ticket had ordinarily triumphed.

Entering upon the duties of his office as mayor, January 1, 1882, he soon gave practical assurance of the fact that the people of Buffalo had made no mistake in the selection of their chief municipal servant. In his first message to the Common Council, which was replete with sound, practical suggestions, he said:—

It seems to me that a successful and faithful administration of the government of our city may be accomplished by constantly bearing in mind that we are the trustees and agents of our fellow-citizens, holding their funds in sacred trust to be expended for their benefit; that we should at all times be prepared to render an honest account to them touching the matter of its expenditure; and that the affairs of the city should be conducted as far as possible upon the same principles as a good business man manages his private concerns.

It suffices to say that, so far as the mayor himself was concerned, and so far as his power and influence extended, he lived up fully to the letter and spirit of this suggestion. Although hampered by an adverse political majority in the Common Council, still measurably under the influence of the old rings, and more intent upon preventing the mayor from winning public favor which might, perchance, inure to the benefit of his party (though standing himself entirely beyond party in his relations to the public welfare), than upon the faithful discharge of their own duties, he succeeded, by the force of his own earnest personality, by searching investigation into the workings of all the departments of city affairs, by the ruthless exposure and denunciation of various corrupt schemes of jobbery and plunder, and by the persistent recommendation of measures and methods which commended themselves to his judgment, in accomplishing much in the way of the reform for which his election had been sought. He used the veto power with a vigor and a significance which had characterized the action of no predecessor in the office, and often regardless of the fact that its exercise might be distorted by designing enemies, personal or political, to insure him at least the temporary disapprobation of large classes of citizens; but he used it only when fully satisfied, through patient research and careful deliberation, that duty and obligation imperatively required it. It is conceded that in his brief year's administration he saved a million of dollars to the city treasury, stamped out numerous abuses, and stimulated the spirit of faithful devo-

tion in various branches of the municipal service. Men of all parties unite in saying that the city of Buffalo was never favored with the services of a more faithful, conscientious, and thoroughly impartial executive head.

But he was not to continue the work of administrative reform in that particular field of labor. The people had called him "up higher." His reputation as a true Democrat, an honest reformer, and a faithful public servant, had spread abroad through the State, and when the Democratic State Convention assembled in the early autumn of that year it was clearly apparent that the nomination of Grover Cleveland, the reform mayor of Buffalo, as the candidate of the party for the supreme magistracy of the Empire State, was the one certain guaranty of overwhelming Democratic victory at the polls. That nomination was promptly made, and the result which followed was without parallel in the annals of American political history. He was elected governor by a majority of nearly two hundred thousand, and, although internal dissensions in the Republican party, then existing, contributed largely to the general result, the most significant feature of the election is found in the fact that the largest relative Democratic gain was made in his own county of Erie, where he received upwards of seven thousand majority against more than three thousand majority for Garfield in the last presidential election, showing him strongest before the people where his personal character and attributes, as well as his qualifications for positions of high public trust, are most thoroughly known.

As governor of New York, which position he has occupied for the last twenty months, first with a Democratic and later with a Republican legislature, Mr. Cleveland has followed the same rule of official conduct adopted for his guidance in other positions. Mindful of all proper obligations to his own political party, he has never permitted party demands to stand in the way of his duty to the public and the State. Believing, to quote his own language, "in an open and sturdy partisanship which secures the legitimate advantages of party supremacy," he also believes that parties were made for the people, and declares himself "unwilling, knowingly, to give assent to measures purely partisan which will sacrifice or endanger the people's interests." In the office of governor, as well as in that of mayor, he has made vigorous but discriminate use of the veto power, and in the one case, as in the other, it has invariably been found, upon candid investigation, that his action has been taken under a profound sense of the binding authority of the fundamental law, and with an unflinching regard for the rights and interests of the whole people, — however violent, at times, may have been the denunciation of demagogic opponents, or clamorous the protests of those who sought merely temporary advantages in particular directions, regardless of ultimate results upon the general welfare. In this, as in other positions, his general line of action has been such as to command the hearty approval of patriotic men of all parties; and if he has incurred the hostility of any, it has been through his opposition to the schemes of

corrupt rings and the purposes of selfish individuals, which he regarded detrimental to the public good; or through his support of wholesome measures, calculated to protect the body politic, and thwart their illegitimate designs in other directions.

And now, Grover Cleveland stands before the people of the whole country the duly nominated candidate of the Democratic party for the highest office in the gift of the Republic; while his candidacy is indorsed and enthusiastically supported by tens of thousands of pure and unselfish men of the opposite party, who see, through his election, the only hope of a return to constitutional methods and honest practices in the administration of the Federal Government, without which ere long the complete and irremediable subversion and destruction of the government itself will be accomplished. This candidacy comes not through his own seeking. Grover Cleveland never sought an office in all his life. He has consented to serve his fellow-citizens in public station only at their solicitation and command. He has served them faithfully and well so far as he has been called, and none need fear that, if called to still higher responsibilities and a broader field of duty, he will not prove equal to the emergency — equally true to himself and his trust.

Grover Cleveland is a man "cast in nature's noblest mould." Of commanding presence, with a physical development commensurate with his mental powers, thoroughly democratic in habit and manner, accessible to all, meeting the humblest and highest upon equal terms, sympathizing heartily with the honest laborer



in every field of action, frank and outspoken in his opinions, hating hypocrisy and sham with all his soul, fighting corruption and dishonesty wherever he finds them, respecting the opinions and listening to the suggestions of others, but acting invariably in accordance with his own

convictions of right, he fills the perfect measure of honest manhood; and whether he be President of the American Republic, or simple citizen, he will never, it is safe to assume, forfeit either his own self-respect, or the confident regard of his fellow-men.

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## BOUNDARY LINES OF OLD GROTON.—IV.

BY THE HON. SAMUEL ABBOTT GREEN.

ABOUT this time it was proposed to form a new township from Groton, Lancaster, and Harvard, including a small parcel of land, known as Stow Leg, a strip of territory perhaps two hundred rods in width and a mile in length, lying west of the Nashua river. This "Leg" had belonged originally to Stow, but by the incorporation of Harvard had become wholly detached from that town. The proposed township covered nearly the same territory as that now occupied by Shirley. The attempt, however, does not appear to have been successful. The following covenant, signed by certain inhabitants of the towns interested in the movement, is on file, and with it a rough plan of the neighborhood; but I find no other allusion to the matter either in petitions or records.

"We the Subscribers being Inhabitants of the Extreame Parts of Groton Lancaster and Harvard as also the Proprietors of the Land belonging to the Town of Stow (which Land is Scituate, Lying and being Between the Towns above said Namely Groton Lancaster and Harvard) Do Covenant and Promise to and with Each other And We Do Hereby of our own Free Will and Motion In the Exercise of Love and Charity Towards one another with Mutual

Consent in the strongest Manner Binding our Selves the Subscribers each and every of us Conjointly one to another (for the Gosples Sake) Firmly Covenanting and Promising to and with Each other that we will as Speedely as may be with Conviency Petition the Several Towns to which we Respectively belong and Likewise the Great and General Court That we may be Erected or Incorporated into a Destinct and seporate Township of our Selves with those Lands within the Bounds and Limits Here after Described viz Beginning at the River called Lancaster [Nashua] River at the turning of Sd River Below the Brige called John Whits Brige & Runing Northerly to Hell Pond and on Still to the Line Betwixt Harvard and Groton Including John Farwell then to Coyecus Brook Leaveing the Mills and Down Said Brook to the River and down Said River to the Rye ford way then Runing Westerly to the Northerly End of Horse Pond & so on to Lunenburg Line, Including Robert Henry & Daniel Page and then Runing Southerly Extending Beyond Lunenburg So far Into Lancaster as that Running Easterly the Place on which Ralph Kindal formerly Lived Shall be Included and so on Running Easterly to the Turn in the River first mentioned

Moreover we Do Covenant Promise and Engage Truly and Faithfully that will Consent to and Justifie any Petition that Shall be Prefered in our names and behalf to our Respective Towns and to the Great &

General Court for the Ends and Purposes above Mentioned

Furthermore we Do Covenant Promise and Engage as above that we will advance money for and Pay all Such Reasonable and necessary Charges that may arise in the Prosecuting and Obtaining our Said Petitions and that we will Each and Every of us Respectively Endeavor to Promote and Maintain Peace Unity Concord and Good Agreement amongst our Selves as Becometh Christians

And now haveing thus Covenanted as above Said We Do Each and Every one of us who have Hereunto Subscribed Protest and Declare that Every Article and Paragraph and Thing Contained in the above Written Shall be Absolutely and Unacceptably Binding in Manner and form as above Declared and Shall So Continue upon and Against Each and Every one of us untill we are Erected or Incorporated Into a Township as above said or that Provedance Shall Remove us by Death or Otherways any thing to the Contrary Notwithstanding

Witness our Hands the Eight Day of December one Thousand Seven Hundred and Fourty Seven and in the Twentieth Year Of His Majesties Reign Georg the Second King &c

Harvard  
Richard hall  
Jon<sup>n</sup> Bigelow  
Joseph Hutchins  
Simeon Farnworth  
Timothy hall  
Phenihas Farnsworth  
Amos Russll  
His  
Johnathan — Read  
mark  
Jonathan Read iu  
Abijah Willard  
Groton  
Samuel Hazen  
Joseph Preist  
Samell flood  
John pearce  
Charles Richards  
Daniel Page  
John Longley jn<sup>r</sup>

Abijah Willard  
Manasser Divoll  
John Osgood  
Abijah Frost  
John Peirce hous rite  
Lancaster  
Henry Haskell  
John Nicholls  
Thomas Wright  
William Willard  
Joshua Johnson  
Daniel Willard  
Joseph Priest  
William Farmer  
Joseph Bond  
Henry Willard  
Benjamin Willard  
Jacob Houghton  
Corp Elias Sawyer  
his  
Amos Am Atherton  
mark  
Stow  
John Houghton Ju  
John Sampson  
Joseph Brown  
Hannah Brown  
Samuel Randal  
Benjamin Samson

[Massachusetts Archives, CXV., 220-222.]

Hell Pond, mentioned in this covenant, is situated in the northwest part of Harvard, and so called "from its amazing depth," says the Reverend Peter Whitney, in the History of Worcester County (page 158).

Two years after this covenant was signed, another attempt was made to divide the town, but it did not succeed. The lines of the proposed township included nearly the same territory as the present ones of Shirley. The following references to the scheme are found, under their respective dates, in the printed Journal of the House of Representatives: —

A Petition of sundry Inhabitants of *Groton* and *Lunenburg*, praying they may be erected into a distinct and seporate

Township or Precinct, agreeable to the Plan therewith exhibited, for the Reasons mentioned.

Read and *Ordered*, That the Petitioners serve the Town of Lunenburg, and the first Parish in *Groton*, with Copies of this Petition, that they shew Cause, if any they have, on the 29th of *December* next, if the Court be then Sitting, if not on the first Friday of the next Sitting of this Court, why the Prayer thereof should not be granted.

Sent up for Concurrence.

[Journal of the House of Representatives (page 100), November 30, 1749.]

*Samuel Watts*, Esq; brought down the Petition of sundry Inhabitants of *Lunenburg* and *Groton*, as entred the 30th of *November* last, and refer'd. Pass'd in Council, *viz.* In Council *December* 29th 1749. Read again, with the Answer of the Town of *Lunenburg*, and *Ordered*, That the Consideration of this Petition be refer'd to the second Wednesday of the next Sitting of this Court. Sent down for Concurrence.

With a Petition from sundry Inhabitants of *Lunenburg*, praying to be set off from said Town of *Leominster*. Pass'd in Council, *viz.* In Council *December* 29th 1749. Read and *Ordered*, That the Petitioners serve the Town of *Lunenburg*, with a Copy of this petition, that they shew Cause, if any they have, on the second Wednesday of the next Sitting of this Court, why the Prayer thereof should not be granted.

Sent up for Concurrence.

[Journal of the House of Representatives (page 142), December 29, 1749.]

*John Chandler*, Esq; brought down the Petitions of *John Whitney*, and others of the westerly Part of *Groton*, and the easterly Part of the Town of *Lunenburg*, and *Edward Hartwell*, Esq; and others of said Town, Pass'd in Council, *viz.* In Council *April* 4th 1750. *Ordered*, That *Samuel Watts*, *James Minot*, and *John Otis*, Esqrs; with such as the honourable House shall join, be a Committee to consider the Petitions above-mentioned, and the several

Answers thereto, hear the Parties, and report what they judge proper for the Court to do thereon.

Sent down for Concurrence.

Read and concur'd, and Mr. *Rice*, Capt. *Livermore*, Col. *Richards*, and Mr. *Daniel Pierce*, are joined in the Affair.

[Journal of the House of Representatives (page 214), April 5, 1750.]

*Joseph Wilder*, Esq., brought down the Report of a Committee of both Houses, on the Petition of *John Whitney*, and others, as entred the 30th of *November* last, and refer'd. Signed *James Minott*, per Order.

Pass'd in Council, *viz.* In Council *June* 21, 1750. Read and *Voted*, That this Report be not accepted, and that the Petition of *John Whitney* and others therein refer'd to, be accordingly dismiss'd, and that the Petitioners pay the Charge of the Committee.

Sent down for Concurrence. Read and concur'd.

[Journal of the House of Representatives (page 41), June 22, 1750.]

A Petition of sundry Inhabitants of the westerly Part of *Groton*, and the easterly Part of *Lunenburg*, praying that their Memorial and Report thereon, which was dismiss'd the 22<sup>d</sup> of *June* last, may be revived and reconsidered, for the Reasons mentioned.

Read and *Ordered*, That Mr. *Turner*, Mr. *Tyng*, and Major *Jones* with such as the honourable Board shall join, be a Committee to take this Petition under Consideration, and report what they judge proper to be done thereon. Sent up for Concurrence.

[Journal of the House of Representatives (pages 76, 77), October 3, 1750.]

*John Greenleaf*, Esq.; brought down the Petition of sundry Inhabitants of *Groton* and *Lunenburg*, as entred the 3d *Curran*, and refer'd. Pass'd in Council, *viz.* In Council *October* 3d 1750. Read and nonconcur'd, and *Ordered*, That this Petition be dismiss'd.

Sent down for Concurrence.

Read and nonconcur'd, and *Ordered*,



That the Petitioner serve the Town of *Lunenburg* with a Copy of this Petition, that they shew Cause, if any they have, on the second Wednesday of the next Sitting of this Court, why the Prayer thereof should not be granted.

Sent up for Concurrence.

[Journal of the House of Representatives (page 93), October 9, 1750.]

A Memorial of *John Whitney* and others of the Southwesterly Part of *Groton*, praying that their Petition exhibited in *November* 1749 may be revived, and the Papers prefer'd at that Time again considered, for the Reasons mentioned.

Read and *Ordered*, That the Petition lie on the Table.

[Journal of the House of Representatives (page 64), October 9, 1751.]

*Ordered*, That the Petition of *John Whitney* and others of the Southwesterly Part of *Groton*, lie upon the Table.

[Journal of the House of Representatives (page 81), January 3, 1752.]

The Memorial of *John Whitney* and others, as entred *October* 9th 1751, Inhabitants of the Southwesterly Part of *Groton* and the Eastwardly Part of *Lunenburg*, setting forth that in *November* 1749, they preferred a Petition to this Court, praying to be set off from the Towns to which they belong, and made into a distant [distinct?] and separte Town and Parish, for the Reasons therein mentioned; praying that the aforesaid Memorial and Petition, with the Report of the said Committee thereon, and all the Papers thereto belonging, may be revived, and again taken into consideration.

Read again, and the Question was put, *Whether the Prayer of the Petition should be so far granted as that the petition and Papers accompanying it should be revived?*

It pass'd in the Negative. And *Voted*, That the Memorial be dismiss'd.

[Journal of the House of Representatives (page 92), January 9, 1752.]

The discussion in regard to the division of the town resulted in setting off the district of Shirley, on January 5, 1753, three months before

the district of Pepperell was formed. In the Act of Incorporation the name was left blank, as it was in the one incorporating Pepperell, and "Shirley" was filled in at the time of its engrossment. It was so named after William Shirley, the governor of the province at that period. It never was incorporated specifically as a town, but became one by a general Act of the Legislature, passed on March 23, 1786. It was represented, while a district, in the session of the General Court which met at Watertown, on July 19, 1775, as well as in the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, and thus tacitly acquired the powers and privileges of a town, which were afterward confirmed by the act just mentioned.

The act for establishing the district of Shirley is as follows:—

Anno Regni Regis Georgii Secundi Vicesimo Sexto.

An Act for dividing the Town of Groton and making a District by the Name of . . . . .

Whereas the Inhabitants of the Southwesterly part of the Town of Groton by Reason of the Difficulties they labour under being remote from the place of the publick worship of God have addressed this Court to be Sett off a Separate District whereunto the Inhabitants of Said Town have Manifested their Consent Be it therefore enacted by the Lieutenant Governour Council and House of Representatives that the Southwestwardly part of the Town of Groton Comprehended within the following boundaries viz beginning at the the [*sic*] mouth of Squanacook River where it runs into Lancaster [Nashua] River from thence up Said Lancaster River till it Comes to Land belonging to the Township of Stow thence Westwardly bounding Southwardly to said Stow Land till it comes to the Southwest Corner of the Township of Groton thence Northwardly bounding westwardly to Luning-

burgh and Townsend to Squanacook River afores<sup>d</sup> thence down said River and Joyn- ing thereto to the mouth thereof being the first bound — Be and hereby is Sett off from the said Town of Groton and Erected into a Separate and Distinct District by the name of            and that the Inhabitants thereof be and hereby are Vested with all the powers priviledges and Immunities which the Inhabitants of any Town within this Province do or by law ought to Enjoy Excepting only the Priviledge of choosing a Representative to represent them in the Great & General Court, in choosing of whom the Inhabitants of Said District Shall Joyn with the Inhabitants of of the Town of Groton, as heretofore has been Usual, & also in paying said Representa- tive

Provided nevertheless the Said District Shall pay their proportionable part of all such Town County Parish and Province Charges as are already Assessed upon the Town of Groton in like manner as though this Act had never been made.

And Be it further Enacted that M<sup>r</sup> Jn<sup>o</sup>. Whitney be and hereby is impowred to Issue his Warrant directed to Some principal Inhabitant in s<sup>d</sup> District requireing Him to Notifie & warn the Inhabitants of s<sup>d</sup> District qualified by law to vote in Town affairs to meet at Such Time & place as shall be therein Set forth to Choose all such officers as Shall be Necessary to man- age the affairs of s<sup>d</sup> District

In the House of Rep<sup>ies</sup> June 4, 1752

Read three several times and pass'd to be Engross'd

T. HUBBARD Spk<sup>r</sup>.

Sent up for concurrence

In Council Nov<sup>r</sup>. 28, 1752 Read a first Time 29 a second Time and pass'd a Con- currence

THO<sup>s</sup>. CLARKE Dp<sup>ty</sup> Sec<sup>y</sup>.

[Massachusetts Archives, CXVI., 293, 294.]

This act did not take effect until January 5, 1753, when it was signed by the governor.

On June 3, 1771, thirty years after Groton Gore had been lost by the

running of the provincial line, the proprietors of the town held a meet- ing, and appointed Lieutenant Josiah Sawtell, Colonel John Bulkley, and Lieutenant Nathaniel Parker, a com- mittee to petition the General Court for a grant of land to make up for this loss. They presented the matter t<sup>o</sup> that body on June 7, and the fol- lowing entry in the records gives the result: —

The Committee on the Petition of *Josiah Sartel*, and others, reported.

Read and accepted, and *Whereas it appears to this Court, That the Proprietors aforesaid, had a Grant made to them by the General Court in April 1735, of Ten Thou- sand, Eight Hundred Acres of Land, in Consideration of Land taken from said Groton by Littleton, Major Willard and Read's Farms being prior Grants, and for their extraordinary Suffering in the former Indian Wars; and in June 1736 said Grant was confirmed to said Proprietors, since which Time, the said Proprietors have been entirely dispossessed of said Land by the running of the Line between this Province and New-Hampshire: And whereas it appears there has been no Com- pensation made to the said Proprietors of Groton, for the Lands lost as aforesaid, excepting Three Thousand Acres granted in November last, to James Prescott, William Prescott, and Oliver Prescott for their Proportion thereof. Therefore Re- solved, That in Lieu thereof, there be granted to the Proprietors of Groton, their Heirs and Assigns forever, Seven Thou- sand and Eight Hundred Acres of the un- appropriated Lands belonging to this Province, in the Western Part of the Province, to be layed out adjoining to some former Grant, and that they return a Plan thereof, taken by a Surveyor and Chainmen under Oath into the Secretary's Office, within twelve Months for Confirm- ation.*

Sent up for Concurrence.

[Journal of the House of Representatives (page 44), June 13, 1771.]

These conditions, as recommended by the report of the committee, appear to have been fulfilled, and a grant was accordingly made. It lay on the eastern border of Berkshire county, just south of the central part, and was described as follows : —

The Committee on a Plan of a Tract of Land granted to the Proprietors of *Groton*, reported.

Read and accepted, and *Resolved*, That the Plan hereunto annexed, containing three Thousand nine Hundred and sixty Acres of Province Land, laid out in Part to satisfy a Grant made by the Great and General Court at their Sessions in *June 1771*, to the Proprietors of Groton, in Lieu of Land they lost by the late running of the *New-Hampshire* Line, as mention'd in their Petition, laid out in the County of *Berkshire*, and is bounded as followeth, viz. Beginning at a Burch Tree and Stones laid round it the Southwest Corner of *Tyringham-Equivalent* Lands standing on the East Branch of *Farmington* River; then North eighteen Degrees East in the West Line of said *Equivalent* five Hundred and sixty-one Rods to a small Beach Tree and Stones laid round it, which Tree is the Southeast Corner of a Grant of Land called *Woolcut's* Grant; then running West eighteen Degrees North in the South Line of said Grant two Hundred and forty Rods to a Beach Tree marked I. W. and Stones laid round it, which is the Southwest Corner of said Grant; then running North eighteen Degrees East in the West Line of said Grant four Hundred Rods to a Heap of Stones which is the Northwest Corner of said Grant; then running East eighteen Degrees South two Hundred and forty Rods in the North Line of said Grant to a large Hemlock Tree and Stones laid round it, which is the Northeast Corner of said Grant; it is also the Northwest Corner of said *Equivalent*, and the Southwest Corner of a Grant called *Taylor's* Grant; then running North eighteen Degrees East one Hundred and sixty Rods in the West Line of said *Taylor's* Grant to the North-

west Corner of the same; then running East nine Degrees South in the Line of said *Taylor's* Grant eight Hundred Rods to a Stake and Stones standing in the West Line of *Blanford*, marked W. T. then running North eighteen Degrees East in said *Blanford* West Line five Hundred and thirty Rods to a Beach Tree and Stones laid round it which is the Northwest Corner of said *Blanford*; then running East ten Degrees South forty-two Rods in the North Line of said *Blanford* to a Stake and Stones which is the Southwest Corner of *Merryfield*; then running North ten Degrees East in said *Merryfield* West Line three Hundred and three Rods to a Heap of Stones the Southeast Corner of *Becket*; then running West two Degrees South in said *Becket* South Line four Hundred and twenty-six Rods to the Northeast Corner of a Grant of Land called *Belcher's* Grant; then running South in the East Line of said *Belcher's* Grant two Hundred and sixteen Rods to a small Maple Tree marked T. R. which is the Northwest Corner of a Grant of Land called *Rand's* Grant; then running East in the North Line of said *Rand's* Grant two Hundred and fifty Rods to a Hemlock Pole and Stones laid round it, which is the Northeast Corner of said *Rand's* Grant; then running South in the East Line of said *Rand's* Grant three Hundred and thirty-one Rods to a Hemlock Tree marked and Stones laid round it, which is the Southeast Corner of said *Rand's* Grant; then running West in the South Line of said *Rand's* Grant two Hundred and fifty Rods to a Beach Pole marked T. R. the Southwest Corner of said *Rand's* Grant; then running North in the West Line of said *Rand's* Grant eighty-three Rods to the Southeast Corner of said *Belcher's* Grant; then running West bounding North three Hundred and forty-eight on said *Belcher's* Grant and four Hundred and fifty-three Rods on a Grant called *Chandler's* Grant, then running North on the West Line of said *Chandler's* Grant four Hundred and sixty to said *Becket's* South Line; then running West in said *Becket* South Line twenty Rods to a Stake and Stones the



North West Corner of additional Lands belonging to the Four *Housatonic* Townships; then running South two Degrees West one Thousand four Hundred and eighty-eight Rods in the East Line of said additional Lands to the Place where the said East Line crosses said *Farmington* River; then Southerly or down Stream three Hundred and thirty Rods to the first Bounds, bounding Westerly on said River, be accepted, and is hereby accepted and confirmed unto the Proprietors of *Groton* aforesaid, their Heirs and Assigns forever. *Provided* the same doth not exceed the Quantity aforementioned, nor interfere with any former Grant.

Sent up for Concurrence.

[Journal of the House of Representatives (pages 182, 183), April 24, 1772.]

I am unable to say how or when this territory was disposed of by the proprietors. Seven or eight years before this time, James, William, and Oliver Prescott, acting for themselves, had petitioned the General Court for a tract of land to make up their own losses. They were the sons of the Honorable Benjamin Prescott, through whose influence and agency the original Groton Gore was granted, and they were also the largest proprietors of the town. The following extracts from the Journal of the House relate to their application: —

A Petition of *James Prescott*, and others, Children and Heirs of *Benjamin Prescott*, late of *Groton*, Esq; deceased, praying a Grant of the unappropriated Lands of this Province, in consideration of sundry Tracts which they have lost by the late running of the Line between this Government and *New-Hampshire*.

Read and committed to Col. *Clap*, Col. *Nickols*, Col. *Williams* of *Roxbury*, Col. *Buckminster*, and Mr. *Lancaster*, to consider and Report.

[Journal of the House of Representatives (page 187), January 12, 1764.]

On February 3, 1764, this petition was put over to the May Session, but I do not find that it came up for consideration at that time. It does not appear again for some years.

A Petition of *James Prescott*, Esq; and others, praying that a Grant of Land may be made them in Lieu of a former Grant, which falls within the *New-Hampshire* Line.

[Journal of the House of Representatives (page 129), November 2, 1770.]

This petition was referred to a committee consisting of Dr. Samuel Holten, of Danvers, Colonel Joseph Gerrish, of Newbury, and Mr. Joshua Bigelow, of Worcester.

The Committee on the Petition of *James Prescott*, Esq; and others, reported.

Read and accepted, and *Resolved*, That in Lieu of Lands mentioned in the Petition, there be granted to the Petitioners, their Heirs and Assigns, Four Thousand Four Hundred Acres of the unappropriated Lands belonging to the Province, to be laid out in the Westerly Part thereof, adjoining to some former Grants, provided they can find the same; or Five Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty Acres of the unappropriated Lands lying on the Easterly side of *Saco* River; it being their Proportion in said Grant: And return a Plan thereof taken by a Surveyor and Chainman under Oath, into the Secretary's Office within Twelve Months.

Sent up for Concurrence.

[Journal of the House of Representatives (page 156), November 14, 1770.]

The Committee appointed to consider the Plan of two Tracts of Land granted to *James Prescott*, Esq; and others, reported.

Read and accepted. *Resolved*, That both the above Plans, the one containing Four Thousand one Hundred and thirty Acres, the other containing two Hundred and seventy Acres, delineated and described as is set forth by the Surveyor in the Description thereof hereunto annexed, be accepted, and hereby is confirmed to

*James Prescott*, Esq; and others named in their Petition, and to their Heirs and Assigns in Lieu of and full Satisfaction for Four Thousand four Hundred Acres of Land lost by the late running of the Line between this Province and *New-Hampshire*, as mention'd in a Grant made by both Houses of the Assembly, A.D. 1765, but not consented to by the Governor. *Provided* both said Plans together do not exceed the Quantity of Four Thousand four Hundred Acres, nor interfere with any former Grant.

Sent up for Concurrence.

[*Journal of the House of Representatives* (page 73), June 22, 1771.]

It is evident from these reports that the Prescott brothers took the forty-four hundred acres in the westerly part of the province, rather than the fifty-eight hundred and eighty acres on the easterly side of the Saco river, though I have been unable to identify, beyond a doubt, the tract of land thus granted. I am inclined to think however, that it is the one mentioned in the Memorial of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Incorporation of Middlefield, Massachusetts, August 15, 1883. The town is situated on the westerly border of Hampshire County, — forming a jog into Berkshire, — and was made up in part of Prescott's Grant. A map is given in the "Memorial" volume (page 16) which shows that the Grant was originally in Berkshire county, very near to the tract of land given to the proprietors of Groton.

Professor Edward P. Smith, of Worcester, delivered an historical address on the occasion of the anniversary, and he says:—

Prescott's Grant, the nucleus of the town, appears as a large quadrilateral, containing more than a thousand acres in the north and west part of the town. Who the Prescott was to whom the grant was

made is not known, further than that he must have been some one who had rendered military or other services to the State. That he was the Prescott who commanded at Bunker Hill is, indeed, possible; but, as the grant was probably made before the Revolutionary War, that supposition seems hardly tenable. (Page 15.)

By an act of the General Court, passed February 25, 1793, a large section of territory was taken from Groton and annexed to Dunstable. This change produced a very irregular boundary between the two towns, and made, according to Butler's History of Groton (page 66), more than eighty angles in the line, causing much inconvenience. The following copy from the "Laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts" gives the names of the families thus transferred:—

An Act to set off *Caleb Woods*, and others, from *Groton*, and to annex them to *Dunstable*.

BE it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, That *Caleb Woods*, *Silas Blood*, *Amaziah Swallow*, *Nathaniel Cummings*, *Ebenezer Procter*, *Silas Blood*, jun. *Silas Marshall*, *Levi Parker*, *Amos Woods*, *Isaac Lawrence*, *Peter Blood*, *Caleb Blood*, jun. *Henry Blood*, *Caleb Woods*, jun. and *Silas Marshall*, jun., together with their families and estates, and also the estates of Doctor *Jonas Marshall*, the heirs of Captain *Solomon Woods*, deceased, and *Joseph Parkhurst*, which they now own in said *Groton*, be, and they are hereby set off from the town of *Groton*, in the county of *Middlesex*, and annexed to *Dunstable*, in said county, and shall hereafter be considered a part of the same, there to do duty and receive privileges, as the other inhabitants of said *Dunstable*. *Provided*, nevertheless, That the persons above-mentioned shall pay all taxes that have been legally assessed on

them by said *Groton*, in the same manner as if this Act had never been passed.

[This act passed *February 25, 1793.*]

The zigzag line caused by this act was somewhat modified by the two following ones, passed at different times a few years later. I think that the very irregular boundary between the two towns, with its eighty-six angles, as mentioned by Mr. Butler, was produced by the subsequent annexations to Dunstable.

An Act to set off *Nathaniel Lawrence* with his Estate, from the Town of *Groton*, and annex them to the Town of *Dunstable*.

BE it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, That *Nathaniel Lawrence* of *Groton*, in the county of *Middlesex*, together with his estate, which he now owns in that town, be, and hereby is set off from said town of *Groton*, and annexed to the town of *Dunstable*, in the same county; and shall hereafter be considered as part of the same; there to do duty and receive privileges as other inhabitants of said town of *Dunstable*: Provided nevertheless, That the said *Nathaniel Lawrence* shall be holden to pay all taxes that have been legally assessed on him by said town of *Groton*, in the same manner as if this Act had not been passed.

[This act passed *January 26, 1796.*]

An act to set off Willard Robbins with his estate from the town of *Groton*, in the county of *Middlesex*, and to annex the same to the town of *Dunstable*, in the same county.

Sec. 1. BE it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, That Willard Robbins, of *Groton*, in the county of *Middlesex*, with his estate, be, and hereby is set off from said town of *Groton*, and annexed to the town of *Dunstable*, in said county,

there to do duty and receive privileges in the same manner as other inhabitants of the said town of *Dunstable*.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That the said Willard Robbins shall be holden to pay and discharge all legal assessments and taxes, that have been assessed upon him by said town of *Groton* prior to the passing this act.

[This act passed *June 18, 1803.*]

The boundary between the two towns now remained unchanged until February 15, 1820, when another act was passed by the Legislature making a further surrender of territory. It took a considerable parcel of land and gave it to *Dunstable*, thereby straightening and simplifying the jurisdictional line, which at this time formed but five angles.

In the autumn of 1794 a plan of *Groton*, *Pepperell*, and *Shirley* was made by Dr. Oliver Prescott, Jr., which gives a few interesting facts. The following notes are taken from the copy now in the office of the Secretary of State. It will be seen that Dr. Prescott refers to the land set off by the Act of February 25, 1793:—

This Plan contains the Bounds of three Towns, viz. *Groton*, *Pepperell* & *Shirley*, — all which, together with whatsoever is delineated on said Plan, was taken by an actual Survey, agreeably to a resolve of the General Court, passed June 25, 1794, & under the Inspection of the Selectmen & Committee's from the respective towns, appointed for that purpose in the month of Sept<sup>r</sup>. 1794.

By OLIVER PRESCOTT, Ju<sup>r</sup>. Surveyor.

The reputed distance of *Groton* from *Cambridge* [the shire-town] is Thirty two Miles, & from *Boston* Thirty five miles; The River *Nashua* is from 8 to 10 rods in width. The River *Squannacook* 4 or 5 rods in width. In *Groton* are twenty



natural Ponds, six of which are delineated on the Plan, by actual Survey. Several of the other Ponds are in size, nearly equal to those on the plan, & may in the whole contain about two Thousand Acres. There are no Mines in said Town, except one of Iron Ore, nearly exhausted. Every other Matter directed to be delineated, described or specified, may be found on the Plan.

|                                   |   |            |
|-----------------------------------|---|------------|
| SAM <sup>n</sup> LAWRENCE         | } | Committee. |
| ZACH <sup>b</sup> FITCH           |   |            |
| OLIVER PRESCOTT Ju <sup>r</sup> . |   |            |

The reputed distance of Pepperrell from Cambridge is thirty seven miles; from Boston forty Miles.

The River Nissitisset is about four Rods in width.

The reputed distance of Shirley from Cambridge is thirty five Miles; & from Boston thirty Eight Miles.

Catacoonamug & Mulpus Brooks are from one to two Rods in width. The Plan contains every thing relative to the two last mentioned Towns necessary to be described.

OLIVER PRESCOTT, Ju<sup>r</sup>.

What is enclosed in this Blue line, contains about the quantity of Land set off from Groton to Dunstable, by Act of the General Court, passed February 25, 1793. As by said Act, the petitioners and their Farms were set off, without specifying particular bounds, Accuracy cannot be obtained, with respect to this Line, without very great expence and Trouble.

By an act passed February 6, 1798, a considerable portion of territory lying on the easterly side of the Nashua river, in the south-west corner of Groton, was annexed to Shirley. This tract continued to form a part of Shirley until the incorporation of Ayer, on February 14, 1871, when its political condition was again changed, and its government transferred to the new town. The act authorizing the annexation is as follows, — and I give it entire in order

to show the loose way of describing boundary lines during the latter part of the last century: —

An Act to set off certain Lands from the town of *Groton*, and annex the same to the town of *Shirley*.

**BE** it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, That a tract of Land at the south western extremity of the town of *Groton*, bounded by a line beginning at a large white oak stump, on the southeast side of *Nashua River*, being the northwest corner of the town of *Harvard*; thence running southeasterly on *Harvard* line, as the town bounds direct, till it comes to the stump of a pine tree lately fallen down, an antient bound mark in said town line; thence northerly to a heap of stones by the road leading to *Harvard* at SIMON DABY's southerly corner, thence northeasterly on said SIMON DABY's line to a pine tree marked, thence northerly to a heap of stones on a ledge of rocks; thence northerly on said SIMON DABY's line to a heap of stones on a large rock; thence northwesterly still on said SIMON DABY's line to a stake and stones in the roots of a pine tree, fallen down, in a valley, said SIMON DABY's northeast corner and SAMUEL CHASE's southerly corner, thence northerly on said SAMUEL CHASE's line, to the road leading to ABIL MORSE's mill, at a heap of stones on the north easterly side of said road, thence northeasterly on said SAMUEL CHASE's line by said road to a heap of stones, thence northeasterly on said CHASE's line, to a stake and stones at the end of a ditch at a brook; thence down said brook to *Nashua River*, thence up said river, to the bounds first mentioned, together with the inhabitants thereof, be, and they are hereby set off from the town of *Groton* and annexed to the town of *Shirley*, there to do duty and receive privileges in the same manner as otherlands and inhabitants of the said town of *Shirley*.

SECT. 2. *Provided nevertheless, and be it further enacted*, That the said tract of land and the inhabitants thereof shall be

liable to be taxed by the town of *Groton*, their full proportion in a tax to the amount of the debts now due from said town of *Groton*, in the same manner as if this act had not been passed: *Provided* such tax be made and assessed within one year from the time of passing this act; and shall also be liable to pay their proportion of all state taxes that may be assessed on the town of *Groton* until a new valuation be taken.

[This act passed *February 6, 1798.*]

All the changes of territorial jurisdiction thus far noted have been in one direction,—from *Groton* to the surrounding towns; but now the tide turns, and for a wonder she received, by legislative enactment, on *February 3, 1803*, a small parcel of land just large enough for a potato-patch. The annexation came from *Pepperell*, and the amount received was four acres and twenty rods in extent. The following is a copy:—

An act to set off a certain parcel of land from the town of *Pepperell*, in the county of *Middlesex*, and to annex the same to the town of *Groton*, in the same county.

BE it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, That a certain tract of land, bounded, beginning at the end of a wall by the road leading by *Zachariah Fitch's*, in said *Groton*; thence running easterly, by land of *Jonas Fitch*, to the *Nashua River*, (so called;) thence up said river to said road, near the bridge over the same river; thence, bounding by the same road, to the bounds first mentioned, containing four acres and twenty rods, be, and hereby is set off from said town of *Pepperell* and annexed to said town of *Groton* forever.

[This act passed *February 3, 1803.*]

The Worcester and Nashua Railroad was opened through the township of *Groton* in the month of December,

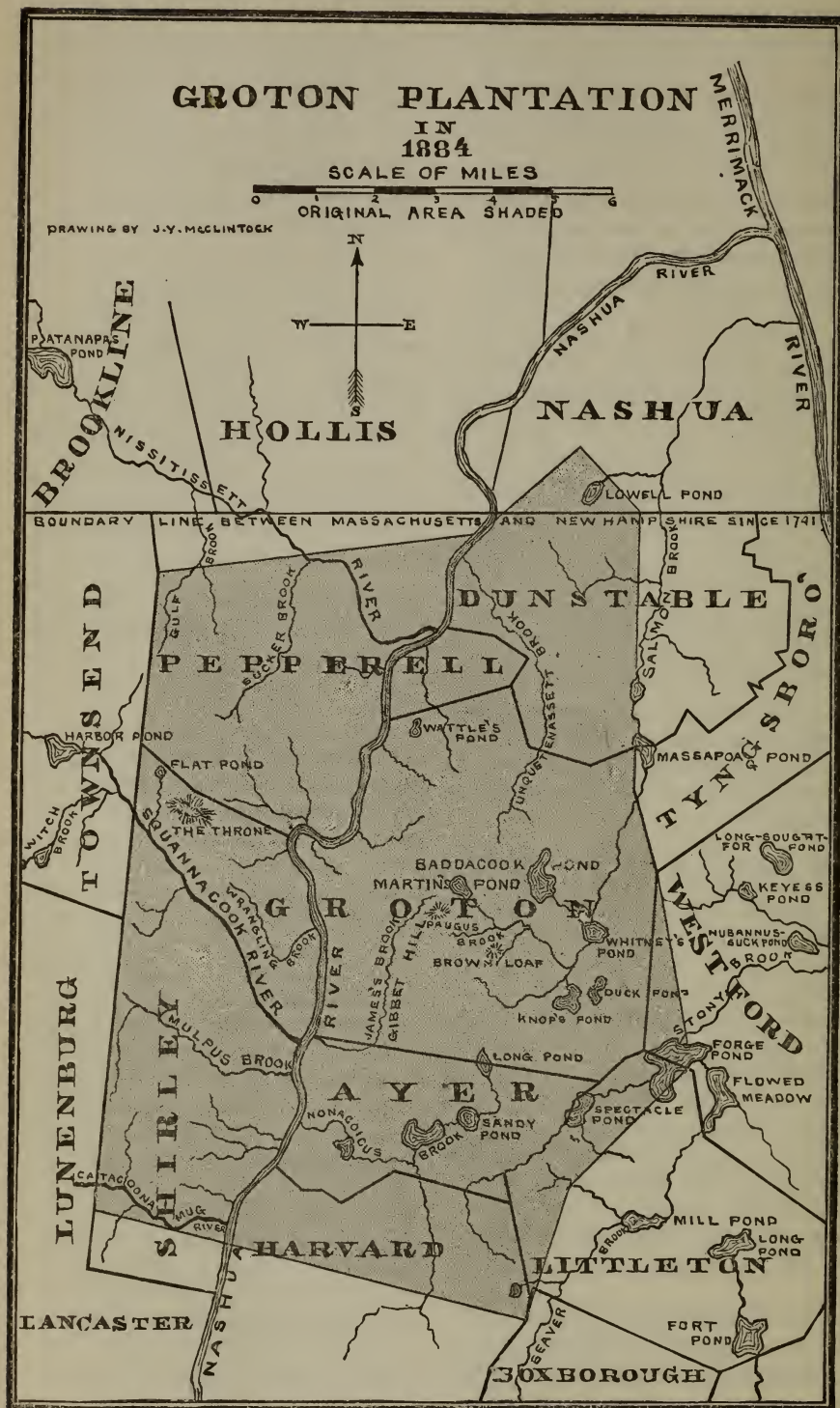
1848. It ran at that time a distance of eight miles through its territory, keeping on the east side of the *Nashua* river, which for a considerable part of the way was the dividing line between *Groton* and *Pepperell*. The railroad station for the people of *Pepperell* was on the *Groton* side of the river, and in the course of a few years a small village sprang up in the neighborhood. All the interests and sympathies of this little settlement were with *Pepperell*; and under these circumstances the Legislature, on *May 18, 1857*, passed an act of annexation, by which it became in reality what it was in sentiment,—a part and parcel of that town. The first section of the act is as follows:—

An act to set off a part of the Town of *Groton*, and annex the same to the Town of *Pepperell*.

Be it enacted, &c., as follows:

All that part of the town of *Groton*, in the county of *Middlesex*, with the inhabitants thereon, lying north of the following described line is hereby set off from the town of *Groton*, and annexed to the town of *Pepperell*, to wit: Beginning at the boundary between said town of *Groton* and the town of *Dunstable*, at a stone monument in the wall on land of *Elbridge Chapman* and land of *Joseph Sanderson*, and running south, eighty-six degrees west, about six hundred and sixty rods, to a stone monument at the corner of land called the "*Job Shattuck Farm*," and land of *James Hobart*, near the *Nashua River* and *Worcester and Nashua Railroad*; thence in same line to the centre of *Nashua River* and the boundary of said town of *Pepperell*: *provided, however*, that for the purpose of electing a representative to the general court, the said territory shall continue to be a part of the town of *Groton*, until a new apportionment for representatives is made; and the inhabitants resident therein shall be entitled to vote in the choice







of such representatives, and shall be eligible to the office of representative in the town of Groton, in the same manner as if this act had not been passed.

The latest legislation connected with the dismemberment of the original grant—and perhaps the last for many years to come—is the Act of February 14, 1871, by which the town of Ayer was incorporated. This enactment took from Groton a large section of territory lying near its southern borders, and from Shirley all that part of the town on the easterly side of the Nashua River which

was annexed to it from Groton on February 6, 1798.

Thus has the old Groton Plantation, during a period of more than two centuries, been hewed and hacked down to less than one-half of its original dimensions. It has furnished, substantially, the entire territory of Pepperell, Shirley, and Ayer, and has contributed more or less largely to form five other towns. An examination of the accompanying map will show these changes more clearly than any verbal or written description.

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### SAILS.

THE ship's white sails are all unfurl'd  
To the salt breath of the sea;  
And never a ship in all the world  
Sails on with the wind more free.

For the white sails are white hopes of youth,  
The breath of the future blows;  
But whither the vessel flies, in truth,  
There is no man that knows.

ELIZABETH.<sup>1</sup>

A ROMANCE OF COLONIAL DAYS.

BY FRANCES C. SPARHAWK, Author of "A Lazy Man's Work."

## CHAPTER I.

## ON THE TIDE.

ONE August evening of the year 1743 a boat lay as if anchored in the beautiful Piscataqua; her sail seemed swung only to show its whiteness in the bright moonlight. Every cord upon it hung lifeless, serving only the purpose of pictured lines, one silvered in the light, the dark shadow of the other traced in clear outlines on the sail. The swash of the waves against the side of the boat was too slight to sway it; the sheet dipped in the water and swung almost imperceptibly, while now and then a few straws floated against it and caught there. The moon, high in the heavens, gave pearly tints to the clouds that floated near it; the pines on the shore flung dark masses against the oaks and maples, or stood as a Rembrandt background for the boughs of the trees on which the moonlight fell, or for some ghostly procession of the white birch trunks. The water, in the shadows as dark and smooth as a Claude Lorraine glass, showed far off in the moonlight faint quivers of its surface here and there, as if the breeze so longed for were coming to the idle boat. But it was too far off, or too faint, for it spent itself before reaching the watchers there, although at the symptoms one of them rose with great show of solemnity, and making a trumpet of his hands, blew vigorously against the sail. But neither these movements nor the concerts of whistling were successful. At last another

of the company leaning over the side of the boat busied himself with the sheet.

"I'll tell you the reason this boat don't go," he said, gravely, "the rope was all twisted. I've straightened it out, and taken off the straws."

A burst of laughter greeted him as he turned around his face, still grave, but his dark eyes, roving from one to another, their laughing expression hidden in the shadow, for the moon was behind him.

"What a useful member of society you are, Stephen," cried Katie Archdale. "I don't see how we could get on without you."

"I don't think we're getting on with him *very* fast," remarked a young gentleman sitting opposite Katie, pointing significantly at a curve of the shore that they had not drifted out of sight of in the last half hour.

"At least he has roused us," returned the girl, "for I half believe I was sleepy before."

"I believe it wholly," answered Stephen, taking his seat beside her again and looking down into her face teasingly with a cousinly freedom. But it was not altogether a cousinly regard from which Katie drew back after a moment, tossing her head coquettishly, and with a heightened color, glancing past at her friend beyond him, who sat dipping one hand in the water and looking dreamily at the shore. Stephen Archdale and his cousin Katie lived within a few miles of each

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1884, by Frances C. Sparhawk.

other, and there had always been constant intercourse between their families. When boy and girl, Stephen, four years the elder, the two had played together, and they had grown up, as people said, like brother and sister. But of late it was rumored that the conduct of young Archdale was more loverlike than brotherly, and that, if Katie choose, the tie between them would one day be closer than that of cousinhood. The stranger who sat opposite Archdale, watching them both in silence, was of the same opinion. He was rather portly for his age, which could not have been over thirty, and as he sat in the boat he looked a taller man than he proved to be when on his feet. His dark-brown beard was full, his eyes, like Archdale's, were in shadow, for he had drawn down his hat well over his brows, while Stephen and young Waldo sat bareheaded in the August air.

"I wonder" — began Katie.

"A sturgeon!" cried Mrs. Eveleigh, the last member of the party.

But the sound proved the soft dip of the paddle in the water as a canoe came toward them going down the stream. Its Indian occupant when he shot by turned his gaze stealthily upon the gay party.

"How many more of your red savages are there coming to spy upon us?" And the speaker pushed back his hat a trifle, and looked up and down the river with an anxiety that he could not quite conceal.

"You've not been out here long enough," laughed Waldo. "There's no danger; the red savages are friendly with us just at this moment, and will remain so until we forget our rifles some day, or they learn

that we're short of ammunition. Shoot 'em down without mercy whenever they come spying about — it's the only way. They're friendly so long as they are afraid, and not a moment longer. For instance, why should that fellow stop? He saw three men whom he knew were armed, besides that young man who's pretending to sail the boat — why don't you do it, Kit?" and Waldo laughed good-humoredly at the lad whose office had become a sinecure. "When you get used to them, Mr. Harwin," he added, "they will not make you shiver."

"Oh, they don't do that now," returned the other, indifferently, "but, the ladies" —

"As to the ladies," laughed Katie, "one of them is quite fond of the red-skins; the other," glancing at her friend, "has gone into a brown study; I don't believe she's heard or seen anything for the last half hour. Elizabeth, when you fish up any pearls there out of the water, share them with us, won't you?"

"No, she'll do no such thing," interposed Mistress Eveleigh; "she'll give them all to you." The tone was so serious that Elizabeth cried, indignantly, —

"Cousin Patience, how can you?"

"I suppose she likes to tease you," retorted Katie, still laughing, "and so do I. It's so funny to see you wake out of a reverie and find yourself."

"And not find myself, you mean," returned Elizabeth, joining in with a ripple of merriment.

"Master Waldo knows all about the red-skins," said Archdale to his opposite neighbor; "he had the pleasure of shooting one last winter."



"Did you?" exclaimed Mrs. Eveleigh, while Harwin looked at the young fellow with a new interest. "How did it happen? Tell us about it."

"Yes, tell us about it," cried Katie, turning toward Waldo. But Elizabeth was still looking at Archdale. Suppose the shooting had been necessary, how could he speak of killing a human being as he would an animal, and then lean back and look at Mr. Waldo with a smile on his face?

Kenelm Waldo, on his part, gazed at the speaker in astonishment.

"'Pon honor," he cried, "I never killed a red-skin in my life, or even had a shot at one. Oh, I know now what he means; he is talking of a fox that I shot two miles from his house, one that you ought to have secured yourself, Mr. Archdale. This was the way I did it, the best way."

When he had finished his account, Katie said:—

"I have a plan for amusing ourselves. Let us make every one tell a story, and we'll lay forfeits on the person that doesn't give us an interesting one. Mistress Eveleigh, please begin."

"That is rather arbitrary, Mistress Katie, with no warning," returned that lady, smiling. "But since we've been talking about the Indians, I will tell you something that my mother did once before she was married, while she was living down on the Cape."

"What a pity, Katie, you did not keep Mistress Eveleigh until the last," cried Archdale; "I know she will have the best story of us all."

"You have too high estimation of my powers," returned Mrs. Eveleigh, flattered; "but if I do well," she

added, "it must be remembered that none of you have had forty-five years in which to find one."

The story, like a thousand others of that time, was of the presence of mind and courage of one of the early settlers of America, and was listened to with the attention it deserved. All, with one exception, were outspoken in admiration of its heroine.

"You say nothing, Mistress Royal," said Waldo; "but it may be you've heard it before, since you and Mistress Eveleigh are in the same house."

"Yes," she answered, "I have heard it before." She moved her head quickly as she spoke, and as the moonlight struck her face, Archdale fancied that he saw a moist brightness in her eyes. But certainly no tear fell, and when the next moment Katie declared it Elizabeth's turn for a story, she told some trifling anecdote that had in it neither sentiment nor heroism. It was laughable though, and was about to receive its deserts of praise when at Archdale's first word Elizabeth cried, eagerly:—

"Don't, please. It was not worth telling; only I could remember nothing else."

At this entreaty Harwin stared at her, and his lip curled disdainfully under the hand that partially covered his face. "Have you so much wealth of fascination, young lady," his thoughts ran, "that you can afford to scatter your coins in this way? I rather think not." His eyes rested upon her for a moment as she sat looking at Katie Archdale, and the scorn of his mouth deepened. "Admiration of one woman for another," he commented. "Pshaw! the girl lavishes everything; she will soon be bankrupt. She is drinking in the in-

toxication of Katie's beauty just as — no, not like me, of course. If ever there could be excuse for such a thing it would be here, for Katie is bewitching, she is perfect; affectionate, too, but with no nonsense about *her*. She reserves her admiration for — for whom does she reserve it? For the proud young nabob beside her, or for the good-humored little coxcomb over here? It shall be for neither; it shall be for me. I, too, can be fascinating when I take the trouble. Fair lady, I have plans for you."

"Master Harwin," cried the girl's clear voice, interrupting his thoughts, "why don't you begin? We're waiting for you."

"Pardon me," he answered, "I was not aware of it. Well, since you are inexorable, I'll try. I will not attempt anything in this New World, which you all know so much more about than I do, for then there'd be every chance of my being heavily fined. But if you want a story of Old England, perhaps on that ground I can barely escape my forfeit."

"We shall be delighted," said Miss Royal, courteously, for Katie, to whom she saw that he was speaking, was at the moment claimed by Archdale; he was saying something to her in a low voice, and she gave him willing attention.

Only a flash in the narrator's eyes as he began showed that he noticed this.

## CHAPTER II.

### OPPORTUNITY.

"ONCE upon a time, then," he said, "in Scotland, no matter in what part, there dwelt two disconsolate people. They ought to have been

very happy, for they were lovers, but, as you may have noticed, lovers are happy only under the condition that love runs smooth, and here it was extremely rough. The suitor was of ancient family and poor, the lady was charming, and wilful — and an heiress? You are all waiting to hear me say that — no, she was poor, too. And so you see that a doubling of impecuniosity was quite impossible, for poverty rolls up fast in a geometrical progression. But the lovers had no such scruples. It's a romantic story enough if I could tell it to you in detail."

"And why not?" cried Katie, whose interest was making him wish that were possible.

"I should have to go back for generations, and tell you of family feuds as old as the families themselves, a Montague and Capulet state of affairs, although each family had so much respect for the golden amenities of life that its possession by the other would have softened the asperity of feeling. But each was poor, — poor, I mean, for people in that station.

"The lady, as I said, was a beauty; the gentleman had extra will enough when it was roused to make up for the absence of beauty, although, indeed, the lady was not lacking in that quality either, and so, opposition made them only more determined to have their own way. It was impossible to run away, — she was too well guarded; defiance was the only thing, and I must confess that from what I knew of them both, I think they enjoyed it. The Capulets, as I will call them, were dissenters, the Montagues belonged to the Established Church. Now, the

Capulets were very zealous, and at this time a famous itinerant preacher came into their neighborhood. They, being the greatest people in the place, invited him to stay at their house during his visit. He often preached in the open air. One day, at the end of one of those eloquent discourses, a young man in countryman's dress came up and asked him to marry himself and a young woman whom he had been waiting upon a long time, but who had refused to be married unless this very preacher could perform the ceremony. 'She said it would be a blessed wedlock of your joining,' pursued the young fellow. The preacher, although he was a great man, was only human,—it is well, I suppose, that we never outgrow our humanity,—and felt flattered by the young girl's belief in his sanctity. He proposed the next day for the ceremony, and was arranging to marry the rustic couple on the lawn before the house of his host when the young man interrupted him by stating that it must be gone through with immediately, for his lady-love was so shy that it was with difficulty she had been persuaded to come to-night, and she would never consent if he gave her all that time to think the matter over in, nor would she be willing to come up on the lawn with the great people. She was at hand with one of her friends; everything was prepared; would he marry them then? At that moment? The bewildered minister looked up the road before him, where the carriage of the Capulets was disappearing at the top of the hill; he had been told that the daughter would remain with him, and that the carriage

would return as soon as Mamma Capulet had made inquiries about a cottager who was ill; for his congregation had been crowding about him with questions and tearful confessions of sins, and the good Capulets, who had the opportunity to make their confessions in private, were in haste to be gone. Where was his fair companion? He looked about him; he had lost sight of her in the throng. But in a few moments she came forward, accompanying the bride, who the groom explained was a protégée of hers. Miss Capulet had drawn down her veil, and in answer to this statement nodded to the reverend gentleman and murmured an assent. The bride's face, too, was hidden by her bonnet and by hers hyness, which prevented her from once looking up. The name of the groom lingered with surprise on the minister's lips, for it was not a clodhopper's name, I assure you; but he had heard nothing of the love affair. When he came to the bride's name, however, he did pause, for it was that of the Capulet. 'How is this?' he asked. 'How has she the same name as you, my child?' Before the veiled lady could answer, the groom informed him that the bride's family, being old retainers of the other, had the same last name, as it was in Scottish clans, and that the bride herself, born on the same day as the young lady at the great house, had received also the same christian name, which explained her being under Miss Capulet's protection. The good man was conscious that, though his piety was eminent, his knowledge of all genealogy but Bible was deficient, and when both women softly assented to this state-



ment, his air of perplexity gave place to the manner of a man who understands the business of the hour. He was in a hurry, and in an incredibly short time the two were one. 'Is it all over?' asked the groom. 'Are we securely married?' 'You are joined in the holy bonds of matrimony until death do you part,' returned the clergyman, solemnly, beginning to add his blessing. But this died half-uttered on his lips, for the bride slowly raised her head, threw back her bonnet, and the haughty face and laughing eyes of the Capulet were before him. 'Bear witness,' she said, her shyness completely gone, 'that I'm this gentleman's wife.' 'You are, indeed,' he stammered. 'But how—why—who is this?' and he reached out a trembling hand toward the veiled lady. 'My maid,' returned the bride; 'she came here like one of the cottagers, and we exchanged gowns while you were talking to the people.' 'I hope, I sincerely hope, it's all right,' returned the poor man; 'but if I had known, I would have spoken to your honored parent, first.' 'Yes, I'm sure of that,' she laughed, 'and then we should not have been so happy.' At the moment a post-chaise drove up, into which the bridal pair and the servant made haste to get. 'Pardon me that I cannot accompany you home,' laughed the lady, leaning out to give the minister her hand in farewell. 'You cannot know how grateful to you we are. I shall never be able to reward you; I can only give you my thanks and prayers—and be sure to tell them at home how firmly you have married us.' The chaise drove off, and the good man was left alone.

He felt inclined to think that he had been dreaming, until he looked down and saw in his hand a purse of gold pieces that the groom had slipped into it, whispering, 'If you refuse for yourself, be my almoner and give it to the poor.' Before the preacher had recovered his wits the carriage of the Capulets reappeared. The lovers, however, did not re-appear for two years, and by that time Montague had unexpectedly fallen heir to a fortune and a title, and was received with open arms by the new relatives. In our days it's always the one who was not the prodigal who has the fatted calf killed for him."

"I'm afraid the poor minister was not very welcome when he had told his story," said Elizabeth.

"Clever enough, on my word," cried Archdale.

"Not quite to your liking, I fancy, though," answered Harwin.

"Do you think he would have had the wedding indoors, in the teeth of everybody?" laughed Katie.

Harwin assented, adding that he felt convinced that Master Archdale would have insisted upon all the accompaniments of a grand wedding at any cost.

"Yes, I shall have that when my time comes," returned Stephen, looking straight before him a trifle haughtily. But Harwin noticed that directly his eyes fell in passing back to their watching of the shore, and that one sweeping glance was given to Katie.

"But can people be married in such an instant?" asked Waldo. "I always thought it was a work of time—rather a formidable piece of business."

"Oh! when you come to two or three ministers of the Church of England, and the benedictions, and all that, so it is," said Harwin; "but the real business part is an affair of—I was going to say less than a minute." He sat silent after this, with his head bent, then, lifting it suddenly, before anybody had spoken, he fixed his glance, with a musing expression, upon Waldo. "I was wondering if I could remember the formula," he said; "I think I can. Mistress Royal, allow Master Archdale to take your hand a moment, if you please."

Elizabeth made no responsive movement, and Archdale, for an instant, failed to turn toward her. He had been looking at Katie while Harwin was speaking; but Katie drew back, hastily.

"Oh, do, Elizabeth!" she cried. "I want to see what it is like; do try with Stephen, and let us hear." As she spoke, Archdale turned toward Elizabeth, courteously.

"Come, Mistress Royal," he said, as Harwin was explaining that he had asked her because she happened to be on the proper side for a bride, "let us make an effective tableau for the amusement of these mariners, who, since they are becalmed themselves, persist in wanting something going on."

Elizabeth had heard the entreaty in Katie's light words. She knew that if she herself had cared for Mr. Archdale she could never have jested at marrying him. It made her all the more sure that Katie did care, because, otherwise, the girl would have found it great fun to rouse a little jealousy in the two admirers opposite, watching every movement. She yielded her hand to the light clasp that held it, and listened with less interest than

the others to Mr. Harwin's distinct and rapid words until he came to the sentence, "I pronounce you man and wife." Then she shivered, and he had scarcely finished the adjuration that follows—"What God hath joined together let not man put asunder," when she snatched her hand away.

"It is too solemn," she cried, "it is too much; we ought not to have jested so."

Harwin laughed.

"Pardon me if I've made you uncomfortable," he said; "but you will forget it in five minutes, and even for that time you must blame Master Waldo's curiosity."

"And mine," added Katie, at which young Waldo gave her a grateful glance. Then he joined with her in breaking the hush that had fallen on the others. "Stephen," she said, "now for your story. Do you think you are coming off scot-free?"

"I thought we had performed our parts," he said, turning to Elizabeth with a smile.

"Mistress Royal has already told her story," cried Waldo. "There's no escape for you."

"Escape would be difficult now, I confess."

"So begin."

He began obediently, but fortune was kinder than he had expected, for he had not fairly started when Kit cried out, —

"A breeze! Here it comes. Heads to larboard!" And down went Archdale's and those of the two ladies with him as the sail was shifted and the boat began to skim the water before the breeze which freshened every minute. Soon they had gained the cove where they were to land, and Archdale's story was never finished.

## THE PROTECTION OF CHILDREN.

BY ERNEST NUSSE.

THE census of 1880 fixed the juvenile population of the United States at 20,000,000, of whom 10,158,954 were boys and 9,884,705 were girls. "From a political point of view," says the eminent philanthropist, Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry, "the future of the nation depends on the physical and intellectual education of its children, whose numbers increase every year, and who will soon constitute the sovereign people. From the moral and social point of view, the welfare of society imperatively demands that the atmosphere in which they live, and the treatment that they receive from those intrusted with their care or custody, shall be such as to establish in them habits of industry, of sobriety, of honesty, and good conduct. For injurious treatment of a child, inasmuch as it tends to result in the distortion of its physical and moral nature, constitutes an offence whose importance seriously affects the public order. But what is to be understood by cruel treatment? It consists in every act of omission or of commission which causes or procures physical injury or death. It is hardly necessary to observe that this definition must be limited to its practical meaning, rather than interpreted in its broader, philosophical sense. We must leave out of the question the results of improper or imperfect educational training and discipline. It is doubtless a cause of harm to a delicate and nervous child to force the development of its intelligence; a harsh word hastily uttered by parents may leave an ineffaceable impression

upon a sensitive organization; severity degenerates into injustice when it condones a peevish act, the result of physical disorder, with an act of deliberate disobedience. The weakness which resigns its authority in order to spare itself the care of a child's education engenders for life the spirit of insubordination. The humiliating and unjust reproach, the stinging sarcasm, wound the child in its tenderest feelings;—but these are not the forms of cruelty and wrong which fall within reach of the law. It is unable to interpose between the parents and the child, except in case of an actual and serious offence, and for the rest it must rely upon the affection planted by nature in the hearts of parents. These distinctions are more felt than expressed, and opinion will never deceive itself in regard to the conduct of unnatural parents.

But if these propositions are absolutely incontestable, how do they leave room for the function of a society? If children are beaten, abandoned, given over to odious practices, will not the authorities, on the complaint of those interested, or compelled by public opinion, be able adequately to fulfil the task? This reasoning, altogether French, would not properly take into account the American temperament, the genius of the Anglo-Saxon race, of its institutions, and of its usages. In France, since the fourteenth century, misdemeanors have been prosecuted the more generally by the public minister, acting under whose orders are numerous officers of judiciary



police, who entertain the complaints of the public and send them, with the result of their examination, to our courts. The magistrates charged with the case complete the investigations, if they take place. The elements of the evidence are therefore combined when the prosecution is instituted. In the United States these intermediate officials exist but imperfectly between the injured party and the magistrate who renders judgment. From lack of sufficient evidence, the rights of this injured party run the risk of being compromised through his inexperience. Moreover, the complaint of the child, often directed against its parents or its legal guardians, involves the examination of a delicate situation, which must be conducted with much discernment. Without comparing the two systems, American and French, which correspond each to the particular genius of the two nations, it will be seen that the American system leaves much more to private initiative, and that it would become ineffectual when the victim of the offence, being a child, has neither the energy nor the knowledge necessary to demonstrate that its complaint is well founded, without the aid of some one in power. This is the aid which is given by the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; and we can now understand how the exigency of the case, so powerfully felt by the practical intelligence of the Americans, has called into existence this potent organization, which we may call the guardian of the rights of childhood, for the repression of the offences from which it is liable to suffer. The following anecdote shows how the

necessity for this institution arose, in a manner at once thrilling and dramatic:—

Ten years ago, in New York, on the top floor of a tenement-house, in a miserable room without furniture, a dying woman lay on a pallet, in the last stage of consumption. A charitable lady who visited her asked what she could do for her. The dying woman replied: "My hours are numbered, but how can I die in peace when night and day I hear the beating by her mother-in-law of the unhappy little girl who lives in the room next to mine." And, in fact, for a month her heart had been torn by the cries of this child, Mary Ellen, kept in confinement by this brute. Much moved by this recital, the visitor felt impelled to demand the interference of the police. They told her this was impracticable unless she was able to furnish proof of her allegation. She knew the facts only upon hearsay, and only in case a misdemeanor were actually proved would it be possible for the police to interfere as she desired. The charitable feelings of the lady would not permit her to stop here. She made inquiries among benevolent societies. But here again she experienced a check. The societies could not receive the child except upon legal commitment by an order of court. And charitable persons with the most benevolent tendencies, being consulted on this difficulty, confessed themselves at a loss to suggest a remedy in the case, and declared that it was dangerous to interfere between parents and children; that in so doing one is liable to become involved in inextricable difficulties, since the heads of the family are the best guardians of their children. However, the sorrowful appeal of the dying woman echoed continually in the ears of her whose charitable aid had been implored. She resolved upon a supreme effort to rescue this child. She sought Mr. Henry Bergh, a man who has never been deaf to a cry of despair, and who has devoted his life to the protection of animals. Mr. Bergh considered the life

of a child to be quite as valuable as that of a beast, and gave it as his opinion that the tribunals should be appealed to. A warrant was immediately procured and the child was produced in court, its face covered with horrible wounds. A pair of scissors with which these wounds had been inflicted were produced. The facts in the case caused a profound sensation in the court and throughout the city. The mother-in-law was arrested, found guilty, and the little girl was taken from her hands to receive an education which has rendered her an elegant and accomplished young woman.

Humble beginnings, which it will be well for us to bear in remembrance for the confusion of our pride! It is from the protection of animals that has sprung, in New York, that of the child. And, when we contemplate the great number of societies in the United States,—the Humane Society of Saratoga, of Bangor, of Keene, of Taunton, of Connecticut, the Western Pennsylvania, the Tennessee Society, those of Nashville, of Cleveland, of Cincinnati, of Indianapolis, of Chicago, of Peoria, of Sangamon, of Quincy, of Minnesota, of Minneapolis, extending, simultaneously, their help to children and to the brutes, we shall be no longer astonished either at the combination of effort explained by this historic origin, or especially at a philosophy which rightly esteems that cruelty commences with the animal, only to end fatally with the human being. The proceeding instituted at the instance of Mr. Henry Bergh was a most valuable precedent. The establishment of a method of rescue, encouraged complaints, which, till then, had been silent, of the abandonment, misery, or sufferings of children. Mr. Bergh's society found

itself besieged, and, after deliberation with his counsel, it was determined to establish another in New York, whose special mission should be the protection of children. An old gentleman of high respectability, belonging to the sect of the Quakers, Mr. John D. Wright, was elected to the presidency, which office he held until his death, which occurred on the 21st of August, 1880. His successor is Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry.

However, inasmuch as the authority with which the society sought to be invested had reference to public justice, and involved the power to appear for the defence of the interests of others, and to require the coöperation of public officials, a law was indispensable, in order to confer these powers. Such a law was passed August 21, 1875, whose provisions covered not only the case of the New York society, but determined the functions of all institutions of a similar nature. On condition of complying with the prescribed formalities for acquiring a corporate existence, the law granted to these institutions the right to make complaints, in any jurisdiction, of violations of the statutes regarding children; it set forth, formally, the duty of magistrates or officers of police, to coöperate with the societies acting in the limits of their several jurisdictions. The boundaries of the ground of protection were thus defined, but there was still lacking the requisite legislative authority. Experience showed that, besides the misdemeanors of common law—attempts upon the morals, murder, assault and battery, etc.—a multitude of offences against children remained unpunished. The society, therefore, solicited and obtained from

the Legislature, powers which permitted it to repress acts of cruelty towards children that the law failed to reach. The first of these measures was the law of 1876, forbidding the employment of minors under sixteen years as dancers, beggars, street peddlers, as gymnasts or contortionists, or in indecent occupations prejudicial to their health or perilous to their life. Then came the law of June 6, 1877, forbidding the admission of minors under fourteen years into public places, liquor saloons, balls, concerts, theatres, unless accompanied by a parent or legal guardian. With these laws, which it caused to be interpreted in the courts in certain test cases, the society arrived at the most satisfactory results. There were no longer seen in New York those juvenile beggars whose miserable appearance is made an instrument of gain by their worthless masters; those vagrants who disguise their vagabondage under the pretext of imaginary professions, collecting cigar stumps and rag picking; those little girls who sell flowers at the doors of houses of bad repute, often concealing under this ostensible occupation infamous transactions with panders who keep them in their pay. A determined warfare was declared against the Italian padroni, who thrive upon the toil of the little unfortunates to whom they pretend to teach music, and whom they utilize as peddlers and chimney-sweepers. The conviction of the too notorious Ancarola was the signal for the suppression of these shameless villains; the purchases of children ceased, and the cause of humanity triumphed, thanks to the combined efforts of the society and of the Italian consul,

after long and earnest conferences. It is not only the Italians, but the children of all nationalities, who have profited from this powerful patronage: Hungarian, German, Chinese, Irish, French. One of our compatriots, a girl of fourteen years, came one day to implore its aid. Her father was a drunkard, who had reached the lowest round in the ladder of degradation; her mother had no means of subsistence except concubinage, nor her two sisters except prostitution. She begged that they would save her from this life of shame. The society received her, procured her a position, a good education. Learning that she was heiress to a considerable property left by a grandfather, the society took active steps in France to secure to her her rights. Unfortunately, the agent who had possession of the estate became insolvent after having squandered the property, and it was impossible to recover it. The society continued to care for the young girl up to the day of her marriage to a young man enjoying a regular salary of \$1,200, and worthy of her in all respects.

The strict watch kept upon the liquor saloons contributed equally to improve the condition of children. Many were in the habit of being sent by confirmed drunkards to buy the "liquid poison!" They thus promoted this vice whose hardened subjects would prolong it even beyond the grave by asking that "a bottle of whiskey may be put in their coffin." The obedience of the children was rewarded by invitations to drink, which initiated them in debauchery. It was among women abandoned to drink that lived Eliza Clark, a child of eleven years, paying for the drinks



with the gains which she realized from dancing or singing; in return, the women gave her brandy to drink and tobacco to smoke, so that when she was found she resembled "a beast more than a human creature." They also suppressed the playing of pool for drinks by minors, instituted by saloon keepers to induce them to drink liquor, which was the reward of those whom fortune favored in the game.

The police of the theatres performed their duty conscientiously, and the statutes were obeyed. The necessity of being accompanied by an adult was felt to be a strange restraint by these gamins eager for the theatre, whose attractions led them to abandon school, work, and family, and to procure the money for their admission by stealing it from their parents, or at a pinch from strangers; and where they would mingle, between the acts, with pick-pockets and low characters who encouraged them in the ways of vice. And for a stronger reason, the child was more carefully protected against the perils of the stage than against those of the auditory. Juvenile performances were forbidden, and the youthful performers were excluded successively from the Columbia Opera House or Theatre des Folies, from the Italian Opera, from the Gem Theatre, from Parker's American Theatre, and from the Juvenile Opera. Permissions for individual performances were peremptorily refused even to parents who were actors. Here the work of the society encountered serious obstacles, and it is necessary to quote from Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry in order to appreciate the motives by which the society was actuated in com-

bating with vigorous purpose the opposition which it met with: "The Press, which is influenced to a considerable extent by the representations of theatrical managers, often criticises severely any attempt to deprive the public of what it is pleased to call its legitimate amusements, by the suppression of such entertainments. And many pronounced patrons of the dramatic art even maintain that such exhibitions are indispensable to the proper development of a dramatic education, and that when the necessities of the parents require it, charity should encourage the children to procure this means of obtaining a livelihood. But let us examine the other side of the question. When the curtain rises in the theatre, a draught of warm air rushes from the audience on to the stage, and often paralyzes for some moments the vocal chords of the actors. When the curtain falls, the cold air comes down from the flies, and the children, who have become over heated by their physical exertions, shiver to the marrow before they are able to accustom themselves to this sudden change of temperature. Every night these things are renewed. During the day the children sleep as best they can. Their nervous system is rapidly undermined; their digestion becomes impaired. It is rare that one can point to instances of children arriving early at positions of eminence in the dramatic art. It is true that there are a few who shine as stars in the theatrical profession, and who entered upon their dramatic career in early childhood; but these are rare exceptions."

It is not only on the stage that the morals of the children have been pro-

tected; the keepers of low resorts have been prosecuted by the society.

It has shut up the den of the too celebrated Owney Geoghegan, who long defied the law and the police, encouraging the efforts of prostitutes to debauch young girls. Women of notorious reputation, who enticed away the children of respectable mechanics to sell them for money, have been severely punished. In short, not content with bringing to justice these outrageous offenders with a firmness which has made it the terror of these oppressors of childhood, the society has been the instrument of checking acts even of carelessness or imprudence. It no longer permits the drunkard to keep his children in a cellar where the rats bite their feet; or the mercenary father to allow his son to engage in a wager, dangerous to his health, to make a hundred miles in twenty-four hours; or a man to ride a bicycle bearing on his shoulders his five-year-old daughter.

So great a work demanded accommodations of corresponding magnitude. In 1881, and at the price of \$43,000, the society purchased a large building situated at the corner of 23rd street and 4th avenue, one of the most important thoroughfares of New York. Not far from the offices, in the main part of the building, is found a collection of all the instruments of cruelty seized in the legal proceedings, — rods of iron, whips, firebars (*barres de poeles*), pokers, cudgels (*gourdins*), and other instruments. These furnish convincing proofs of the sufferings of the children, — for example those of Maggie Scully, when she said: “I do all the work at my aunt’s house, and if you do not believe that I have been beaten, look at

me, for my aunt has beaten me this morning with a poker.” Adjoining the offices are the rooms for the officers and the archives of the institution, containing the papers in each case setting forth the facts and the evidence. On the upper floor is a dormitory, where the children are kept until final disposition is made of them, that is to say, generally during one night. In fact, the work is going on without interruption at all hours of the day and night. If at night a call by telephone is received from the police-station, an officer of the society responds immediately to this appeal.

As is most frequently the case, he finds a drunken woman in the street, with three or four ragged children gathered about her, covered with vermin, without fire or lodging, having been abandoned by the father. The mother is detained at the station, but the children are taken to the society, where they are washed, fed, and for the first time in their lives, perhaps, put to sleep in a bed. On the following day, the children are taken to court. If the parents or guardians are worthy, they are returned to them; if not, the justice commits them to some charitable institution. Some of these have a religious character, and others a secular one; the American judge, in rendering his decision, is influenced by interests of family, of nationality, of race, or of religion of the child, as well as by the requirements of the law. Sick children and nursing infants are sent to the hospital on Randall’s Island, the Ladies’ Deborah Nursery, and the Child’s Hospital. Each of the charitable institutions receives a per capita allowance for children during the time that they remain in their care.

The society does not abandon them, and if a complaint arises of improper treatment, it causes legal proceedings to be instituted against those who are responsible therefor.

A recent case of this kind was that of the "Old Gentlemen's Home."

It will be readily seen that the cases which come before the society must be very numerous: during the nine years of its existence it has investigated 13,077 complaints, involving 52,308 children, prosecuted 4,035 cases, convicted 3,637 offenders, rescued and placed in homes or institutions 7,555 children. In the last three years it has temporarily sheltered and clothed 1,092 children and furnished them with 9,309 meals. These figures acquire a singular force when one reads in the annual reports the curious history of these cases setting forth the facts in detail. In 1882 the magistrates of the city issued 1,267 warrants. On the information furnished, 834 children were held in custody, 1,040 released. The city of New York is compelled to pay for the support of children thus committed to custody. A saving of \$108,160 has therefore been realized to the benefit of the tax-payers of New York. In 1883 they received 2,966 complaints; there were 1,176 prosecutions and 1,128 convictions; 2,008 children were placed in institutions of charity. Of 2,341 children arrested 1,078 were held, 1,263 released.

The resources of the society are derived exclusively from the liberality of the public. It receives no aid either from the State or city. On the contrary, it pay taxes even on the water used in the care of the children in its charge. The account of receipts

and expenditures amounts to about \$17,000. Of the \$43,000 which its building cost, \$25,000 remain on mortgage. The field in which the society employs its activity is already large, and is rapidly extending. It endeavors to obtain from the legislature laws which will defeat the aims of those too numerous enterprises which, under color of charity, utilize young children, for example, the baby farms and those establishments (called *hospitaliers*) which have neither the means nor the facilities necessary to their proper conduct. It requires that children shall not be employed in manual labor before the age of fourteen years, and only after their physical capability has been certified to by a physician. It insists on the prohibition of all dangerous occupations. The former articles in this Bulletin on the abuses which exist in the industrial employment of children in New York show how justifiable is this action of the society. "Thousands of children," says Mr. Gerry, "die of diseases contracted in these injurious employments; in this respect our nation is far behind Europe in its means of affording protection to children. In France, severe laws have been in operation since 1841. England has promptly followed this example, and like the English legislation, that of France expressly forbids the employment of children in the manufacture of dangerous substances, of a nature poisonous or explosive. You have only to visit our hospitals to see the little creatures with hand or fingers mutilated, from being employed at too early an age in the operation of machinery. Our negligence makes manifest the wisdom of the French law, whose lesson



is so necessary with us." This needed progress will without doubt be made, and the society will continue with increased zeal its charitable work. It gives to the legislator the benefit of a practical experience in the work, to the child its powerful advocacy in the courts, to justice the impartiality of prudent investigations, to public opinion the assurance of the proper conduct of charitable institutions and an impulse in the direction of improvement. It is thus that in this land of enterprise, whose customs are adverse to permitting affairs even

of the gravest importance, like the prosecution of crimes or the direction of works of benevolence, to be concentrated in the hands of public officials, the consequences of *self-government* have been happily corrected in points where they would otherwise become extreme, in regard to children. The New York society is therefore well described by its worthy president, Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry, as "the Hand of Protection." And this hand is too charitable for us to forbear to give it a cordial pressure across the vast expanse of the Atlantic.

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## THE MIDDLESEX CANAL.

BY LORIN L. DAME, A.M.

THE curious traveller may still trace with little difficulty the line of the old Middlesex canal, with here and there a break, from the basin at Charlestown to its junction with the Merrimac at Middlesex village. Like an accusing ghost, it never strays far from the Boston & Lowell Railroad, to which it owes its untimely end.

At Medford, the Woburn sewer runs along one portion of its bed, the Spot pond water-pipes another. The tow-path, at one point, marks the course of the defunct Mystic Valley Railroad; at others, it has been metamorphosed into sections of the highway; at others, it survives as a cow-path or woodland lane; at Wilmington, the stone sides of a lock have become the lateral walls of a dwelling-house cellar.

Judging the canal by the pecuniary recompense it brought its projectors,

it must be admitted a dismal failure; yet its inception was none the less a comprehensive, far-reaching scheme, which seemed to assure a future of ample profits and great public usefulness. Inconsiderable as this work may appear compared with the modern achievements of engineering, it was, for the times, a gigantic undertaking, beset with difficulties scarcely conceivable to-day. Boston was a small town of about twenty thousand inhabitants; Medford, Woburn, and Chelmsford were insignificant villages; and Lowell was as yet unborn, while the valley of the Merrimac, northward into New Hampshire, supported a sparse agricultural population. But the outlook was encouraging. It was a period of rapid growth and marked improvements. The subject of closer communication with the interior early became a vital question. Turnpikes,

controlled by corporations, were the principal avenues over which country produce, lumber, firewood, and building-stone found their way to the little metropolis. The cost of entertainment at the various country inns, the frequent tolls, and the inevitable wear and tear of teaming, enhanced very materially the price of all these articles. The Middlesex canal was the first step towards the solution of the problem of cheap transportation. The plan originated with the Hon. James Sullivan, who was for six years a judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, attorney-general from 1790 to 1807, and governor in 1807 and 1808, dying while holding the latter office.

A brief glance at the map of the New England States will bring out in bold relief the full significance of Sullivan's scheme. It will be seen that the Merrimac river, after pursuing a southerly course as far as Middlesex village, turns abruptly to the north-east. A canal from Charlestown mill-pond to this bend of the river, a distance of  $27\frac{1}{4}$  miles, would open a continuous water-route of eighty miles to Concord, N.H. From this point, taking advantage of Lake Sunapee, a canal could easily be run in a north-westerly direction to the Connecticut at Windsor, Vt.; and thence, making use of intermediate streams, communication could be opened with the St. Lawrence. The speculative mind of Sullivan dwelt upon the pregnant results that must follow the connection of Boston with New Hampshire and possibly Vermont and Canada. He consulted his friend, Col. Baldwin, sheriff of Middlesex, who had a natural taste for engineering, and they

came to the conclusion that the plan was feasible. Should the undertaking succeed between Concord and Boston, the gradual increase in population and traffic would in time warrant the completion of the programme. Even should communication never be established beyond Concord, the commercial advantages of opening to the market the undeveloped resources of upper New Hampshire would be a sufficient justification. Accordingly, James Sullivan, Loammi Baldwin, Jonathan Porter, Samuel Swan, and five members of the Hall family at Medford, petitioned the General Court for an act of incorporation. A charter was granted, bearing date of June 22, 1793, "incorporating James Sullivan, Esq., and others, by the name of the Proprietors of the Middlesex Canal," and on the same day was signed by His Excellency John Hancock, Governor of the Commonwealth. By this charter the proprietors were authorized to lay such assessments from time to time as might be required for the construction of the canal.

At their first meeting the proprietors intrusted the management of the corporation to a board of thirteen members, who were to choose a president and vice-presidents from their own number, the entire board subject to annual election. Boston capitalists subscribed freely, and Russell, Gore, Barrell, Craigie, and Brooks appear among the earliest directors. This board organized on the 11th of October by the choice of James Sullivan as president, and Col. Baldwin and John Brooks (afterwards Gov. Brooks) as vice-presidents. The first step was to make the necessary

surveys between the Charlestown basin and the Merrimac at Chelmsford; but the science of engineering was in its infancy, and it was difficult to find a competent person to undertake the task. At length Samuel Thompson, of Woburn, was engaged to make a preliminary survey; but the directors, not wholly satisfied with his report, afterwards secured the services of Samuel Weston, an eminent English engineer, then employed in Pennsylvania on the Potomac canals. His report, made Aug. 2, 1794, was favorable; and it is interesting to compare his figures with those of Mr. Thompson. As calculated by Thompson, the ascent from Medford bridge to the Concord river, at Billerica, was found to be  $68\frac{1}{2}$  ft.; the actual difference in level, as found by Weston, was 104 ft. By Thompson's survey there was a further ascent of  $16\frac{1}{2}$  ft. to the Merrimac; when, in fact, the water at Billerica bridge is almost 25 ft. above the Merrimac at Chelmsford.

Col. Baldwin, who superintended the construction of the canal, removed the first turf, Sept. 10, 1794. The progress was slow and attended with many embarrassments. The purchase of land from more than one hundred proprietors demanded skilful diplomacy. Most of the lands used for the canal were acquired by voluntary sale, and conveyed in fee-simple to the corporation. Sixteen lots were taken under authority of the Court of Sessions; while for thirteen neither deed nor record could be found when the corporation came to an end. Some of the land was never paid for, as the owner refused to accept the sum awarded. The compensation ranged from about \$150 an acre in

Medford to \$25 in Billerica. The numerous conveyances are all in Sullivan's handwriting.

Labor was not easily procured, probably from the scarcity of laborers, as the wages paid, \$10 a month and board, were presumably as much as could be earned in manual labor elsewhere. "An order was sent to England for a levelling instrument made by S. & W. Jones, of London, and this was the only instrument used for engineering purposes after the first survey by Weston." Two routes were considered; the rejected route was forty years later selected for the Lowell Railroad. The canal, 30 ft. wide, 4 ft. deep, with 20 locks, 7 aqueducts, and crossed by 50 bridges, was, in 1802, sufficiently completed for the admission of water, and the following year was opened to public navigation from the Merrimac to the Charles. Its cost, about \$500,000, of which one-third was for land damages, was but little more than the estimate. Commencing at Charlestown mill-pond, it passed through Medford, crossing the Mystic by a wooden aqueduct of 100 ft., to Horn pond in Woburn. Traversing Woburn and Wilmington it crossed the Shawshine by an aqueduct of 137 ft., and struck the Concord, from which it receives its water, at Billerica Mills. Entering the Concord by a stone guard-lock, it crossed, with a floating tow-path, and passed out on the northern side through another stone guard-lock; thence it descended 27 ft., in a course of  $5\frac{1}{4}$  miles, through Chelmsford to the Merrimac, making its entire length  $27\frac{1}{4}$  m.

The proprietors made Charlestown bridge the eastern terminus for their boats, but ultimately communication



was opened with the markets and wharves upon the harbor, through Mill Creek, over a section of which Blackstone street now extends.

As the enterprise had the confidence of the business community, money for prosecuting the work had been procured with comparative ease. The stock was divided into 800 shares, and among the original stockholders appear the names of Ebenezer and Dudley Hall, Oliver Wendall, John Adams of Quincy, Peter C. Brooks of Medford, and Andrew Craigie of Cambridge. The stock had steadily advanced from \$25 a share in the autumn of 1794 to \$473 in 1803, the year the canal was opened, touching \$500 in 1804. Then a decline set in, a few dollars at a time, till 1816, when its market value was \$300 with few takers, although the canal was in successful operation, and, in 1814, the obstructions in the Merrimac had been surmounted, so that canal boats, locking into the river at Chelmsford, had been poled up stream as far as Concord.

Firewood and lumber always formed a very considerable item in the business of the canal. The navy-yard at Charlestown and the ship-yards on the Mystic form any years relied upon the canal for the greater part of the timber used in shipbuilding; and work was sometimes seriously retarded by low water in the Merrimac, which interfered with transportation. The supply of oak and pine about Lake Winnipiseogee, and along the Merrimac and its tributaries, was thought to be practically inexhaustible. In the opinion of Daniel Webster, the value of this timber had been increased \$5,000,000 by the canal. Granite from Tyngsbor-

ough, and agricultural products from a great extent of fertile country, found their way along this channel to Boston; while the return boats supplied taverns and country stores with their annual stock of goods. The receipts from tolls, rents, etc. were steadily increasing, amounting,

|            |           |
|------------|-----------|
| in 1812 to | \$12,600, |
| “ 1813 “   | 16,800,   |
| “ 1814 “   | 25,700,   |
| “ 1815 “   | 29,200,   |
| “ 1816 “   | 32,600,   |

Yet, valuable, useful, and productive as the canal had proved itself, it had lost the confidence of the public, and, with a few exceptions, of the proprietors themselves. The reason for this state of sentiment can easily be shown. The general depression of business on account of the embargo and the war of 1812 had its effect upon the canal. In the deaths of Gov. Sullivan and Col. Baldwin, in the same year, 1808, the enterprise was deprived of the wise and energetic counsellors to whom it owed its existence.

The aqueducts and most of the locks, being built of wood, required large sums for annual repairs; the expenses arising from imperfections in the banks, and from the erection of toll-houses and public houses for the accommodation of the boatmen, were considerable; but the heaviest expenses were incurred in opening the Merrimac for navigation. From Concord, N.H., to the head of the canal the river has a fall of 123 ft., necessitating various locks and canals. The Middlesex Canal Corporation contributed to the building of the Wiccasee locks and canals, \$12,000; Union locks and canals, \$49,932; Hookset canal, \$6,750; Bow canal

and locks, \$14,115, making a sum total of \$82,797 to be paid from the income of the Middlesex canal.

The constant demand for money in excess of the incomes had proved demoralizing. Funds had been raised from time to time by lotteries. In the *Columbian "Centinel & Massachusetts Federalist"* of Aug. 15, 1804, appears an advertisement of the Amoskeag Canal Lottery, 6,000 tickets at \$5, with an enumeration of prizes. The committee, consisting of Phillips Payson, Samuel Swan, Jr., and Loammi Baldwin, Jr., appealed to the public for support, assuring the subscribers that all who did not draw prizes would get the full value of their money in the reduced price of fuel.

In 1816 the Legislature of Massachusetts granted the proprietors of the canal, in consideration of its usefulness to the public, two townships of land in the district of Maine, near Moosehead lake. This State aid, however, proved of no immediate service, as purchasers could not be found for several years for property so remote. Appeals to capitalists, lotteries, and State aid proved insufficient; the main burden fell upon the stockholders. In accordance with the provisions of the charter, assessments had been levied, as occasion required, up to 1816, 99 in number, amounting to \$670 per share; and the corporation was still staggering under a debt of \$64,000. Of course, during all this time, no dividends could be declared.

Under these unpromising conditions a committee, consisting of Josiah Quincy, Joseph Hall, and Joseph Coolidge, Jr., was appointed to devise the appropriate remedy. "In the opinion of your committee," the re-

port reads, "the real value of the property, at this moment, greatly exceeds the market value, and many years will not elapse before it will be considered among the best of all practicable monied investments. The Directors contemplate no further extension of the canal. *The work is done*, both the original and subsidiary canals. . . . Let the actual incomes of the canal be as great as they may, so long as they are consumed in payment of debts and interest on loans, the aspect of the whole is that of embarrassment and mortgage. The present rates of income, if continued, and there is every rational prospect, not only of its continuance, but of its great and rapid increase, will enable the corporation—when relieved of its present liabilities,—at once to commence a series of certain, regular, and satisfactory dividends." They accordingly recommended a final assessment of \$80 per share, completely to extinguish all liabilities. This assessment, the 100th since the commencement, was levied in 1817, making a sum total of \$600,000, extorted from the long-suffering stockholders. If to this sum the interest of the various assessments be added, computed to Feb. 1, 1819, the date of the first dividend, the actual cost of each share is found to have been \$1,455.25.

The prosperity of the canal property now seemed fully assured. The first dividend, though only \$15, was the promise of golden showers in the near future, and the stock once more took an upward flight. From 1819 to 1836 were the palmy days of the canal, unvexed with debts, and subject to very moderate

expenses for annual repairs and management.

It is difficult to ascertain the whole number of boats employed at any one time. Many were owned and run by the proprietors of the canal; and many were constructed and run by private parties who paid the regular tolls for whatever merchandise they transported. Boats belonging to the same parties were conspicuously numbered, like railway cars to-day. From "Regulations relative to the Navigation of the Middlesex Canal," a pamphlet published in 1830, it appears that boats were required to be not less than 40 ft. nor more than 75 ft. in length and not less than 9 ft. nor more than 9½ ft. in width. Two men, a driver and steersman, usually made up the working force; the boats, however, that went up the Merrimac required three men, one to steer, and two to pole. The Lowell boats carried 20 tons of coal; 15 tons were sufficient freight for Concord; when the water in the Merrimac was low, not more than 6 or 7 tons could be taken up the river. About 1830 the boatmen received \$15 per month.

Lumber was transported in rafts of about 75 ft. long and 9 ft. wide; and these rafts, not exceeding ten in number, were often united in "bands." A band of seven to ten rafts required the services of five men, including the driver. Boats were drawn by horses, and lumber by oxen; and "luggage boats" were required to make two and a half miles an hour, while "passage boats" attained a speed of four miles. Boats of the same class, and going the same way, were not allowed to pass each other, thus making "racing" impossible on the staid waters of the old

canal. Whenever a boat approached a lock, the conductor sounded his horn to secure the prompt attention of the lock-tender; but due regard was paid to the religious sentiment of New England. Travelling in the canal being permitted on Sundays, "in consideration of the distance from home at which those persons using it generally are, it may be reasonably expected that they should not disturb those places of public worship near which they pass, nor occasion any noise to interrupt the tranquillity of the day. Therefore, it is established that no *Signal-Horn* shall be used or blown on Sundays."

The tariff varied greatly from year to year. In 1827 the rate from Lowell to Boston was \$2.00 the gross ton; but many articles were carried on much lower terms.

On account of liability of damage to the banks of the canal, all navigation ceased at dark; hence, at every lock, or series of locks, a tavern was established. These were all owned by the corporation, and were often let to the lock-tender, who eked out his income by the accommodation of boatmen and horses. The Bunker Hill Tavern, in Charlestown, situated so as to accommodate both county and canal travel, was leased, in 1830, for \$350; in 1838, it let for \$500. The Horn Pond House, at Woburn, in 1838, was leased for \$700. In 1825, a two-story dwelling-house, 36×18, built at a cost of \$1,400, for the accommodation of boatmen and raftsmen, at Charlestown, rented, with stable attached, for \$140. In all these cases, the real estate was supposed to pay ten per cent.

Some of these canal-taverns established a wide reputation for good



cheer, and boatmen contrived to be overtaken by night in their vicinity. Sometimes fifteen or twenty boats would be detained at one of these favorite resorts, and a jolly crowd fraternized in the primitive bar-room. The temperance sentiment had not yet taken a firm hold in New England. "Flip" was the high-toned beverage of those days; but "black-strap," a compound of rum and molasses, sold at three cents a glass, was the particular "vanity" of the boatmen. In the smaller taverns, a barrel of old Medford, surmounted by a pitcher of molasses, scorning the flimsy subterfuges of modern times, boldly invited its patrons to draw and mix at their own sweet will. "Plenty of drunkenness, Uncle Joe, in those days?" we queried of an ancient boatman who was dilating upon the good old times. "Bless your heart, no!" was the answer. "Mr. Eddy didn't put up with no drunkards on the canal. They could drink all night, sir, and be steady as an eight-day clock in the morning."

When the feverish haste born of the locomotive and telegraph had not yet infected society, a trip over the canal in the passenger-packet, the "Governor Sullivan," must have been an enjoyable experience. Protected by iron rules from the dangers of collision; undaunted by squalls of wind, realizing, should the craft be capsized, that he had nothing to do but walk ashore, the traveller, speeding along at the leisurely pace of four miles per hour, had ample time for observation and reflection. Seated, in summer, under a capacious awning, he traversed the valley of the Mystic skirting the picturesque shores of Mystic pond. Instead of a

foreground of blurred landscape, vanishing, ghostlike, ere its features could be fairly distinguished, soft bits of characteristic New England scenery, clear cut as cameos, lingered caressingly on his vision; green meadows, fields riotous with blossomed clover, fragrant orchards, and quaint old farmhouses, with a background of low hills wooded to their summits.

Passing under bridges, over rivers, between high embankments, and through deep cuttings, floated up hill by a series of locks, he marvelled at this triumph of engineering, and, if he were a director, pictured the manufacturing factories that were to spring up along this great thoroughfare, swelling its revenues for all time.

The tow-path of the canal was a famous promenade. Upon Sunday afternoons, especially, numerous pedestrians from the dusty city strolled along the canal for a breath of fresh air and a glimpse of the open country, through the Royal estate in Medford, past the substantial old-fashioned mansion-house of Peter C. Brooks, as far, perhaps, as the Baldwin estate, and the birthplace of Count Rumford, in Woburn. "I love that old tow-path," said Uncle Joe. "'Twas there I courted my wife; and every time the boat went by she came tripping out to walk a piece with me! Bless you, sir the horses knew her step, and it wan't so heavy, nuther."

Meanwhile, under the direction of Caleb Eddy, who assumed the agency of the corporation in 1825, bringing great business ability and unquenchable zeal to his task, the perishable wooden locks were gradually replaced with stone, a new stone dam was built at Billerica, and the service brought to a high state of efficiency.

The new dam was the occasion of a lawsuit brought by the proprietors of the Sudbury meadows, claiming damages to the extent of \$10,000 for flooding their meadows. The defendants secured the services of Samuel Hoar, Esq., of Concord, assisted by the Hon. Daniel Webster, who accepted a retaining fee of \$100 to "manage and argue the case in conjunction with Mr. Hoar. The cause was to have been tried November, 1833. Mr. Webster was called on by me and promised to examine the evidence and hold himself in readiness for the trial, but for some time before he was not to be found in Boston, at one time at New York, at another in Philadelphia, and so on from place to place so that I am satisfied no dependance can be placed with certainty upon his assistance, and," plaintively concludes the agent, "our \$100 has gone to profit and loss account."

On the other side was the Hon. Jeremiah Mason, assisted by Franklin Dexter, Esq. This case was decided the following year adversely to the plaintiffs.

With the accession of business brought by the corporations at Lowell, the prospect for increased dividends in the future was extremely encouraging. The golden age of the canal appeared close at hand; but the fond hopes of the proprietors were once more destined to disappointment. Even the genius of James Sullivan had not foreseen the railway locomotive. In 1829 a petition was presented to the Legislature for the survey of a railroad from Boston to Lowell. The interests of the canal were seriously involved. A committee was promptly chosen to draw up for presentation to the Gen-

eral Court "a remonstrance of the Proprietors of Middlesex Canal, against the grant of a charter to build a railroad from Boston to Lowell." This remonstrance, signed by William Sullivan, Joseph Coolidge, and George Hallett, bears date of Boston, Feb. 12, 1830, and conclusively shows how little the business men of fifty years ago anticipated the enormous development of our resources consequent upon the application of steam to transportation:—

The remonstrants take pleasure in declaring, that they join in the common sentiment of surprise and commendation, that any intelligence and enterprise should have raised so rapidly and so permanently, such establishments as are seen at Lowell. The proprietors of these works have availed themselves of *the canal*, for their transportation for all articles, except in the winter months . . . and every effort has been made by this corporation to afford every facility, it was hoped and believed, to the entire satisfaction of the Lowell proprietors. The average annual amount of tolls paid by these proprietors has been only about four thousand dollars. It is believed no safer or cheaper mode of conveyance can ever be established, nor any so well adapted for carrying heavy and bulky articles. To establish therefore a *substitute* for the canal alongside of it, and in many places within a few rods of it, and to do that which the canal was made to do, seems to be a measure not called for by any exigency, nor one which the Legislature can permit, without implicitly declaring that all investments of money in public enterprises must be subjected to the will of any applicants who think that they may benefit themselves without regard to older enterprises, which have a claim to protection from public authority. With regard, then, to transportation of tonnage goods, the means exist for all but the winter months, as effectually as any that can be provided.

There is a supposed source of revenue

to a railroad, *from carrying passengers*. As to this, the remonstrants venture no opinion, except to say, that passengers are now carried, at all hours, as rapidly and safely as they are anywhere else in the world. . . . To this, the remonstrants would add, that the use of a railroad, *for passengers only*, has been tested by experience, nowhere, hitherto; and that it remains to be known, whether this is a mode which will command general confidence and approbation, and that, therefore, no facts are now before the public, which furnish the conclusion, that the grant of a railroad is a public exigency even for such a purpose. The Remonstrants would also add, that so far as they know and believe, *there never can be a sufficient inducement to extend a railroad from Lowell westwardly and northwestwardly, to the Connecticut, so as to make it the great avenue to and from the interior, but that its termination must be at Lowell*" (italics our own), "and, consequently that it is to be a substitute for the modes of transportation now in use between that place and Boston, *and cannot deserve patronage from the supposition that it is to be more extensively useful*. . . .

The Remonstrants, therefore, respectfully submit: First, that there be no such exigency as will warrant the granting of the prayer for a railroad to and from Lowell.

Secondly, that, if that prayer be granted, provision should be made as a condition for granting it, that the Remonstrants shall be indemnified for the losses which will be thereby occasioned to them.

This may seem the wilful blindness of self-interest; but the utterances of the press and the legislative debates of the period are similar in tone. In relation to another railroad, the "Boston Transcript" of Sept. 1, 1830, remarks: "It is not astonishing that so much reluctance exists against plunging into doubtful speculations.

. . . . The public itself is divided as to the practicability of the Rail Road. If they expect the assistance of capitalists, they must stand ready to guarantee the *percentum per annum*; without this, all hopes of Rail Roads are visionary and chimerical." In a report of legislative proceedings published in the "Boston Courier," of Jan. 25, 1830, Mr. Cogswell, of Ipswich, remarked: "Railways, Mr. Speaker, may do well enough in old countries, but will never be the thing for so young a country as this. When you can make the rivers run back, it will be time enough to make a railway." Notwithstanding the pathetic remonstrances and strange vaticinations of the canal proprietors, the Legislature incorporated the road and refused compensation to the canal. Even while the railroad was in process of construction, the canal directors do not seem to have realized the full gravity of the situation. They continued the policy of replacing wood with stone, and made every effort to perfect the service in all its details; as late as 1836 the agent recommended improvements. The amount of tonnage continued to increase—the very sleepers used in the construction of the railway were boated, it is said, to points convenient for the workmen.

In 1832 the canal declared a dividend of \$22 per share; from 1834 to 1837, inclusive, a yearly dividend of \$30.

The disastrous competition of the Lowell Railroad was now beginning to be felt. In 1835 the Lowell goods conveyed by canal paid tonnage dues of \$11,975.51; in 1836 the income from this source had dwindled to



\$6,195.77. The canal dividends had been kept up to their highest mark by the sale of its townships in Maine and other real estate: but now they began to drop. The year the Lowell road went into full operation the receipts of the canal were reduced one-third; and when the Nashua & Lowell road went into full operation, in 1840, they were reduced another third. The board of directors waged a plucky warfare with the railroads, reducing the tariff on all articles, and almost abolishing it on some, till the expenditures of the canal outran its income; but steam came out triumphant. Even sanguine Caleb Eddy became satisfied that longer competition was vain, and set himself to the difficult task of saving fragments from the inevitable wreck.

At this time (1843) Boston numbered about 100,000 inhabitants, and was dependent for water upon cisterns and wells. The supply of water in the wells had been steadily diminishing for years, and what remained was necessarily subject to contamination from numberless sources. "One specimen which I analyzed," said Dr. Jackson, "which gave three per cent. of animal and vegetable putrescent matter, was publicly sold as a mineral water; it was believed that water having such a remarkable fetid odor and nauseous taste, could be no other than that of a sulphur spring; but its medicinal powers vanished with the discovery that the spring arose from a neighboring drain." Here was a golden opportunity. Eddy proposed to abandon the canal as a means of transportation, and convert it into an aqueduct for supplying the City of Boston with wholesome water. The sections between

the Merrimac and Concord at one extremity, and Charlestown mill-pond and Woburn at the other, were to be wholly discontinued. Flowing along the open channel of the canal from the Concord river to Horn-pond locks in Woburn, from thence it was to be conducted in iron pipes to a reservoir upon Mount Benedict in Charlestown, a hill eighty feet above the sea-level.

The good quality of the Concord-river water was vouched for by the "analysis of four able and practical chemists, Dr. Charles T. Jackson, of Boston; John W. Webster, of Cambridge University; S. L. Dana, of Lowell, and A. A. Hayes, Esq., of the chemical works at Roxbury." The various legal questions involved were submitted to the Hon. Jeremiah Mason, who gave an opinion, dated Dec. 21, 1842, favorable to the project. The form for an act of incorporation was drawn up; and a pamphlet was published, in 1843, by Caleb Eddy, entitled an "Historical sketch of the Middlesex Canal, with remarks for the consideration of the Proprietors," setting forth the new scheme in glowing colors.

But despite the feasibility of the plan proposed, and the energy with which it was pushed, the agitation came to naught; and Eddy, despairing of the future, resigned his position as agent in 1845. Among the directors during these later years were Ebenezer Chadwick, Wm. Appleton, Wm. Sturgis, Charles F. Adams, A. A. Lawrence, and Abbott Lawrence; but no business ability could long avert the catastrophe. Stock fell to \$150, and finally the canal was discontinued, according to Amory's *Life of Sullivan*, in 1846.

It would seem, however, that a revival of business was deemed within the range of possibilities, for in conveyances made in 1852 the company reserved the right to use the land "for canalling purposes"; and the directors annually went through with the form of electing an agent and collector as late as 1853.

"Its vocation gone, and valueless for any other service," says Amory,

"the canal property was sold for \$130,000. After the final dividends, little more than the original assessments had been returned to the stockholders." Oct. 3, 1859, the Supreme Court issued a decree, declaring that the proprietors had "forfeited all their franchises and privileges, by reason of non-feasance, non-user, misfeasance and neglect." Thus was the corporation forever extinguished.

## THE TAVERNS OF BOSTON IN YE OLDEN TIME.

BY DAVID M. BALFOUR.

THE first tavern in Boston was kept by Samuel Coles. It was opened in March, 1633, and stood near the south-west corner of Merchants row and Corn court, with an area in front on Merchants row and also on Fanueil Hall square, which in latter days have been covered with buildings. It was destroyed by fire during the early part of the eighteenth century, and the older portion of the present edifice was erected in 1737, which has been enlarged on the northerly side. It was towards the close of the last century known as the "Brazier Inn," and was kept by a widow lady of that name. It is now known as the "Hancock House," and is kept by a stalwart Scotchman named Alexander Clarkson. Gov. Vane held a council in the south-westerly room in the second story with Miantonomoh, the Narragansett chief. The same room was subsequently occupied by Lafayette in 1773, and afterwards by Talleyrand in 1798.

The State Arms Tavern was built in 1645, and stood on the south-east

corner of State and Exchange streets. It was occupied as the custom-house just before the Revolution.

The Star Inn was built in 1645, and stood on the north-east corner of Hanover and Union streets. It was first kept by Thomas Hawkins, and afterwards by Andrew Neal, a Scotchman. The Scots' Charitable Society, of which the landord was a member, frequently held its meetings there.

The Roebuck Tavern was built in 1650. It stood on the east side of Merchants row, between Clinton and North streets. It was believed to have been built by a descendant of Richard Whittington, the Lord Mayor of London in 1419, who was famed for his love of cats.

The Ship Tavern was built in 1651, and stood on North street, just beyond the corner of Fleet street. John Vvall kept it in 1663, and it was at one time called "Noah's Ark." The peace commissioners sent over by Charles II. held their sessions there. It was demolished in 1866.

The King's Arms Tavern was

built in 1654, and stood on the south-east corner of Washington and Brattle streets, opposite the Samuel Adams statue.

The Red Lion Tavern stood on the north-west corner of North and Richmond streets. It was built in 1654, and kept by Nicholas Upsall, a Quaker, who was persecuted, imprisoned, and banished for his faith. Near this spot the devastating fire of November 27, 1676, broke out in one Wakefield's house.

The Blue Anchor Tavern stood on the site of No. 254 Washington street. It was built in 1664, and kept by George Monck.

The Blue Anchor Tavern (the second of that name) was built in 1665, and stood on Brattle street, upon the site which was afterwards Doolittle's City Tavern. It was first kept by Robert Turner, and was noted for its *punch*, and was a favorite resort of public men.

The Blue Bell Tavern was built in 1673, and stood on the north-west corner of Batterymarch street and Liberty square; a portion of the Mason building now occupies its site. It was kept by Nathaniel Bishop, and afterwards by Alleric & Drury. In 1692 it was called the Castle Tavern, and ceased to be an inn after 1707.

The Castle Tavern (the second of that name) stood on the south-west corner of Dock square and Elm street. It was erected by William Hudson in 1674, and kept by John Wing in 1687, who gave his name to the street. In 1694 it was called the George Tavern.

The King's Head Tavern was built in 1680, and stood at the north-east corner of North and Fleet streets. It was burnt in 1691, and afterwards

rebuilt. It was kept by James Davenport in 1755.

The Seven Star Inn stood, in 1684, on the south-west corner of Summer and Hawley streets. It gave its name to the lane which was afterwards called Bishop's alley. Here, in 1736, was erected of wood the first edifice of Trinity Church. The land, which originally contained 15,000 square feet, was bought of John Gibbins and William Speakman for £450. This edifice was demolished in 1828 and a stone structure erected in 1830, which was burnt in the great fire, November 8, 1872. The site, after having its proportions curtailed, in order to widen Summer and Hawley streets, containing 7,126 square feet, was sold to William D. Peckman, in 1874, for \$194,402.

The Sun Tavern stood on the south-west corner of Dock and Faneuil Hall squares. It was built in 1690, and was kept by Samuel Mears in 1724, and by Day in 1753. It was conveyed by Thomas Valentine in 1741 for £2,475 (\$8,250); and by Joseph Jackson in 1794 for £1,333-6-8 (\$4,444); and by E. P. Arnold in 1865 for \$20,000. The Scots' Charitable Society frequently held its meetings there. It was the head-quarters of the British officers during the siege. It is the oldest building in Boston.

The Queen's Head Tavern stood at the north-west corner of North and Clark streets. It was built in 1691.

The Green Dragon Inn was built in 1692. It was first kept by Alexander Smith, who died in 1696, and was succeeded by Hannah Bishop, who was next succeeded by John Cary. In 1734 Joseph Kidder was its landlord. In 1764 it was con-



veyed by Catharine Kerr, sister to Dr. William Douglas, to St. Andrew's Lodge of Freemasons. It was a hospital during the Revolution. It was the head-quarters of Joseph Warren, John Hancock, Samuel Adams, James Otis, Paul Revere, and other patriots, during the Revolution. It was called the Green Dragon Tavern after the Revolution, and at one time the Freemasons' Arms. Daniel Simpson, the veteran drummer, was at one time its landlord. The Scots' Charitable Society frequently held its meetings there. The Green Dragon building, extending through from Union to (new) Washington street, now denotes its site.

The Salutation Inn stood on the north-west corner of Hanover and Salutation streets. It was built by John Brooking in 1692, and sold to Sir William Phips. John Scollay kept it in 1697, who was succeeded by Samuel Green in 1731. It became famous, later, when William Campbell kept it in 1773, when it was a rallying-place for the patriots who gave rise to the word "*Caucus*." The resolutions for the destruction of the tea in Boston Harbor were drawn up there. It was also called the "*Two Palaverers*," from the representation upon the sign of two old gentlemen in wigs, cocked hats, and knee-breeches, saluting each other with much ceremony.

The Golden Bull Tavern was built in 1693, and stood on the south-east corner of Merchants row and Chatham street. It was kept in 1752 by Marston.

The Black Horse Tavern was built in 1700, and stood on the west side of Prince street, which in former days

was called Black Horse lane, and Salem street. It was noted as a hiding-place for deserters from Burgoyne's army when stationed at Cambridge.

The Half Moon Inn was built in 1705, and stood on the north-west corner of Fleet and Sun court streets. It was kept in 1752 by Deborah Chick.

The Swan Tavern was built in 1707, and stood at the north-east corner of Fleet and North streets.

The Orange Tree Inn was built in 1708, and stood on the north-east corner of Court and Hanover streets during the Provincial period. While it was kept by Jonathan Wardwell, in 1712, he set up the first hackney-coach stand. His widow kept it in 1724. It was demolished in 1785. It was noted for having a well of water which never froze or dried up.

The Bull Tavern was built in 1713, and stood on the south-west corner of Summer and Federal streets. It was there that sundry inhabitants at the South End met and formed the project to erect a church on Church green, which was called the "New South," and presided over for a long series of years by Rev. Alexander Young, D.D.

The Light House Tavern was built in 1717, and stood on the south side of King (State) street, on the north-west corner of Devonshire street, opposite the Town House (Old State House). It is not impossible that it may have been standing there in 1742. There was also another tavern of the same name at the North End in 1763, from which the "Portsmouth Flying Stage" started every Saturday morning. It carried six passengers inside; fare 13s. 6d. sterling (\$3.25); to

Newburyport, 9s. (\$2.17). Returning, left Portsmouth on Tuesday.

The Marlboro' Hotel was built in 1708, and took its name from the street in front, and was the first public house in Boston dignified with the name of "Hotel." John C. Calhoun lodged there, while Secretary of War, upon his only visit to Boston, in 1818. McNiell Seymour was its landlord in 1820. He afterwards became landlord of the Atlantic Hotel, opposite the Bowling Green in New York. It had a stable in the rear which accommodated the Providence line of stages. The site of the stable was afterwards occupied by the Lowell Institute building. Agassiz, Lyell, Tyndall, Price, and other scientists, delivered lectures there. Its walls have also resounded with the eloquence of John Quincy Adams, Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, Rufus Choate, Charles Sumner, Bayard Taylor, William Lloyd Garrison, James T. Fields, and other famous men. Lafayette was given a banquet at the Marlboro' upon his visit to Boston, in 1824. The Scots' Charitable Society frequently held its meetings there. About a generation ago it changed its name to the Marlboro' House, and it was conducted on temperance principles. Hon. Henry Wilson, Vice-President of the United States, made it his stopping-place while in the city. The elegant Hemenway building now occupies its site.

The Cross Tavern was erected in 1709, and stood on the north-west corner of North and Cross streets.

The Crown Coffee House stood on the south-west corner of State street and Chatham row, and was built in 1710 by Gov. Belcher; and Mrs. Anna Swords was its first landlord,

and she was succeeded in 1751 by Robert Shelcock. The Scots' Charitable Society frequently held its meetings there.

The Bunch of Grapes Tavern was built in 1713, and stood on the north-west corner of State and Kilby streets. Its first landlord was Francis Holmes, who was succeeded in 1731 by William Coffin, by Joshua Barker in 1749, and by Col. Joseph Ingersoll in 1764. It was noted as being the best "*punch-house*" in Boston. Lafayette was a guest there in 1774. In front of it, on the 4th of August, 1806, Charles Austin was killed by Thomas O. Selfridge in self-defence. The Scots' Charitable Society frequently held its meetings there.

The George Tavern was built in 1720, and stood on the north-west corner of Washington and Northampton streets. It afforded shelter for the patriots in annoying the British during the siege. Its extensive orchard and gardens comprised seventeen acres, and extended south to Roxbury street, and west to Charles river, which, until the modern Back Bay improvement, extended to the west side of Tremont street. The General Court, as well as some of the law courts, sat there prior to 1730. The American post was located there in 1775, which was burnt by the British at night in July of that year. It was near that spot, in 1824, when Lafayette visited Boston, a triumphal arch was thrown across Washington street, bearing the couplet, written by Charles Sprague, —

We bow not the neck, we bend not the knee,  
But our hearts, LAFAYETTE! we surrender to thee.

The Royal Exchange Tavern was built in 1726, and stood on the south-west corner of State and Exchange

streets, the site of the Merchants' Bank building. It gave its name to the street on its easterly side. Luke Vardy was its first landlord, who was succeeded in 1747 by Robert Stone. It was in this building, in 1728, that the altercation began which ended in the first duel fought in Boston, when Benjamin Woodbridge was killed by Henry Phillips. The Scots' Charitable Society frequently held its meetings there.

The Old Mansion House was built in 1732, and stood on the south side of Milk street, between Hawley and Arch streets, on the site of the Bowdoin building. It stood a little back from the street, with large American elms in front, and was a stopping place for old stage lines. Hon. Robert C. Winthrop was born there, and Hon. Henry Dearborn occupied it at the time of his decease.

The Blue Anchor Tavern (the third of that name) was built in 1735, and stood on the north-east corner of Water and Batterymarch streets. It was kept by Joseph Wilson.

The British Coffee House was built in 1741, and stood on the site of No. 66 State street, afterwards occupied by the Massachusetts Bank. It was kept, in 1762, by Ballard, and was largely patronized by British officers. The repeal of the Stamp Act was celebrated there in 1767. The eloquent James Otis was assaulted in it by a British gang, and an injury was inflicted upon his head, which rendered him insane for a long time. The Scots' Charitable Society frequently held its meetings there. Its name was changed to American Coffee House in 1776.

The Cromwell's Head Tavern was built in 1751, and is still standing on

the north side of School street, upon the site of No. 13, where Mrs. Harrington deals out coffee and mince pie to her customers. Lieut.-Col. GEORGE WASHINGTON lodged there in 1756, while upon a visit to Gov. Shirley, to consult with him upon business connected with the French war. It was first kept by Anthony Brackett.

The Admiral Vernon Tavern was built in 1743, and stood on the south-east corner of State street and Merchants row, and was first kept by Richard Smith. The Scots' Charitable Society frequently held its meetings there.

The Sun Tavern (the second of that name) was built in 1757, and stood on the east side of Washington street, nearly opposite Cornhill, and was first kept by James Day, and was a popular resort of the Sons of Liberty.

The Julien House was built in 1759, and stood on the north-west corner of Milk and Congress streets, formerly the site of an old tannery. It was first kept by Jean Baptiste Julien, a French refugee. It was the resort of the *bon vivants* of the town in former days. It is narrated of him that, upon the occasion of a *recherche* dinner, one of the guests complained that the viands were not sufficiently high-seasoned. "*Eh bien,*" said Julien, "*put a lieulle more de pep-paire.*" He died in 1805, and he was succeeded by his widow, and afterwards by Rouillard, until 1823, when it was demolished, and supplanted by Julien, afterwards Congress Hall. Miss Frances Ann Wright delivered lectures there in 1829.

The White Horse Tavern stood on the north-west corner of Wash-



ington and Boylston streets. It was first kept by Joseph Morton.

The Bull's Head Tavern was built in 1774, and stood on the north-east corner of Congress and Water streets, the site, for several years prior to 1830, of the post-office, Merchants' Hall, and Topliff's Reading-room, and now occupied by the Massachusetts and Shawmut banks, and called the Howe building.

Concert Hall stood at the south-east corner of Hanover and Court streets. It was built in 1750, and was at one time occupied by the Deblois family. It was first occupied as a public house in 1791. It was famous for political meetings, fashionable dancing parties, and public exhibitions. Madrel exhibited his chess-player, conflagration of Moscow, and other wonderful pieces of mechanism there. The famous Belgian giant, Bihin, exhibited himself there. He was a well-proportioned man, and such was his height that the historian Motley stood under his armpits. Amherst Eaton was its landlord in the early days of the century. It was kept of late years by Peter B. Brigham, and was demolished in 1868, in order to widen Hanover street. The Scots' Charitable Society frequently held its meetings there.

The Lamb Tavern was built in 1745, and stood on the west side of Washington street, just beyond the corner of West street. Colonel Doty kept it in 1760, who was succeeded by Edward Kingman in 1826, and by Laban Adams, in whose honor the Adams House was named and opened in 1846. It was a popular resort of the country members of the Legislature.

The Lion Tavern was built in 1793, and stood just north of the Lamb Tavern, and occupied the site of the building for several years known as the Melodeon. In 1835 the tavern was converted into the Lion Theatre, which had a short-lived existence. It was then purchased by the Handel and Haydn Society, and occupied for musical purposes, lectures, and other entertainments. Rev. Theodore Parker began lecturing there soon after the famous South Boston sermon upon the transient and permanent in Christianity.

The North End Coffee House was built in 1782, and stood on the north-west corner of North and Fleet streets. It was kept by the grandfather of the illustrious David D. Porter.

The Bite Tavern was built in 1795, and stood in Faneuil Hall square, a little west of Change avenue. James M. Stevens was its last landlord. It was a favorite resort of market-men, and ceased to be a public house about a quarter of a century ago.

Holland's Coffee House was built in 1800, in Howard street, near Court street. It was afterwards called the Howard Street House, and kept by William Gallagher, whose tomb "erected by those connected with him by no tie of kindred, who knew, loved, and honored him," stands on Primrose Path in Mt. Auburn. It was afterwards called the Pemberton House. It was a favorite resort of literary, dramatic, and musical people. The Scots' Charitable Society frequently held its meetings there. It was destroyed by fire in 1854, and the site was occupied for a short time by a wooden circular structure

called Father Miller's Tabernacle, which, in turn, was burnt, when the Howard Athenæum rose upon its site.

The Eastern Stage House was built in 1806, and upon the site of No. 90 North street. It was from that spot that the first stage-coach in America started, in 1660, for Portsmouth (N.H.). It was first kept by Col. Ephraim Wildes, and afterwards by his son, Moses. It was built of brick, three stories high, and entered by a flight of steps, and contained sixty rooms. It was the most extensive stage rendezvous in Boston, accommodating the stages to Portsmouth, Portland, Bangor, and Maine, generally. The stages entered its spacious court-yard under an arch leading from North street. After an existence of forty years, it was demolished to make room for commercial improvements.

Earl's Coffee House was built in 1807, and was located at No. 24 Hanover street, upon the site, in part, of the present American House. It was kept by Hezekiah Earl, and was the head-quarters of the New York, Albany, and other stage lines.

Wilde's Tavern was built in the same year, and was located on the north-east corner of (new) Washington and Elm streets. It was demolished in 1874 to make room for the Washington-street extension.

Doolittle's City Tavern was also built in 1807, and stood on the north-west corner of (new) Washington and Brattle streets. It was the head-quarters of the Providence line of stages. It was demolished in 1874 to make room for the improvement before alluded to.

The Exchange Coffee House was

built in 1808, and stood on Congress street, upon the site of the present Howard Bank building, and at the time of its erection was the largest house of public entertainment in the United States. It extended through to Devonshire street, with an entrance on State street. It bounded 132 feet on Congress street, with a depth of 94 feet and upwards. It covered an area of 12,753 square feet, was seven stories in height, surmounted with a dome 101 feet in diameter. It had 210 apartments. Its erection was begun in 1805, and occupied two and a half years in construction. Commodore Hull, after capturing the *Guerrière* in 1812, had a public dinner given him there. The Grand Lodge of Freemasons, and some subordinate lodges, had their headquarters there. The Scots' Charitable Society frequently held its meetings there. It was destroyed by fire in 1818, rebuilt in 1822, with contracted dimensions, and in 1853 was demolished to give place to the City Exchange on Congress square and Devonshire street. James Wilson, the last of the town-criers, had his office in the Bell-in-Hand Tavern in the basement. At the time of the fire Hon. Henry Clay was a guest in the house, and worked bravely at the engine brakes. Hon. David Crockett, a famous member of Congress from Tennessee, lodged there during his visit to Boston in 1834. He addressed an audience from the eastern portico of the Old State House, and in expatiating upon the prospects of the country, predicted that it would extend within a score of years from the *Atlantic* to the "*Specific*." Among his witty sayings will be remembered, — "Be

sure you're right then go ahead." He died in 1841, fighting for Texan independence. It was kept in former days by Col. James Hamilton, afterwards by William Gallagher, Hart Davenport, and lastly by McGill & Fearing.

Washington Hotel was built in 1809, and stood in Bromfield street. It subsequently took the name of Indian Queen, and latterly Bromfield House. Selden Crockett was its last landlord. It ceased to be a public house about a dozen years since.

The Elm Street Hotel was built in 1812, and stood on the north-west corner of (new) Washington and (No. 9) Elm streets. It was kept by Hart Davenport. Its yard was obliterated in 1874 to make room for the Washington-street extension, and the building in 1882 for a site for commercial purposes.

The Massachusetts House was built in 1816, and still stands on the south-west corner of Endicott and Cross streets. It is a favorite resort of horse-jockeys and horse-fanciers.

Forster's Coffee House was built in 1817, and stood on the corner of Court and Howard streets. The Scots' Charitable Society frequently held its meetings there.

The Commercial Coffee House stood on the north-east corner of Milk and Batterymarch streets. It was built in 1817, and stood on the site of Hallowell's shipyard. It was kept by William Merriam in 1829, John Low in 1837, Col. Whitney in 1844, and lastly, in 1848, by James Longley, when it ceased to be a public house, and gave place to the Thorndike building. The preliminary meeting of the Mercantile Library Association was held there

in 1820. It was a favorite resort of Eastern people.

Washington Hotel (the second of that name) was erected in 1819, and stood on the north-west corner of Washington street and Worcester place. It was kept in 1836, and for a few years succeeding, by Amherst Eaton. The Washington House was built in 1820, and stood on the site of the present Washington market, on the south-west corner of Washington and Lenox streets. The Messrs. Cooley kept it, and it was a favorite resort for sleighing parties.

In 1821 William Fenno opened a tavern in Cornhill square, and afterwards on the east side of Theatre alley (Devonshire street), near the corner of Franklin, adjoining what was the site of the (old) Boston Theatre, and latterly in Province street, near the south-easterly corner of Bromfield street.

The Stackpole House was built in 1732, and was the mansion of William Stackpole, a noted Boston merchant. It stood on the north-east corner of Milk and Devonshire streets, and was first kept as a public house in 1823 by Rouillard, formerly of the Julien House, and was a favorite resort of the choice spirits of former days. It was afterwards kept by James W. Ryan. Among its last landlords was Alexander McGregor, a stalwart Scotchman, and descendant of Rev James McGregor who led the colony which made the first settlement in Derry (N.H.) in 1824. The Scots' Charitable Society, of which the landlord was a member, frequently held its meetings there. It was demolished in 1868, to make room for the post-office edifice.



The Sun Tavern (the third of that name) was built in 1801, and stood on the north-west corner of Batterymarch and Hamilton streets, and was the mansion of Benjamin Hallowell, who owned a ship-yard opposite to his residence. It was first kept as a public house in 1824 by Goodwich, and in 1841 by Cape-well, when it ceased to be a public house, and was demolished when Fort Hill was leveled in 1865. It was a popular resort of Eastern people.

The Lafayette Hotel was built in 1825, and stood on the east side of Washington street, opposite Boylston market. It was largely patronized by people from the country. Haskell was its landlord in 1836. The Scots' Charitable Society frequently held its meetings there.

The Tremont House was built in 1828, and opened October 1, 1829. It was owned by William H. Eliot, brother of the mayor of Boston 1837-1840. It was the prototype of the large caravanseries which dot the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Its first landlord was Dwight Boyden, who retired from its management in 1836 to assume that of the Astor House, which was opened May 1 in that year. It was the stopping-place of Webster on his way from Marshfield to Washington. It sheltered President Jackson upon his visit to Boston in 1833, a decade later President Tyler, and President Johnson in 1867. It was the temporary abode of Charles Dickens upon his first visit to America in 1842. Under its roof the Ashburton treaty, defining the north-eastern boundary between the United States and Great Britain, was negotiated by Lord Ashburton

on behalf of the mother country, Abbott Lawrence on the part of Massachusetts, and Edward Kent on the part of Maine. Some of the most renowned men in the world have fed at its tables and slept under its roof. It still lives in its pristine vigor, and will not yield the palm to any hostelry in the world.

The Franklin House was built in 1830, and stood on the west side of Merchants row, between North Market and North streets, opposite the head of Clinton street. It was a favorite resort of Eastern people. Joshua Sears, an eminent merchant on Long wharf, made it his home for several years.

The Shawmut House was built in 1831, and stood on the north side of Hanover street, and its site is now absorbed in the American House. The Scots' Charitable Society frequently held its meetings there.

Liberty Tree Tavern was built in 1833, and stood on the south-east corner of Washington and Essex streets, upon the identical spot where formerly stood the famous Liberty Tree, which was planted in 1646, and become famous in Stamp Act times, and was cut down by the British in 1775.

The Mount Washington House was built in 1834 by a company of which Hon. John K. Simpson was president, who occupied the "Old Feather Store" on the corner of Faneuil Hall square and North street, built in 1680. The company became bankrupt, and it was sold in 1839 to the Perkins Institute and New England Asylum for the Blind. Its location on Washington Heights admirably adapts it for the benevolent purpose for which it is now used.

The Maverick House was opened on Noddles or Williams Island on the 27th of May, 1835. At the date of its erection the island contained but a score of dwellings, two or three factories, and a half-dozen of mechanics' shops. Major Jabez W. Barton was its first landlord. It was built of wood, 94 feet long and 85 feet wide, six stories high, and contained more than eighty rooms. In 1838 its width was increased to 160 feet. C. M. Taft became its landlord in 1841. The house, stables, and furniture were sold in 1842 to John W. Fenno for \$62,500. The house was taken down in 1845 and a block of buildings erected by Noah Sturtevant. Different parts of the block were respectively occupied as a hotel, dwelling-houses, stores, and offices, until it was burnt January 25, 1857. A new building was erected upon its site, by Mr. Sturtevant, of iron and brick covered with mastic, 130 feet long on Maverick square, with an average width of 110 feet, and containing 180 rooms. It was opened February 23, 1858, and was called for a decade or more the Sturtevant House, when it resumed its former name of Maverick House. In its rear, on the 25th of September, 1819, a duel was fought by Lieutenants Finch and White between two elm-trees standing betwixt Meridian and Border streets, nearly opposite the Church of the Holy Redeemer. White fell and died upon the spot.

The Pearl Street House stood on the north-west corner of Milk and Pearl streets, and was built in 1816, and was the mansion of William Pratt. It was first occupied as a hotel in 1836. Colonel Shepherd was its first landlord. The Scots'

Charitable Society frequently held its meetings there. It was obliterated in the great fire of November 8, 1872.

The Perkins House was built in 1815, and was the mansion of Hon. Thomas H. Perkins, who donated it in 1833 to the Asylum for the Blind. It stood on the west side of Pearl street, about midway between Milk and High streets. It remained there under the management of Samuel G. Howe until the encroachments of business demanded its removal. In 1839 the institution was transferred to the Mount Washington House. The Perkins House was opened in that year under the management of a Scotchman named Thomas Gordon. It was a favorite resort of those who dined down-town. The Scots' Charitable Society, of which the landlord was a member, frequently held its meetings there. It ceased to be a public house in 1848, when it succumbed to the advancing waves of commerce.

The Congress House, built in the same year, was the mansion of Daniel Hammond, and stood on the north-east corner of Pearl and High streets. It was opened as a public house in 1840, and was kept by Hastings, until it was swept away in the great fire before alluded to.

The Greyhound Tavern stood on Washington street, opposite Vernon street, upon the site of Graham block. It was built in 1645, and was famous for the excellence of its punch, and was much resorted to by the convivial spirits of Boston and vicinity. Its last landlord was John Greateon. In 1752, and for many years subsequently, the Masonic fraternity celebrated St. John's day

there, and the courts sat there during the prevalence of small-pox in Boston. A catamount, caught in the woods about eighty miles from Boston, was exhibited there. It was a recruiting station for enlistments during the French war. Gen. Washington resided there during the winter of 1776. It ceased to be a tavern just after the Revolution. Such was its size that it contained forty fireplaces. On its site was erected the first fire-engine house in Roxbury. A portion of the building still stands in the rear of Graham block.

The Flower de Luce Tavern was built in 1687, and stood on the north-east corner of Bartlett and Blanchard streets. It was there, in 1698, that a meeting was held "to settle about the Muddy river people worshipping in their house." Its last landlord was Samuel Ruggles.

The Punch Bowl Tavern was built in 1729 by John Ellis, and stood in Brookline, about two hundred feet west from the boundary line between Roxbury and Brookline, upon the present site of Brookline gas-works, on the south-west corner of Washington street and Brookline avenue. It was a two-story hipped-roof house, and its enlargement from time to time, by the purchase and removal of old houses thither from Boston and vicinity, resulted in an aggregation of rooms of all sorts and sizes, and produced a new order of architecture, appropriately called "*conglomerate*." With its out-buildings it occupied a large space, and was of a yellowish color, with a seat running along the front under an overhanging projection of the second story. In front and near each end were large elm-trees. Under the west end stood

a pump, which still remains. Its sign, suspended by a high, red post, exhibited a huge bowl and ladle, overhung by a lemon-tree. It had a large dancing-hall, and was a favorite resort for gay parties from Boston and vicinity. It was patronized by British officers before the Revolution. The mill-dam and the bridges destroyed its usefulness, and it was bought by Isaac Thayer, and demolished in 1833, with the exception of one of its adjuncts, which now stands on the easterly side of Brookline avenue, nearly opposite Emerald street.

Kent's Tavern was built in 1747, and stood on the site of Grove Hall, built by, and for many years the mansion of, Thomas Kilby Jones, a famous auctioneer of Boston, and now known as the "Consumptives' Home," on the south-east corner of Washington street and Blue Hill avenue. It was originally the homestead of Samuel Payson, and was owned by John Goddard in the early part of the last century. It ceased to be a public house in 1796.

Hazlitt's Tavern stood on the corner of Washington and Palmer streets. It was built in 1764, and had a deer's head for a sign. Afterwards it was known as the "Roebuck Tavern," John Brooks being its last landlord. It was first occupied as a public house in 1820, and it was the place of refuge of Edmund Kean when driven by a mob from the (old) Boston Theatre, December 21, 1825.

The Peacock Tavern was built in 1765, and stood at the south-westerly corner of Centre and Allandale streets, near the famous mineral springs. It was kept by Capt. Samuel Childs, who led the minutemen



company of the third parish in the Lexington battle. It was purchased in 1794, with forty acres adjoining, by the patriot Samuel Adams, and he occupied it during his gubernatorial term as a summer residence, and afterward until the close of his honorable life.

On the north-west corner of Washington and Vernon streets, where Diamond block now stands, there formerly stood an old house, which was occupied in 1805 as the Old Red Tavern, kept by Martin Pierce.

The City Hotel was built of brick in 1804, and stood near the north-west corner of Washington and Zeigler streets, and was the mansion of George Zeigler. It ceased to be a public house about a third of a century ago.

Taft's Tavern stood at the north-west corner of Washington and South streets, near the Roslindale station, on the Dedham Branch railway. It was built in 1805, and first kept by Sharp & Dunster, and was long famous for good dinners. The widow of Samuel Burrill kept it during the War of 1812-1815. It is now the Roslindale Hotel.

The Norfolk House was built in 1781, and was the mansion of Joseph Ruggles, a well-known lawyer of that day. His uncle Joseph kept an inn in Roxbury in 1765. After the decease of Capt. Nathaniel Ruggles the mansion was the residence of Hon. David A. Simmons, who sold it to the Norfolk House Company in 1825, and it was opened in the following year as a public house, a large brick addition having been built containing a hall for public assemblies, known at first as Highland Hall,

subsequently as Norfolk Hall, which, in 1853, was moved to the rear. The old mansion now stands on the north side of Norfolk street, and is occupied as a tenement-house. It was the starting-point of the Roxbury hourly coaches, which began running to the Old South Church on the first of March, 1826; fare, twelve and a half cents. It ceased to be a public house a generation ago, and became the pioneer of that large class of domestic and social comforts designated as "family hotels," no less than sixty of which now stand where, half a century ago, the tide ebbed and flowed.

In 1635 Robert Long with his wife and ten children arrived from Dunstable (Eng.) at Charlestown, and in 1638 purchased the so-called "Great House," originally erected by Thomas Graves for the governor's residence, for court-meetings, and public religious worship, which stood in what is now City square, opposite the Waverley House, and the base of the Town Hill. In a few years it was abandoned. Long paid £30 for the premises, to be used as a tavern, or ordinary. No use of tobacco, no card-playing, and no throwing of dice was allowed. He was allowed the use of a pasture, provided he would fence it, for the use of the horses of the guests. He was liable to a fine of ten shillings for every offence of selling at a price exceeding sixpence for a meal, or taking more than a "penny for an ale-quart of beer out of meal-times," or for selling cake or buns except for marriages, burials, or like special occasions. The tavern was well known afterwards as "The Three Cranes." Mr. Long and his sons

following him carried on the house for three-quarters of a century. Robert, the first landlord, died January 9, 1664, and his widow May 27, 1687. In 1683 John, son of Robert, willed the house to his widow Mary, daughter of Increase Nowell. The estate had a brew-house attached to it. In 1711 the property was deeded by Mrs. Long to her son Samuel, and named in the deed as the "Great Tavern." Samuel, in 1712, sold it to Ebenezer Breed, when the house was called "The Old Tavern." The building was probably burnt in the destruction of Charlestown, on the day of the Battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775. Finally, the land was bought by the town, and is now part of City square.

The Cape Breton Tavern was built in 1731, and stood on the corner of Main street and Hancock square. It was burnt in the general conflagration of June 17, 1775.

The Ship Tavern was built in 1748, and stood on the south-east corner of Charles River avenue and Water street. It was kept by Benjamin Gerrish.

The Warren Tavern was built in 1775, and still stands on the south-west corner of Main and Pleasant streets. It was first kept by Eliphalet Newell. It was from that edifice that the procession connected with funeral ceremonies in honor of GEORGE WASHINGTON started on the 31st of December, 1799, when the nation mourned as one man the departed patriot, statesman, and chieftain, "upon whose like they should not look again."

Trumbull's Tavern stood on the north-east corner of Charles River

avenue and Water street. It was built in 1771.

The Indian Chief Tavern was built in 1779, and was the mansion of David Wood, an influential citizen of Charlestown. It occupied the site of Harvard Church. It was there that David Starrett, cashier of the Hillsboro', N.H., bank, was said to have been robbed and murdered on the evening of March 26, 1812. Suspicion attached to Samuel Gordon, the landlord. A reward of \$200 was offered for the recovery of his dead body, but without success. In 1814 Hon. Nathan Appleton received a letter from Starrett, in South America, whither he had fled owing to the insolvency of the bank. It contained a hall, in the second story, known as "Massachusetts Hall." It was removed in 1818 to the north-west corner of Main and Miller streets, and its name changed to Eagle Tavern. It still stands, although it ceased to be a public house a quarter of a century since.

The Mansion House stood on the south side of City square and north-west corner of Warren avenue. It was erected in 1780 by Hon. Thomas Russell as a family mansion, and occupied by him until his decease in 1796. It was afterwards occupied by Commodore John Shaw, John Soley, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons of Massachusetts, and Andrew Dunlap, U. S. District Attorney, who conducted the trial of the twelve pirates of the schooner "Pindu," in 1834. It was first occupied as a hotel in 1835, and kept by Gorham Bigelow, and afterwards by James Ramsay. It was demolished in 1866 to make room for the Waverley House.

Page's Tavern stood at the corner of Main and Gardner streets, and was afterwards known as "Richards'", and more latterly, "Babcock's." It was the starting-point of the Charlestown hourly coaches, which commenced running April 1, 1828, to Brattle street; fare, twelve and a half cents. Passengers were accommodated by being called for, or left at their residences on cross streets. It ceased to be a public house about a generation ago.

Piper's Tavern stood on the southwest corner of Main and Alford streets.

Pierce's Hotel stood on the northwest corner of Charles River avenue and Water street. It was built in 1795 by Hon. Thomas Russell for a family mansion; but he died just before its completion. In one of its rooms was a remarkable clock with a blue dial and moving figures of men, which appeared when the clock struck the hours, and then disappeared. The ordaining council of the first pastor of Harvard Church convened there. It was at one time occupied by Silas Whitney, Jr., who was buried from there with Masonic honors in 1824. Potter, the celebrated ventriloquist, held his exhibitions there, to the delight of the youngsters of that day. It was last kept by James Walker, and its name changed to the Middlesex House. It was destroyed by the great fire of August 28, 1835.

Robbin's Tavern stood on the west side of City square and southeast corner of Harvard street. It was built in 1796, and stood directly in the rear of the site of the Three

Cranes Tavern, before alluded to. It was demolished in 1816, and the Charlestown Town Hall erected upon its site, which, in turn, was demolished in 1863 to make room for the City Hall.

Ireland's Tavern was built in 1797, and stood on the north side of Cambridge street, near the Lowell Railroad bridge.

Yoelin's Tavern was built in 1798, and stood on the east side of City square and north-west corner of Chamber street. It was first occupied as a tavern in 1821, and was destroyed by the great fire before alluded to. The first meeting of the proprietors of Warren bridge was held there in 1828.

Copp's Tavern was built in 1799, and stood on the south side of City square, near the corner of Bow street. The building, which had ceased for some years to be occupied as a tavern, was demolished in 1866 to make room for the Waverley House.

*"Sic transit gloria mundi."*  
Thus have disappeared from time to time, with but few exceptions, the taverns, inns, and coffee-houses of the Town of Boston, while the bodily forms of those who took their ease in them have long since crumbled into dust. We will now resign to the pen of the local historian of a century hence to describe the mammoth hostelries of the City of Boston, which have arisen since the era of railways, steamships, electric telegraphs, ocean cables, telephones, electric lights, and other modern developments of science and art.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

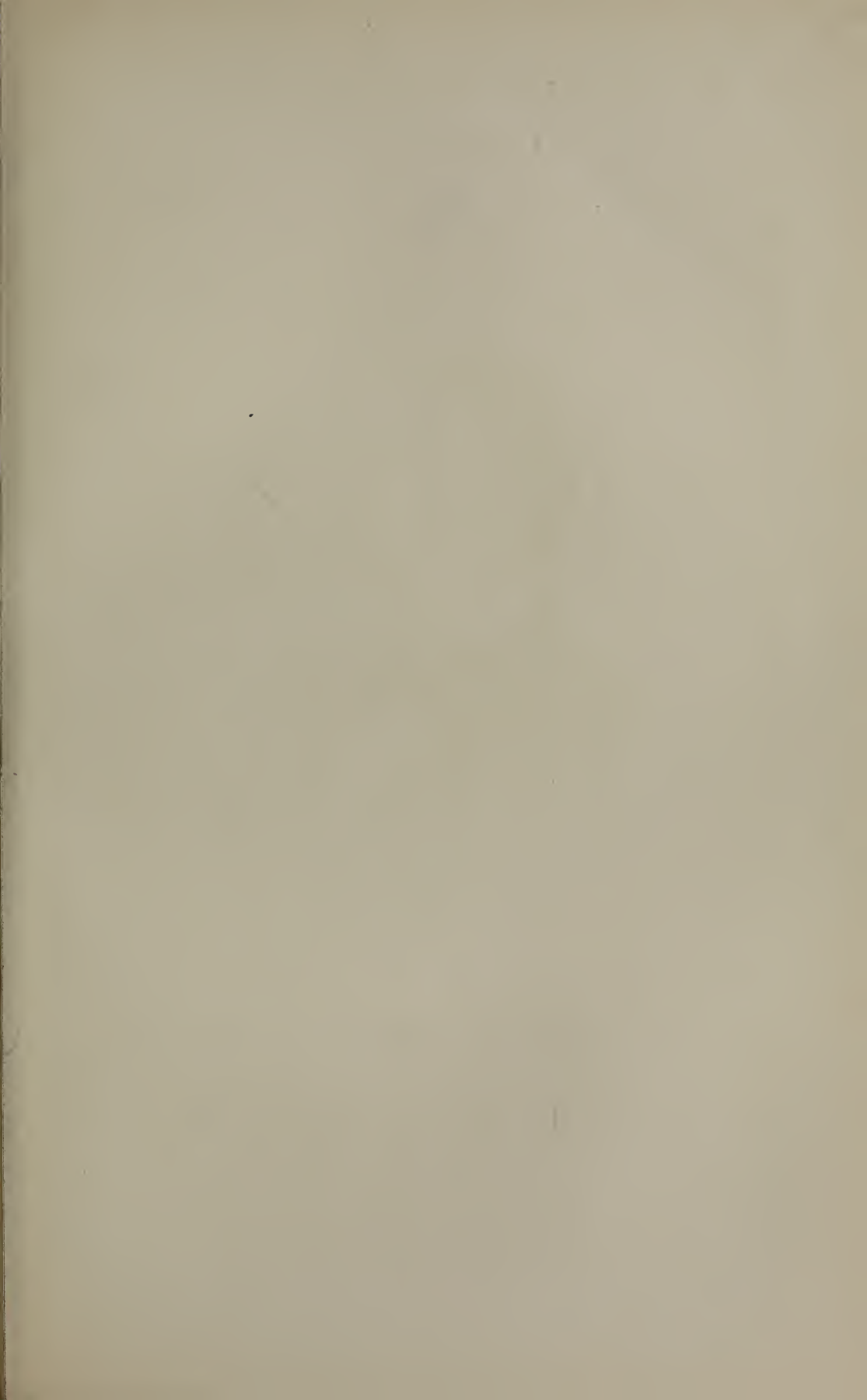
A CORRESPONDENT asks in connection with an article in the May number on "Town and City Histories," in which was incidentally mentioned the government of Western towns by trustees, the following question: "Can you tell me where I can find that government treated of; also, that of towns in the Middle and Southern States?" The question is a hard one to answer. Of the town meeting, that peculiarly New England institution, much has been written; but about the local forms of government prevalent in the States between the Hudson and the Pacific Ocean very little has found its way into print. The local historians seem to take it for granted that all these things are understood everywhere, and so shed little light on the question. The pages of this magazine will be open to any one who can give the desired information.

THE season of agricultural fairs, "cattle-shows" and the like, is about over. There is scarcely a county in New England, scarcely a State in the Union, but has had a fair of some sort or other. Most of them report better exhibits and larger attendance than ever before. Some few report a falling off in attendance. That all these fairs have done exhibitors much good is doubtful; that they have benefited the thinking portion of their attendants is unquestionable. Unfortunately, the thinking portion of a farming community is lamentably small. Most people go to a "cattle-show" to be amused; a few go to learn. The few that derive benefit from seeing the wonders of the earth collected in pens and on tables are helped just as a teacher gets benefit from a teacher's institute—both get food for thought. At the cattle-show the farmer *may* learn of new methods and see their results. The trouble is that the ordinary farmer goes to the fair for the same reason that the

average citizen buys a ticket to the menagerie—to see the circus. There are more clowns at a cattle-show than the sawdust ever saw. The horses may not be so pretty or gaudy, but they go faster. One man defended himself very frankly at the dinner of a county fair in this State when he said: "The Lord made horses to go, and I like to see them do it." This question of trotting or no trotting at the fair is not a new one; but with age it seems to acquire toughness,—like chickens, for instance.

But passing by the horse question, we come to the question of clowns, which is really a very serious one. It may be irreverent to compare "cattle-show" orators to circus clowns, but really the temptation is irresistible; and then they are the only features of the respective exhibitions that have speaking parts. Joking aside, there are important lessons which the speaking and the speakers at the recent fairs may teach us. We find that the candidate for office has become a great attraction, one which the fair-managers bid high for. They draw well, too.

This calls to mind this year's Salisbury Beach Festival, a time-honored institution which has degenerated into a money-making affair in these later days. This year there was, to be sure, a large crowd present, but yet the attendance was smaller than in any year for a long time. The number of people present was between 3,500 and 5,000. Prominent gentlemen in Essex County were advertised to address the crowd. The newspaper comment on the event is short and to the point: "There was no speaking, as the crowd was more interested in seeing the Lawrence Base Ball Club beat the Newburyporters, by a score of 9 to 7." Again: "The principal attractions were Professors Parker and Martin at the skating rink, and the 4,000-pound ox." *O Tempora! O Mores!*





F. J. WILSON SCULPTOR

Very truly yours  
D. L. Thompson



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## DANIEL LOTHROP.

By JOHN N. MCCLINTOCK, A. M.

The fame, character and prosperity of a city have often depended upon its merchants,—burghers they were once called to distinguish them from haughty princes and nobles. Through the enterprise of the common citizens, Venice, Genoa, Antwerp, and London have become famous, and have controlled the destinies of nations. New England, originally settled by sturdy and liberty-loving yeomen and free citizens of free English cities, was never a congenial home for the patrician, with inherited feudal privileges, but has welcomed the thrifty Pilgrim, the Puritan, the Scotch Covenanter, the French Huguenot, the Ironsides soldiers of the great Cromwell. The men and women of this fusion have shaped our civilization. New England gave its distinctive character to the American colonies, and finally to the nation. New England influences still breathe from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the great lakes to Mexico; and Boston, still the focus of the New England idea, leads national movement and progress.

Perhaps one of the broadest of these

influences—broadest inasmuch as it interpenetrates the life of our whole people—proceeds from the lifework of one of the merchants of Boston, known by his name and his work to the entire English speaking world: Daniel Lothrop, of the famous firm of D. Lothrop & Co., publishers—the people's publishing house. Mr. Lothrop is a good representative of this early New England fusion of race, temperament, fibre, conscience and brain. He is a direct descendant of John Lowthorpe, who, in the thirty-seventh year of Henry VIII. (1545), was a gentleman of quite extensive landed estates, both in Cherry Burton (four miles removed from Lowthorpe), and in various other parts of the country.

Lowthorpe is a small parish in the Wapentake of Dicking, in the East Riding of York, four and a half miles northeast from Great Driffeld. It is a perpetual curacy in the archdeaconry of York. This parish gave name to the family of Lowthorpe, Lothrop, or Lathrop. The Church, which was dedicated to St. Martin, and had for one of

its chaplains, in the reign of Richard II., Robert de Louthorp, is now partly ruined, the tower and chancel being almost entirely overgrown with ivy. It was a collegiate Church from 1333, and from the style of its architecture must have been built about the time of Edward III.

From this English John Lowthroppe the New England Lothrops have their origin:—

"It is one of the most ancient of all the famous New England families, whose blood in so many cases is better and purer than that of the so-called noble families in England. The family roll certainly shows a great deal of talent, and includes men who have proved widely influential and useful, both in the early and later periods. The pulpit has a strong representation. Educators are prominent. Soldiers prove that the family has never been wanting in courage. Lothrop missionaries have gone forth into foreign lands. The bankers are in the forefront. The publishers are represented. Art engraving has its exponent, and history has found at least one eminent student, while law and medicine are likewise indebted to this family, whose talent has been applied in every department of useful industry."\*

#### GENEALOGY.†

I. Mark Lothrop, the pioneer, the grandson of John Lowthroppe and a relative of Rev. John Lothrop, settled in Salem, Mass., where he was received as an inhabitant January 11, 1643-4. He was living there in 1652. In 1656 he was living in Bridgewater, Mass., of which town he was one of the proprietors, and in which he was prominent for about twenty-five years. He died October 25, 1685.

II. Samuel Lothrop, born before 1660, married Sarah Downer, and lived in Bridgewater. His will was dated April 11, 1724.

III. Mark Lothrop, born in Bridgewater September 9, 1689; married March 29, 1722, Hannah Alden [Born February 1, 1696; died 1777]. She was the daughter of Deacon Joseph Alden of Bridgewater, and great granddaughter of Honorable John and Priscilla (Mullins) Alden of Duxbury, of Mayflower

fame. He settled in Easton, of which town he was one of the original proprietors. He was prominent in Church and town affairs.

IV. Jonathan Lothrop, born March 11, 1722-3; married April 13, 1746, Susannah, daughter of Solomon and Susannah (Edson) Johnson of Bridgewater. She was born in 1723. He was a Deacon of the Church, and a prominent man in the town. He died in 1771.

V. Solomon Lothrop, born February 9, 1761; married Mehitabel, daughter of Cornelius White of Taunton; settled in Easton, and later in Norton, where he died October 19, 1843. She died September 14, 1832, aged 73.

VI. Daniel Lothrop, born in Easton, January 9, 1801; married October 16, 1825, Sophia, daughter of Deacon Jeremiah Horne of Rochester, N. H. She died September 23, 1848, and he married (2) Mary E. Chamberlain. He settled in Rochester, N. H., and was one of the public men of the town. Of the strictest integrity, and possessing sterling qualities of mind and heart Mr. Lothrop was chosen to fill important offices of public trust in his town and state. He repeatedly represented his town in the Legislature, where his sound practical sense and clear wisdom were of much service, particularly in the formation of the Free Soil party, in which he was a bold defender of the rights of liberty to all men. He died May 31, 1870.

VII. Daniel Lothrop, son of Daniel and Sophia (Horne) Lothrop, was born in Rochester, N. H., August 11, 1831.

"On the maternal side Mr. Lothrop is descended from William Horne, of Horne's Hill, in Dover, who held his exposed position in the Indian wars, and whose estate has been in the family name from 1662 until the present generation; but he was killed in the massacre of June 28, 1689. Through the Horne line, also, came descent from Rev. Joseph Hull, minister at Durham in 1662, a graduate at the University at Cambridge, England; from John Ham, of Dover; from the emigrant John Heard, and others of like vigorous stock. It was his ancestress, Elizabeth (Hull) Heard, whom the old historians call a "brave gentlewoman," who held her garrison house, the frontier fort in Dover in the Indian wars, and successfully defended it in the massacre of 1689. The father of the subject of this sketch was a man of sterling qualities, strong in mind and will, but commanding love as well as respect. The mother was a woman of outward beauty and beauty

\* *The Churchman*.

† From a genealogical memoir of the Lo-Lathrop family, by Rev. E. B. Huntington, 1884.

of soul alike; with high ideals and reverent conscientiousness. Her influence over her boys was life-long. The home was a centre of intelligent intercourse, a sample of the simplicity but earnestness of many of the best New Hampshire homesteads.\*

Descended, as is here evident, from men and women accustomed to govern, legislate, protect, guide and represent the people, it is not surprising to find the Lothrop of the present day of this branch standing in high places, shaping affairs, and devising fresh and far-reaching measures for the general good.

Daniel Lothrop was the youngest of the three sons of Daniel and Sophia Horne Lothrop. The family residence was on Haven's Hill, in Rochester, and it was an ideal home in its laws, influences and pleasures. Under the guidance of the wise and gentle mother young Daniel developed in a sound body a mind intent on lofty aims, even in childhood, and a character early distinguished for sturdy uprightness. Here, too, on the farm was instilled into him the faith of his fathers, brought through many generations, and he openly acknowledged his allegiance to an Evangelical Church at the age of eleven.

As a boy Daniel is remembered as possessing a retentive and singularly accurate memory; as very studious, seeking eagerly for knowledge, and rapidly absorbing it. His intuitive mastery of the relations of numbers, his grasp of the values and mysteries of the higher mathematics, was early remarkable. It might be reasonably expected of the child of seven who was brought down from the primary benches and lifted up to the blackboard to demonstrate a difficult problem in cube root to the big boys and girls of the upper class that he should make rapid and masterful business combinations in later life.

\* Rev. Alonzo H. Quint, D. D., in *Granite Monthly*.

At the age of fourteen he was sufficiently advanced in his studies to enter college, but judicious friends restrained him in order that his physique might be brought up to his intellectual growth, and presently circumstances diverted the boy from his immediate educational aspirations and thrust him into the arena of business:—the world may have lost a lawyer, a clergyman, a physician, or an engineer, but by this change in his youthful plans it certainly has gained a great publisher—a man whose influence in literature is extended, and who, by his powerful individuality, his executive force, and his originating brain has accomplished a literary revolution.

To understand the business career of Daniel Lothrop it will be necessary to trace the origin and progress of the firm of D. Lothrop and Company. On reaching his decision to remain out of college for a year he assumed charge of the drug store, then recently opened by his eldest brother, James E. Lothrop, who, desiring to attend medical lectures in Philadelphia, confidently invited his brother Daniel to carry on the business during his absence.

"He urged the young boy to take charge of the store, promising as an extra inducement an equal division as to profits, and that the firm should read 'D. Lothrop & Co.' This last was too much for our ambitious lad. When five years of age he had scratched on a piece of tin these magic words, opening to fame and honor, 'D. Lothrop & Co.,' nailing the embryo sign against the door of his play house. How then could he resist, now, at fourteen? And why not spend the vacation in this manner? And so the sign was made and put up, and thus began the house of 'D. Lothrop & Co.,' the name of which is spoken as a household word wherever the English language is used, and whose publications are loved in more than one of the royal families of Europe."\*

The drug store became very lucrative. The classical drill which had

\* Rev. Dr. Quint.



been received by the young druggist was of great advantage to him, his thorough knowledge of Latin was of immediate service, and his skill and care and knowledge was widely recognized and respected. The store became his college, where his affection for books soon led him to introduce them as an adjunct to his business.

Thus was he when a mere boy launched on a successful business career. His energy, since proved inexhaustible, soon began to open outward. When about seventeen his attention was attracted to the village of Newmarket as a desirable location for a drug store, and he seized an opportunity to hire a store and stock it. His executive and financial ability were strikingly honored in this venture. Having it in successful operation, he called the second brother, John C. Lothrop, who about this time was admitted to the firm, and left him in charge of the new establishment, while he started a similar store at Meredith Bridge, now called Laconia. The firm now consisted of the three brothers.

"These three brothers have presented a most remarkable spirit of family union. Remarkable in that there was none of the drifting away from each other into perilous friendships and moneyed ventures. They held firmly to each other with a trust beyond words. The simple word of each was as good as a bond. And as early as possible they entered into an agreement that all three should combine fortunes, and, though keeping distinct kinds of business, should share equal profits under the firm name of 'D. Lothrop & Co.' For thirty-six years, through all the stress and strain of business life in this rushing age, their loyalty has been preserved strong and pure. Without a question or a doubt, there has been an absolute unity of interests, although James E., President of the Cocheco Bank, and Mayor of the city of Dover, is in one city, John C. in another, and Daniel in still another, and each having the particular direction of the business which his enterprise and sagacity has made extensive and profitable." \*

\* Rev. Dr. Quint.

In 1850 occurred a point of fresh and important departure. The stock of books held by Elijah Wadleigh, who had conducted a large and flourishing book store in Dover, N. H., was purchased. Mr. Lothrop enlarged the business, built up a good jobbing trade, and also quietly experimented in publishing. The bookstore under his management also became something more than a commercial success: it grew to be the centre for the bright and educated people of the town, a favorite meeting place of men and women alive to the questions of the day.

Now, arrived at the vigor of young manhood, Mr. Lothrop's aims and high reaches began their more open unfoldment. He rapidly extended the business into new and wide fields. He established branch stores at Berwick, Portsmouth, Amesbury, and other places. In each of these establishments books were prominently handled. While thus immediately busy, Mr. Lothrop began his "studies" for his ultimate work. He did not enter the publishing field without long surveys of investigation, comparison and reflection. In need of that kind of vacation we call "change of work and scene," Mr. Lothrop planned a western trip. The bookstores in the various large cities on the route were sedulously visited, and the tastes and the demands of the book trade were carefully studied from many standpoints.

The vast possibilities of the Great West caught his attention and he hastened to grasp his opportunities. At St. Peter, in Minnesota, he was welcomed and resolved to locate. They needed such men as Mr. Lothrop to help build the new town into a city. The opening of the St. Peter store was characteristic of its young proprietor.

The extreme cold of October and No-

vember, 1856, prevented, by the early freezing of the Upper Mississippi, the arrival of his goods. Having contracted with the St. Peter company to erect a building, and open his store on the first day of December, Mr. Lothrop, thinking that the goods might have come as far as some landing place below St. Paul, went down several hundred miles along the shore visiting the different landing places. Failing to find them he bought the entire closing-out stock of a drug store at St. Paul, and other goods necessary to a complete fitting of his store, had them loaded, and with several large teams started for St. Peter. The same day a blinding snow storm set in, making it extremely difficult to find the right road, or indeed any road at all, so that five days were spent in making a journey that in good weather could have been accomplished in two. When within a mile of St. Peter the Minnesota river was to be crossed, and it was feared the ice would not bear the heavy teams; all was unloaded and moved on small sledges across the river, and the drug store *was opened on the day agreed upon*. The papers of that section made special mention of this achievement, saying that it deserved honorable record, and that with such business enterprise the prosperity of Minnesota Valley was assured.

He afterwards opened a banking house in St. Peter, of which his uncle, Dr. Jeremiah Horne, was cashier; and in the book and drug store he placed one of his clerks from the East, Mr. B. F. Paul, who is now one of the wealthiest men of the Minnesota Valley. He also established two other stores in the same section of country.

Various elements of good generalship came into play during Mr. Lothrop's occupancy of this new field, not only in directing his extensive business com-

binations in prosperous times, but in guiding all his interests through the financial panic of 1857 and 1858. By the failure of other houses and the change of capital from St. Peter to St. Paul, Mr. Lothrop was a heavy loser, but by incessant labor and foresight he squarely met each complication, promptly paid each liability in full. But now he broke in health. The strain upon him had been intense, and when all was well the tension relaxed, and making his accustomed visit East to attend to his business interests in New England, without allowing himself the required rest, the change of climate, together with heavy colds taken on the journey, resulted in congestion of the lungs, and prostration. Dr. Bowditch, after examination, said that the young merchant had been doing the work of twenty years in ten. Under his treatment Mr. Lothrop so far recovered that he was able to take a trip to Florida, where the needed rest restored his health.

For the next five years our future publisher directed the lucrative business enterprises which he had inaugurated, from the quiet book store in Dover, N. H., while he carefully matured his plans for his life's campaign—the publication, in many lines, of wholesome books for the people. Soon after the close of the Civil war the time arrived for the accomplishment of his designs, and he began by closing up advantageously his various enterprises in order to concentrate his forces. His was no ordinary equipment. Together with well-laid plans and inspirations, for some of which the time is not yet due, and a rich birth-right of sagacity, insight and leadership, he possessed also a practical experience of American book markets and the tastes of the people, trained financial ability, practiced judgment, literary

taste, and literary conscience ; and last, but not least, he had traversed and mapped out the special field he proposed to occupy, — a field from which he has never been diverted.

"The foundations were solid. On these points Mr. Lothrop has had but one mind from the first: 'Never to publish a work purely sensational, no matter what chances of money it has in it;' 'to publish books that will make true, steadfast growth in right living.' Not alone right thinking, but right living. These were his two determinations, rigidly adhered to, notwithstanding constant advice, appeals, and temptations. His thoughts had naturally turned to the young people, knowing from his own self-made fortunes, how young men and women need help, encouragement and stimulus. He had determined to throw all his time, strength and money into making good books for the young people, who, with keen imaginations and active minds, were searching in all directions for mental food. 'The best way to fight the evil in the world,' reasoned Mr. Lothrop, 'is to crowd it out with the good.' And therefore he bent the energies of his mind to maturing plans toward this object, — the putting good, helpful literature into their hands.

His first care was to determine the channels through which he could address the largest audiences. The Sunday School library was one. In it he hoped to turn a strong current of pure, healthful literature for those young people who, dieting on the existing library books, were rendered miserable on closing their covers, either to find them dry or obsolete, or so sentimentally religious as to have nothing in their own practical lives corresponding to the situations of the pictured heroes and heroines.

The family library was another channel. To make evident to the heads of households the paramount importance of creating a home library, Mr. Lothrop set himself to work with a will. In the spring of 1868 he invited to meet him a council of three gentlemen, eminent in scholarship, sound of judgment, and of large experience: the Reverend George T. Day, D. D., of Dover, N. H., Professor Heman Lincoln, D. D., of Newton Seminary, the Rev. J. E. Rankin, D. D., of Washington, D. C. Before them he laid his plans, matured and ready for their acceptance: to publish good, strong, attractive literature for the Sunday School, the

home, the town, and school library, and that nothing should be published save of that character, asking their co-operation as readers of the several manuscripts to be presented for acceptance. The gentlemen, one and all, gave him their heartiest God-speed, but they frankly confessed it a most difficult undertaking, and that the step must be taken with the strong chance of failure. Mr. Lothrop had counted that chance and reaffirmed his purpose to become a publisher of just such literature, and imparted to them so much of his own courage that before they left the room, all stood engaged as salaried readers of the manuscripts to come in to the new publishing house of D. Lothrop & Co., and during all these years no manuscripts have been accepted without the sanction of one or more of these readers.

The store, Nos. 38 and 40 Cornhill, Boston, was taken, and a complete refitting and stocking made it one of the finest bookstores of the city. The first book published was 'Andy Luttrell.' How many recall that first book! 'Andy Luttrell' was a great success, the press saying that 'the series of which this is the initiatory volume, marks a new era in Sunday School literature.' Large editions were called for, and it is popular still. In beginning any new business there are many difficulties to face, old established houses to compete with, and new ones to contest every inch of success. But tides turn, and patience and pluck won the day, until from being steady, sure and reliable, Mr. Lothrop's publishing business was increasing with such rapidity as to soon make it one of the solid houses of Boston. Mr. Lothrop had a remarkable instinct as regarded the discovering of new talent, and many now famous writers owe their popularity with the public to his kindness and courage in standing by them. He had great enthusiasm and success in introducing this new element, encouraging young writers, and creating a fresh atmosphere very stimulating and enjoyable to their audience. To all who applied for work or brought manuscript for examination, he had a hopeful word, and in rapid, clear expression smoothed the difficulty out of their path if possible, or pointed to future success as the result of patient toil. He always brought out the best that was in a person, having the rare quality of the union of perfect honesty with kind consideration. This new blood in the old veins of literary life, soon wrought a marvelous change in this class of literature. Mr. Lothrop had been wise enough to see that such would be the case, and he kept



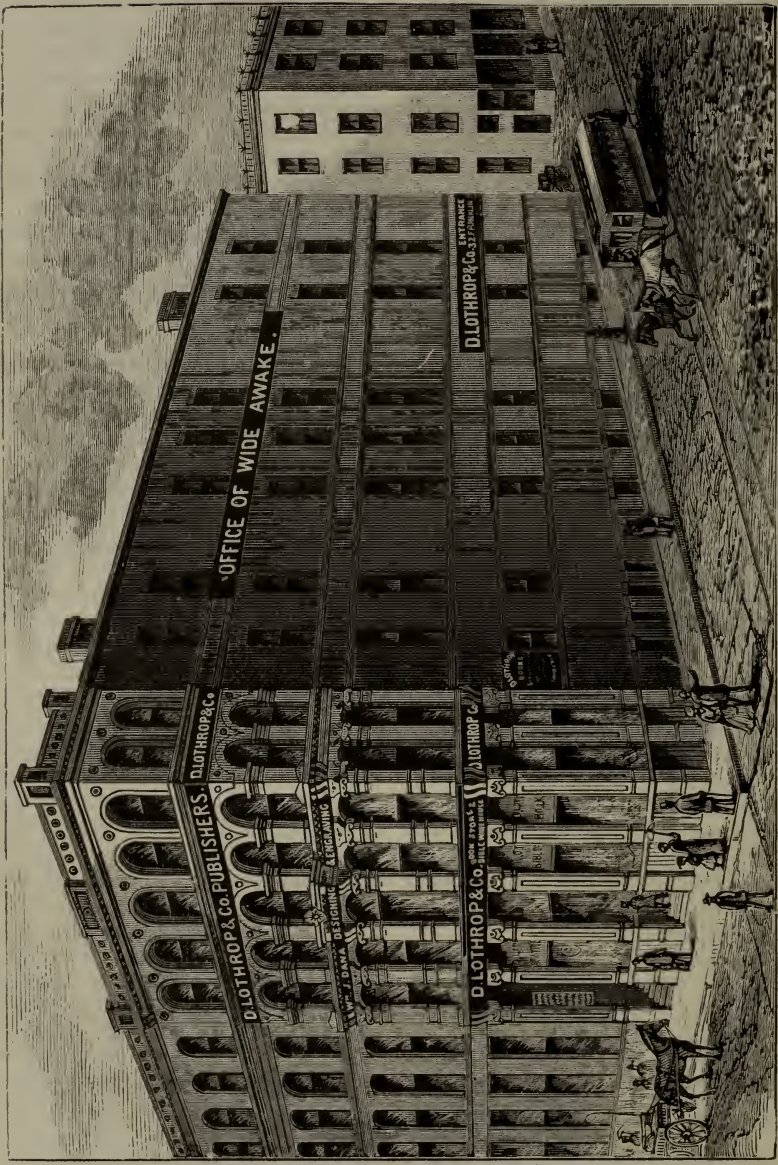
constantly on the lookout for all means that might foster ambition and bring to the surface latent talent. For this purpose he offered prizes of \$1,000 and \$500 for the best manuscripts on certain subjects. Such a thing had scarcely been heard of before and manuscripts flowed in, showing this to have been a happy thought. It is interesting to look back and find many of those young authors to be identical with names that are now famous in art and literature, then presenting with much fear and trembling, their first efforts.

Mr. Lothrop considered no time, money, or strength ill-spent by which he could secure the wisest choice of manuscripts. As an evidence of his success, we name a few out of his large list: 'Miss Yonge's Histories;' 'Spare Minute Series,' most carefully edited from Gladstone, George MacDonald, Dean Stanley, Thomas Hughes, Charles Kingsley; 'Stories of American History;' 'Lothrop's Library of Entertaining History,' edited by Arthur Gilman, containing Professor Harrison's 'Spain,' Mrs. Clement's 'Egypt,' 'Switzerland,' 'India,' etc.; 'Library of famous Americans, 1st and 2d series; George MacDonald's novels—Mr. Lothrop, while on a visit to Europe, having secured the latest novels by this author in manuscript, thus bringing them out in advance of any other publisher in this country or abroad, now issues his entire works in uniform style: 'Miss Yonge's Historical Stories;' 'Illustrated Wonders;' 'The Pansy Books,' of world-wide circulation;' 'Natural History Stories;' 'Poet's Homes Series;' S. G. W. Benjamin's 'American Artists;' 'The Reading Union Library,' 'Business Boy's Library,' library edition of 'The Odyssey,' done in prose by Butcher and Lang; 'Jowett's Thucydides;' 'Rosetti's Shakspeare,' on which nothing has been spared to make it the most complete for students and family use, and many others.

Mr. Lothrop is constantly broadening his field in many directions, gathering the rich thought of many men of letters, science and theology among his publications. Such writers as Professor James H. Harrison, Arthur Gilman, and Rev. E. E. Hale are allies of the house, constantly working with it to the development of pure literature; the list of the authors and contributors being so long as to include representatives of all the finest thinkers of the day. Elegant art gift books of poem, classic and romance, have been added with wise discrimination, until the list embraces sixteen hundred books, out of which last year were printed and sold 1,500,000 volumes.

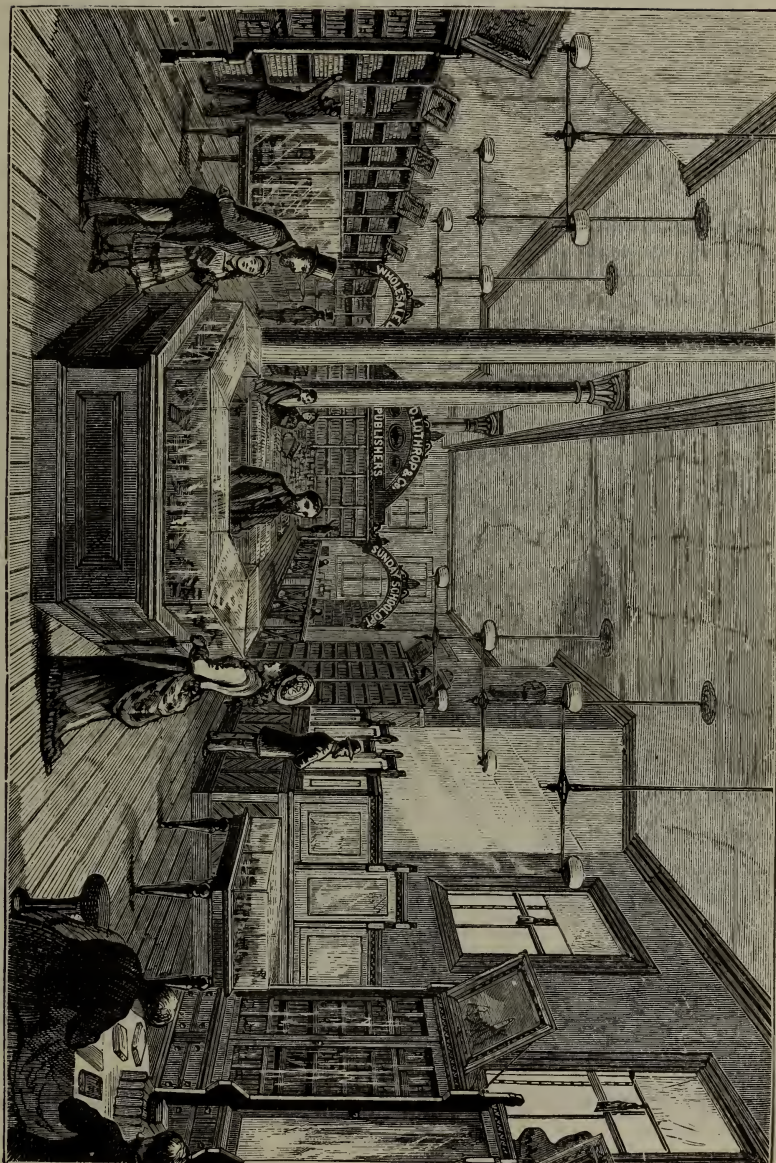
The great fire of 1872 brought loss to Mr. Lothrop among the many who suffered. Much of the hard-won earnings of years of toil was swept away in that terrible night. About two weeks later, a large quantity of paper which had been destroyed during the great fire had been replaced, and the printing of the same was in process at the printing house of Rand, Avery & Co., when a fire broke out there, destroying this second lot of paper, intended for the first edition of sixteen volumes of the celebrated \$1,000 prize books. A third lot of paper was purchased for these books and sent to the Riverside Press without delay. The books were at last printed, as many thousand readers can testify, an enterprise that called out from the Boston papers much commendation, adding, in one instance: 'Mr. Lothrop seems warmed up to his work.'

When the time was ripe, another form of Mr. Lothrop's plans for the creation of a great popular literature was inaugurated. We refer to the projection of his now famous 'Wide Awake,' a magazine into which he has thrown a large amount of money. Thrown it, expecting to wait for results. And they have begun to come. 'Wide Awake' now stands abreast with the finest periodicals in our country, or abroad. In speaking of 'Wide Awake' the Boston Herald says: 'No such marvel of excellence could be reached unless there were something beyond the strict calculations of money-making to push those engaged upon it to such magnificent results.' Nothing that money can do is spared for its improvement. Withal, it is the most carefully edited of all magazines; Mr. Lothrop's strict determination to that effect, having placed wise hands at the helm to co-operate with him. Our best people have found this out. The finest writers in this country and in Europe are giving of their best thought to filling its pages, the most celebrated artists are glad to work for it. Scientific men, professors, clergymen, and all heads of households give in their testimony of its merits as a family magazine, while the young folks are delighted with it. The fortune of 'Wide Awake' is sure. Next Mr. Lothrop proceeded to supply the babies with their own especial magazine. Hence came bright, winsome, sparkling 'Babyland.' The mothers caught at the idea. 'Babyland' jumped into success in an incredibly short space of time. The editors of 'Wide Awake,' Mr. and Mrs. Pratt, edit this also, which ensures it as safe, wholesome and sweet to put into baby's hands. The intervening spaces between 'Babyland' and 'Wide



EXTERIOR VIEW OF D. LOTHROP & CO.'S PUBLISHING HOUSE.





INTERIOR VIEW OF D. LOTHROP & CO.'S PUBLISHING HOUSE.



Awake' Mr. Lothrop soon filled with 'Our Little Men and Women,' and 'The Pansy.' Urgent solicitations from parents and teachers who need a magazine for those little folks, either at home or at school, who were beginning to read and spell, brought out the first, and Mrs. G. R. Alden (Pansy) taking charge of a weekly pictorial paper of that name, was the reason for the beginning and growth of the second. The 'Boston Book Bulletin,' a quarterly, is a medium for acquaintance with the best literature, its prices, and all news current pertaining to it.

'The Chatauqua Young Folk's Journal' is the latest addition to the sparkling list. This periodical was a natural growth of the modern liking for clubs, circles, societies, reading unions, home studies, and reading courses. It is the official voice of the Chatauqua Young Folks Reading Union, and furnishes each year a valuable and vivacious course of readings on topics of interest to youth. It is used largely in schools. Its contributors are among our leading clergymen, lawyers, university professors, critics, historians and scientists, but all its literature is of a popular character, suited to the family circle rather than the study. Mr. Lothrop now has the remarkable success of seeing six flourishing periodicals going forth from his house.

In 1875, Mr. Lothrop, finding his Cornhill quarters inadequate, leased the elegant building corner Franklin and Hawley streets, belonging to Harvard College, for a term of years. The building is 120 feet long by 40 broad, making the salesroom, which is on the first floor, one of the most elegant in the country. On the second floor are Mr. Lothrop's offices, also the editorial offices of 'Wide Awake,' etc. On the third floor are the composing rooms and mailing rooms of the different periodicals, while the bindery fills the fourth floor.

This building also was found small; it could accommodate only one-fourth of the work done, and accordingly a warehouse on Purchase street was leased for storing and manufacturing purposes.

In 1879 Mr. Lothrop called to his assistance a younger brother, Mr. M. H. Lothrop, who had already made a brilliant business record in Dover, N. H., to whom he gives an interest in the business. All who care for the circulation of the best literature will be glad to know that everything indicates the work to be steadily increasing toward complete development of Mr. Lothrop's life-long purpose.\*

\* *The Paper World.*

This man of large purposes and large measures has, of course, his sturdy friends, his foes as sturdy. He has, without doubt, an iron will. He is, without doubt, a good fighter—a wise counselor. Approached by fraud he presents a front of granite; he cuts through intrigue with sudden, forceful blows. It is true that the sharp bargainer, the overreaching buyer he worsts and puts to confusion and loss without mercy. But, no less, candor and honor meet with frankness and generous dealing. He is as loyal to a friend as to a purpose. His interest in one befriended and taken into trust is for life. It has been more than once said of this immovable business man that he has the simple heart of a boy.

Mr. Lothrop's summer home is in Concord, Mass. His house, known to literary pilgrims of both continents as "The Wayside," is a unique, many gabled old mansion, situated near the road at the base of a pine-covered hill, facing broad, level fields, and commanding a view of charming rural scenery. Its dozen green acres are laid out in rustic paths; but with the exception of the removal of unsightly underbrush, the landscape is left in a wild and picturesque state. Immediately in the rear of the house, however, A. Bronson Alcott, a former occupant, planned a series of terraces, and thereon is a system of trees. The house was commenced in the seventeenth century and has been added to at different periods, and withal is quaint enough to satisfy the most exacting antiquarian. At the back rise the more modern portions, and the tower, wherein was woven the most delightful of American romances, and about which cluster tender memories of the immortal Hawthorne. The boughs of the whispering pines almost touch the lofty windows.

The interior of the dwelling is seemly..

It corresponds with the various eras of its construction. The ancient low-posted rooms with their large open fire-places, in which the genial hickory crackles and glows as in the olden time, have furnishings and appointments in harmony. The more modern apartments are charming, the whole combination making a most delightful country house.

Mr. Lothrop's enjoyment of art and his critical appreciation is illustrated here as throughout his publications, his

house being adorned with many exquisite and valuable original paintings ; and there is, too, a certain literary fitness that his home should be in this most classic spot, and that the mistress of this home should be a lady of distinguished rank in literature, and that the fair baby daughter of the house should wear for her own the name her mother has made beloved in thousands of American and English households.



"THE WAYSIDE."





By MRS. M. J. DAVIS.

One of the most important questions now occupying the minds of the world's deepest and best thinkers, is the intellectual, physical, moral, and political position of woman.

Men are beginning to realize a fact that has been evident enough for ages : that the current of civilization can never rise higher than the springs of motherhood. Given the ignorant, debased mothers of the Turkish harem, and the inevitable result is a nation destitute of truth, honor or political position. All

the power of the Roman legions, all the wealth of the imperial empire, could not save the throne of the Cæsars when the Roman matron was shorn of her honor, and womanhood became only the slave or the toy of its citizens. Men have been slow to grasp the fact that women are a "true constituent of the bone and sinew of society," and as such should be trained to bear the part of "bone and sinew." It has been finely said, "that as times have altered and conditions varied, the respect has varied



# The Library



in which woman has been held. At one time condemned to the field and counted with the cattle, at another time condemned to the drawing-room and inventoried with marbles, oils and water-colors; but only in instances comparatively rare, acknowledged and recognized in the fullness of her moral and intellectual possibilities, and in the beautiful completeness of her personal dignity, prowess and obligation."

Various and widely divergent as opinions are in regard to woman's place in the political sphere, there is fast coming to be unanimity of thought in regard to her intellectual development. Even in Turkey, fathers are beginning to see that their daughters are better, not worse, for being able to read and write, and civilization is about ready to concede that the intellectual, physical and moral possibilities of woman are to-



# Art Department

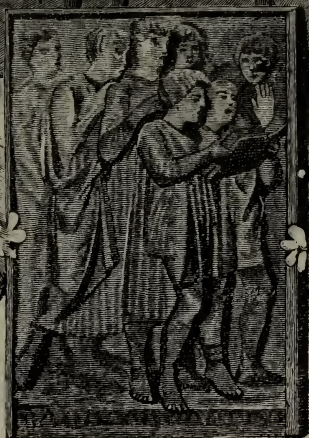


Painting

be the only limits to her attainment. Vast strides in the direction of the higher and broader education of women have been made in the quarter of a century since John Vassar founded on the banks of the Hudson the noble college for women that bears his name; and others have been found who have lent willing hands to making broad the highway that leads to an ideal womanhood. Wellesley and Smith, as well as Vassar find their limits all too small for the throngs of eager girlhood that are

pressing toward them. The Boston University, honored in being first to open professional courses to women, Michigan University, the New England Conservatory, the North Western University of Illinois, the Wesleyan Universities, both of Connecticut and Ohio, with others of the colleges of the country, have opened their doors and welcomed women to an equal share with men, in their advantages. And in the shadow of Oxford, on the Thames, and of Harvard, on the Charles, wom-

## ART DEPARTMENT



## MODELING

anly minds are growing, womanly lives are shaping, and womanly patience is waiting until every barrier shall be removed, and all the green fields of learning shall be so free that whosoever will may enter.

Among the foremost of the great educational institutions of the day, the New England Conservatory of Music takes rank, and its remarkable development

and wonderful growth tends to prove that the youth of the land desire the highest advantages that can be offered them. More than thirty years ago the germ of the idea that is now embodied in this great institution, found lodgment in the brain of the man who has devoted his life to its development. Believing that music had a positive in-





fluence upon the elevation of the world hardly dreamed of as yet even by its most devoted students, Eben Tourjee returned to America from years of musical study in the great Conservatories of Europe. Knowing from personal observation the difficulties that lie in the way of American students, especially of

young and inexperienced girls who seek to obtain a musical education abroad, battling as they must, not only with foreign customs and a foreign language, but exposed to dangers, temptations and disappointments, he determined to found in America a music school that should be unsurpassed in the world. Accept-

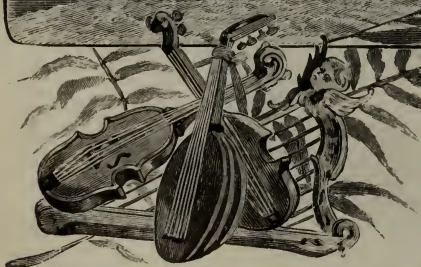


ing the judgment of the great masters, Mendelssohn, David, and Joachim, that the conservatory system was the best possible system of musical instruction, doing for music what a college of liberal arts does for education in general, Dr. Tourjee in 1853, with what seems to have been large and earnest faith, and most entire devotion, took the first public steps towards the accomplishment of his purpose. During the long years his plan developed step by step. In 1870

the institution was chartered under its present name in Boston. In 1881 its founder deeded to it his entire personal property, and by a deed of trust gave the institution into the hands of a Board of Trustees to be perpetuated forever as a Christian Music School.

In the carrying out of his plan to establish and equip an institution that should give the highest musical culture, Dr. Tourjee has been compelled, in order that musicians educated here





## The Cabinet

should not be narrow, one-sided specialists only, but that they should be cultured men and women, to add department after department, until to-day under the same roof and management there are well equipped schools of Music, Art, Elocution, Literature, Languages, Tuning, Physical Culture, and a home with the safeguards of a Christian family life for young women students.

When, in 1882, the institution moved from Music Hall to its present quarters

in Franklin Square, in what was the St. James Hotel, it became possessed of the largest and best equipped conservatory buildings in the world. It has upon its staff of seventy-five teachers, masters from the best schools of Europe. During the school year ending June 29, 1884, students coming from forty-one states and territories of the Union, from the British Provinces, from England and from the Sandwich Islands, have received instruction there. The growth



of this institution, due in such large measure to the courage and faith of one man, has been remarkable, and it stands to-day self-supporting, without one dollar of endowment, carrying on alone its noble work, an institution of which Boston, Massachusetts and America may well be proud. From the first its invitation has been without limitation. It began with a firm belief that "what it is in the nature of a man or woman to become, is a Providential indication of what God wants it to become, by improvement and development," and it offered to men and women alike the same advantages, the same labor, and the same honor. It is working out for itself the problem of co-education, and it has never had occasion to take one backward step in the path it has chosen.

Money by the millions has been poured out upon the schools and colleges of the land, and not one dollar too much has been given, for the money

that educates is the money that saves the nation.

Among those who have been made stewards of great wealth some liberal benefactor should come forward in behalf of this great school, that, by eighteen years of faithful living, has proved its right to live. Its founder says of it: "The institution has not yet compassed my thought of it." Certainly it has not reached its possibilities of doing good. It needs a hall in which its concerts and lectures can be given, and in which the great organ of Music Hall, may be placed. It needs that its chapel, library, studios, gymnasium and recitation rooms should be greatly enlarged to meet the actual demands now made upon them. It needs what other institutions have needed and received, a liberal endowment, to enable it, with them, to meet and solve the great question of the day, the education of the people.



**SKETCH OF SAUGUS.**

By E. P. ROBINSON.

Saugus lies about eight miles north-east of Boston. It was incorporated as an independent town February 17, 1815, and was formerly a part of Lynn, which once bore the name of Saugus, being an Indian name, and signifies great or extended. It has a taxable area of 5,880 acres, and its present population may be estimated at about 2,800, living in 535 houses. The former boundary between Lynn and Suffolk County ran through the centre of the "Boardman House," in what is now Saugus, and standing near the line between Melrose and Saugus, and is one of the oldest houses in the town. It has forty miles of accepted streets and roads, which are proverbial as being kept in the very best condition. Its public buildings are a Town Hall, a wooden structure, of Gothic architecture, with granite steps and underpinning, and has a seating capacity of seven hundred and eighty persons. It is considered to be the handsomest wooden building in Essex County, and cost \$48,000. The High School is accommodated within its walls, and beside offices for the various boards of town officers; on the lower floor it has a room for a library. The upper flight has an auditorium with ante-rooms at the front and rear, a balcony at the front, seats one hundred and eighty persons, and a platform on the stage at the rear. It was built in 1874-5. The building committee were E. P. Robinson, Gilbert Waldron, J. W. Thomas, H. B. Newhall, Wilbur F. Newhall, Augustus B. Davis, George N. Miller, George H. Hull, Louis P. Hawkes, William F. Hitchings, E. E.

Wilson, Warren P. Copp, David Knox, A. Brad. Edmunds and Henry Sprague. E. P. Robinson was chosen chairman and David Knox secretary. The architects were Lord & Fuller of Boston, and the work of building was put under contract to J. H. Kibby & Son of Chelsea.

The town also owns seven commodious schoolhouses, in which are maintained thirteen schools—one High, three Grammar, three Intermediate, three Primaries, one sub-Primary and two mixed schools, the town appropriating the sum of six thousand dollars therefor. There are five Churches—Congregational, Universalist, and three Methodist, besides two societies worshipping in halls (the St. John's Episcopal Mission and the Union at North Saugus). After the schism in the old Third Parish about 1809, the religious feud between the Trinitarians and the Unitarians became so intense that a lawsuit was had to obtain the fund, the Universalists retaining possession. The Trinitarians then built the old stone Church, under the direction of Squire Joseph Eames, which, as a piece of architecture, did not reflect much credit on builder or architect. It is now used as a grocery and post office; their present place of worship was built in 1852. The Church edifice of the old Third was erected in 1738, and was occupied without change until 1859, when it was sold and moved off the spot, and the site is now marked by a flag staff and band stand, known as Central Square. The old Church was moved a short distance and converted into tenements with a store underneath. The Universalist society built their present Church

in 1860. The town farm consists of some 280 acres, and has a fine wood lot of 240 acres, the remainder being valuable tillage, costing in 1823 \$4,625.

The town is rich in local history and has either produced or been the residence of a number of notable men and women.



M. E. CHURCH, CLIFTONDALE.

Judge William Tudor, the father of the ice business, now so colossal in its proportions, started the trade here, living on what is now the poor farm. The Saugus Female Seminary once held quite a place in literary circles, Cornelius C. Felton, afterward president of Harvard College, being its "chore boy" (the remains of his parents lie in the cemetery near by). Fanny Fern, the sister of N. P. Willis, the wife of James Parton, the celebrated biog-

rapher, as well as two sisters of Dr. Alexander Vinton, pursued their studies here, together with Miss Flint, who married Honorable Daniel P. King, member of Congress for the Essex District, and Miss Dustin, who became the wife of Eben Sutton, and who has been so devoted and interested in the library

of the Peabody Institute. Mr. Emerson, the preceptor, was for a time the pastor of the Third Parish of Lynn (now Saugus Universalist society), where Parson Roby preached for a period of fifty-three years — more than half a century, with a devotion and fidelity that greatly endeared him to his people. In passing we give the items of his salary as voted him in 1747, taken from the records of the Parish, being kindly furnished by the Clerk, Mr. W. F. Hitchings: "A suitable house and barn, standing in a suitable

place; pasturing and sufficient warter meet for two Cows and one horse—the winter meet put in his barn; the improvement of two acres of land suitable to plant and to be kept well fenced; sixty pounds in lawful silver money, at six shillings and eight pence per ounce; twenty cords of wood at his Dore, and the Loose Contributions; and also the following artikles, or so much money as will purchase them, viz: Sixty Bushels Indian Corn, forty-one Bushels of Rye, Six



hundred pounds wait of Pork and Eight Hundred and Eighty Eight pounds wait of Beefe."

This would be considered a pretty liberal salary even now for a suburban people to pay. From the records of his parish it would seem he always enjoyed the love and confidence of his people, and was sincerely mourned by them at his death, which occurred January 31, 1803, at the advanced age of eighty years, and as stated above in the fifty-third year of his ministry. Among other good works and mementoes which he left behind him was the "Roby Elm," set out with his own hand, and which is now more than one hundred and twenty-five years old. It is in an excellent state of preservation, and with its perfectly conical shape at the top, attracts marked attention from all lovers and observers of trees. Among the names of worthy citizens who have impressed themselves upon the memory of their survivors, either as business men of rare executive ability, or as merchants of strict integrity, or scholars and men of literary genius, lawyers, artists, writers, poets, and men of inventive genius, we will first mention as eldest on the list "Landlord" Jacob Newhall, who used to keep a tavern in the east part of the town and gave "entertainment to man and beast" passing between Boston and Salem, notably so to General Washington on his journey from Boston to Salem in 1797, and later to the Marquis De Lafayette in 1824, when making a similar journey. We also mention Zaccheus Stocker, Jonathan Makepeace, Charles Sweetser, Dr. Abijah Cheever, Benjamin F. Newhall and Benjamin Hitchings. These last all held town office with great credit to themselves and their constituents.

Benjamin F. Newhall was a man of versatile parts. Beside writing rhymes

he preached the Gospel, and was at one time County Commissioner for Essex County.

To these may be added Salmon Snow, who held the office of Selectman for several years, and also kept the poor of Saugus for many years with great acceptance. He was a man of good judgment, strong in his likes and dislikes, and bitter in his resentments. George Henry Sweetser was also a Selectman for years, and was elected to the Legislature for both branches, being Senator for two terms. Frederick Stocker, noted as a manufacturer of brick, was also a man of sterling qualities, and shared in the confidence and esteem of his fellow citizens. Joseph Stocker Newhall, a manufacturer of roundings in sole leather, was a just man, of positive views, and although interesting himself in the political issues of the day would not take office. Eminently social he was at times somewhat abrupt and laconic in denouncing what he conceived to be shams. As a manufacturer his motto was, "the laborer is worthy of his hire." He died in 1875, aged 67 years. George Pearson was Treasurer of the town and one of the Selectmen, and also Treasurer and Deacon of the Orthodox parish for twenty-five years, living to the advanced age of eighty-seven years. He died in 1883.

Later, about 1837, Edward Pranker, an Englishman, and Francis Scott, a Scotchman, became noted for their woollen factories, which they built in Saugus, and also became residents here for the rest of their lives. Enoch Train, too, a Boston ship merchant and founder of the famous line of packets between Boston and Liverpool for the transportation of emigrants, passed the last ten years of his life here, marrying Mrs. Almira Cheever. He was the father of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, the

author of many works of fiction, which have been widely read; among them "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," "Odd or Even," "Sights and Insights," etc. In this connection we point to a living novelist of Saugus, Miss Ella Thayer, whose "Wired Lore" has been through several editions. George William Phillips, brother of Wendell, a lawyer of some note, also lived many years at Saugus and died in 1878. Joseph Ames, the artist, celebrated for his portraits, who was commissioned by the Catholics to visit Rome and paint Pope Pius IX., and who executed in a masterly manner other commissions, such as Rufus Choate, Daniel Webster, Abraham Lincoln, Madames Rachael and Ristori, learned the art in Saugus, though born in Roxbury, N. H. He died at New York while temporarily painting there, but was buried in Saugus in 1874. His brother Nathan was a patent solicitor, and considered an expert in such matters, and invented several useful machines. He was also a writer of both prose and poetry, writing among other books "Pirate's Glen," "Dungeon Rock" and "Childe Harold." He died in 1860.

Rev. Fales H. Newhall, D. D., who was Professor of Languages at Middletown College, and who, as a writer, speaker or preacher, won merited distinction, died in 1882, lamented that his light should go prematurely out at the early age of 56 years.

Henry Newhall, who went from Saugus to San Francisco, and there became a millionaire, may be spoken of as a successful business man and merchant. The greatest instance of longevity since the incorporation of the town was that of Joseph Cheever, who was born February 22, 1772, and died June 19, 1872, aged 100 years, 4 months, 27 days. He was a farmer of great energy, indus-

try and will power, and was given to much litigation. He, too, represented the town in 1817-18, 1820-21, 1831-32, and again in 1835.

Saugus, too, was the scene of the early labors of Rev. Edward T. Taylor, familiarly known as Father Taylor. Here he learned to read, and preached his first sermon at what was then known as the "Rock Schoolhouse," at East Saugus, though converted at North Saugus. Mrs. Sally Sweetser, a pious lady, taught him his letters, and Mrs. Jonathan Newhall used to read to him the chapter in the Bible from which he was to preach until he had committed it to memory.

North Saugus is a fine agricultural section with table land, pleasant and well watered, well adapted to farming purposes, and it was here that Adam Hawkes, the first of this name in this county, settled with his five sons in 1630, and took up a large tract of land. He built his house on a rocky knoll, the spot being at the intersection of the road leading from Saugus to Lynnfield with the Newburyport turnpike, known as Hawkes' Corner. This house being burned the bricks of the old chimney were put into another, and when again this chimney was taken down a few years ago there were found bricks with the date of 1601 upon them. This shows, evidently, that the bricks were brought from England. This property is now in the hands of one of his lineal descendants, Louis P. Hawkes, having been handed down from sire to son for more than 250 years. On the 28th and 29th of July, 1880, a family reunion of the descendants of Adam Hawkes was held to celebrate the 250th anniversary of his advent to the soil of Saugus. It was a notable meeting, and brought together the members of this respected and respectable

family from Maine to California. Two large tents were spread and the trees and buildings were decorated with flags and mottoes in an appropriate and tasteful manner. Judges, Generals, artists, poets, clergymen, lawyers, farmers and mechanics were present to participate in the re-union. Addresses were made, poems suitable to the occasion rendered, and all passed off in a most creditable manner. Among the antique and curious documents in the possession of Samuel Hawkes was the "division of the estate of Adam Hawkes, made March 27, 1672."

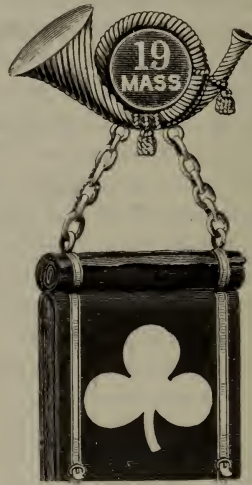
Mrs. Dinsmore resided in this part of the town. A most amiable woman, a good nurse, kind in sickness, and it was in this way that she discovered a most valuable medicine. Her specific is claimed to be very efficacious in cases of croup and kindred diseases, and its use in such cases has become very general, as well as for headache. She is almost as widely known as Lydia Pinkham. She died in 1881.



MRS. DINSMORE.

Saugus nobly responded to the call for troops to put down the rebellion, furnishing a large contingent for Company K, Seventeenth Massachusetts Volunteers, which was recruited almost wholly from Malden and Saugus, un-

der command of Captain Simonds of Malden. Thirty-six Saugus men also enlisted in Company A, Fortieth Massachusetts Volunteers, while quite a number joined the gallant Nineteenth Regiment, Col. E. W. Hinks, whose name Post 95, G. A. R., of Saugus bears, which is a large and flourishing organization. There were many others who enlisted in various other regiments, beside those who served in the navy.



NINETEENTH REGIMENT BADGE.

Charles A. Newhall of this town is secretary and treasurer of the Nineteenth Regiment association, whose survivors still number nearly one hundred members.

#### THE OLD IRON WORKS.

These justly celebrated works, the first of their kind in this country, were situated on the west bank of the Saugus river, about one-fourth of a mile north of the Town Hall, on the road leading to Lynnfield, and almost immediately opposite the mansion of A. A. Scott, Esq., the present proprietor of the woolen mills which are located just above, the site of the old works being still marked by a mound of scoria and



debris, the locality being familiarly known as the "Cinder Banks." Iron ore was discovered in the vicinity of these works at an early period, but no attempt was made to work it until 1643. The Braintree iron works, for which some have claimed precedence, were not commenced until 1647, in that part of the town known as Quincy.

Among the artisans who found employment and scope for their mechanical skill at these works was Mr. Joseph Jenks who, when the colonial mint was started to coin the "Pine Tree Shilling," made the die for the first impressions at the Iron works at Saugus.

The old house, formerly belonging to the Thomas Hudson estate of sixty-nine acres first purchased by the Iron Works, is still standing, and is probably one of the oldest in Essex County, although it has undergone so many repairs that it is something like the boy's jack-knife, which belonged to his grandfather and had received three new blades and two new handles since he had known it. One of the fire-places, with all its modernizing, a few years ago measured about thirteen feet front, and its whole contour is yet unique. It is now owned by A. A. Scott and John B. Walton.

Near Pranker's Pond, on Appleton street, is a singular rock resembling a pulpit. This portion of the town is known as the Calemount.

There is a legend of the Colonial period that a man by the name of Appleton harangued or preached to the people of the vicinity, urging them to stand by the Republican cause, hence the name of "Pulpit Rock." The name "Calemount" also comes, according to tradition, from the fact that one of the people named Caleb Appleton, who had become obnoxious to the party, had agreed upon a signal with his wife and intimate friends, that, when

in danger, they should notify him by this expressive warning, "Cale, mount!" upon which he would take refuge in the rocky mountain, which, being then densely wooded, afforded a secure hiding place. Several members of this family of Appletons have since, during successive generations, been distinguished and well known citizens of Boston, one of whom, William Appleton, was elected to Congress over Anson Burlingame, in 1860.

Recently, one of the descendants of this family has had a tablet of copper securely bolted to the rock with the following inscription:—

#### "APPLETON'S PULPIT!"

In September, 1687, from this rock tradition asserts that resisting the tyranny of Sir Edmond Andros, Major Samuel Appleton of Ipswich spake to the people in behalf of those principles which later were embodied in the declaration of Independence."

This tablet was formally presented to the town by letter from the late Thomas Appleton, at the annual March meeting in 1882, and its care assumed by the town of Saugus.

Among the present industries of Saugus are Pranker's Mills, a joint stock corporation, doing business under the style of Edward Pranker & Co., for the manufacture of woollen goods, employing about one hundred operatives, and producing about 1,800,000 yards of cloth annually—red, white and yellow flannel. The mill of A. A. Scott is just below on the same stream, making the same class of goods, with a much smaller production, both companies being noted for the standard quality of their fabrics. The spice and coffee mills of Herbert B. Newhall at East Saugus do a large business in their line, and his goods go all over New England and the West.

Charles S. Hitchings, at Saugus, turns

out some 1,500 cases of hand-made slippers of fine quality for the New York and New England trade. Otis M. Burrill, in the same line, is making the same kind of work, some 150 cases. Hiram Grover runs a stitching factory with steam power, and employs a large number of employees, mostly females.

Wm. E. Shaw also makes paper boxes and cartoons, and does quite a business for Lynn manufacturers.

Enoch T. Kent at Saugus and his brother, Edward S. Kent, at Cliftondale,

who did an extensive business until after the war. The demand for this kind of goods is more limited than formerly. Joseph A. Raddin, manufactures the crude tobacco from the leaf into chewing and smoking tobacco. Edward O. Copp, Martha Fiske, William Parker and a few others still manufacture cigars.

Quite an extensive ice business is done at Saugus by Solon V. Edmunds and Stephen Stackpole. A few years ago Eben Edmunds shipped by the Eastern



RESIDENCE OF RUFUS A. JOHNSON.

are engaged in washing crude hair and preparing it for plastering and other purposes, such as curled hair, hair cloth, blankets, etc. They each give employment to quite a number of men. Albert H. Sweetser makes snuff, succeeding to the firm of Sweetser Bros.,

Railroad some 1,200 tons to Gloucester, but the shrinkage and wastage of the ice by delays on the train did not render it a profitable operation.

The strawberry culture has recently become quite a feature in the producing industry of Saugus. In 1884

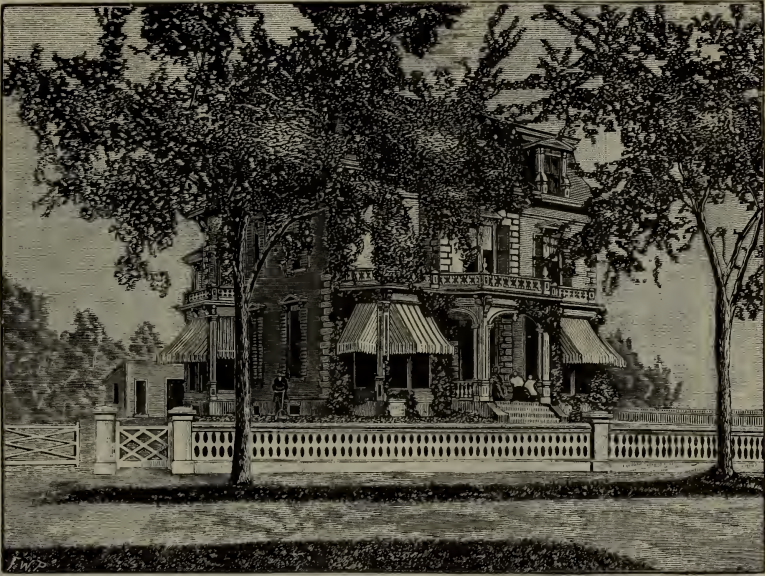


Elbridge S. Upham marketed 3,600 boxes, Charles S. Hitchings 1,200, Warren P. Copp 400, and others, Martin Carnes, Calvin Locke, Edward Saunders and Lorenzo Mansfield, more or less.

John W. Blodgett and the Hatch Bros. do a large business in early and late vegetables for Boston and Lynn markets, such as asparagus, spinach, etc., and employ quite a number of men.

Nor must we forget to mention the milk business. Louis P. Hawkes has a herd of some forty cows and has a milk

Having somewhat minutely noticed the industries we will speak briefly of some of the dwellings. The elegant mansion and gardens of Brainard and Henry George, Harmon Hall and Rufus A. Johnson of East Saugus, and Eli Barrett, A. A. Scott and E. E. Wilson of Saugus, C. A. Sweetser, C. H. Bond and Pliny Nickerson at Cliftondale, with their handsome lawns, rich and rare flowers and noble shade trees attract general attention. The last mentioned estate was formerly owned by a brother of



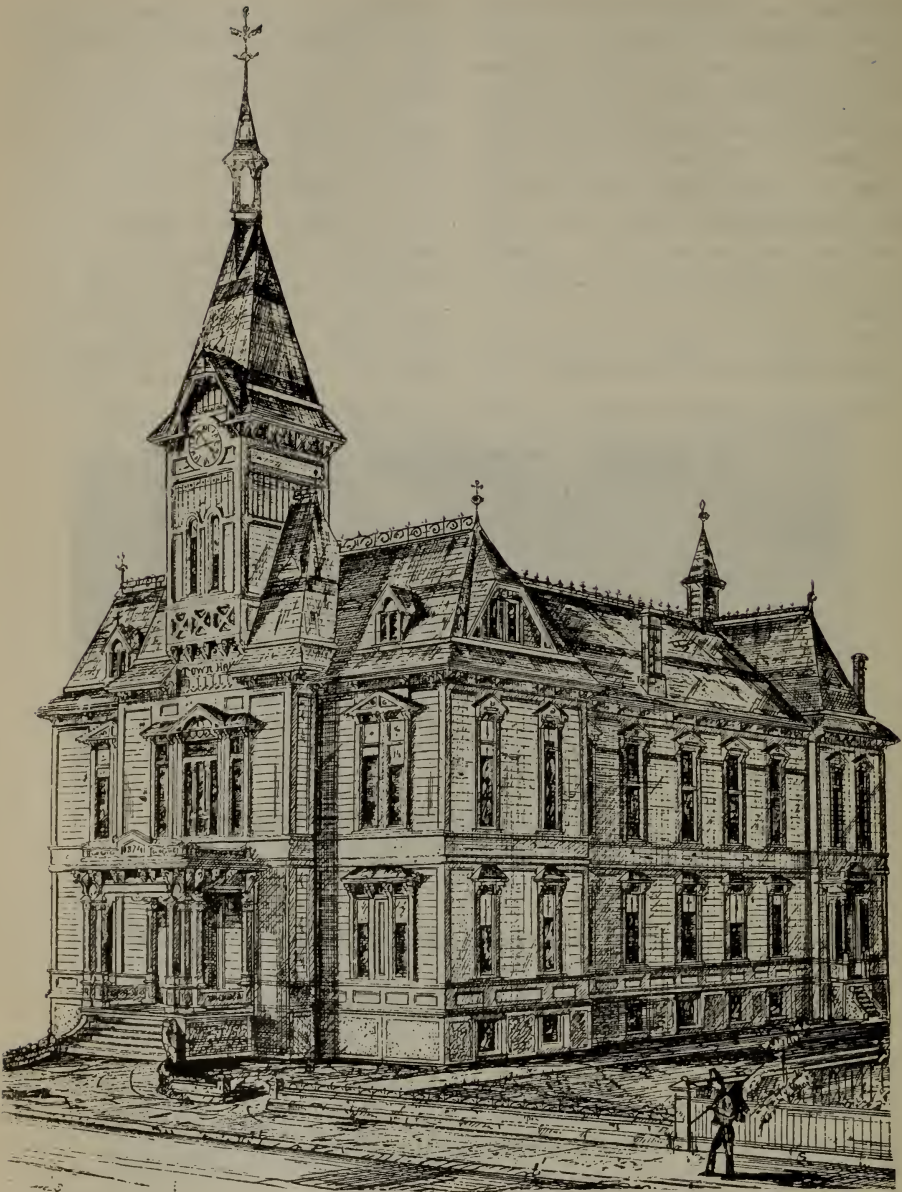
RESIDENCE OF CHARLES H. BOND.

route at Lynn. J. W. Blodgett keeps twenty-five cows, and takes his milk to market. Geo. N. Miller and T. O. W. Houghton also keep cows and have a route. Joshua Kingsbury, George H. Pearson and George Ames have a route, buying their milk. Byron Hone keeps fifty cows. Dudley Fiske has twenty-five, selling their milk. O. M. Hitchings, H. Burns, A. B. Davis, Lewis Austin, Richard Hawkes and others keep from seven to twelve cows for dairy purposes.

Governor William Eustis, where his Excellency used to spend a portion of his time each year.

At the south-westerly part of the town, not far from the old Eustis estate, the boundaries of three counties and four towns intersect with each other, viz: Suffolk, Essex and Middlesex counties, and the towns of Revere, Saugus, Melrose and Malden. Near by, too, is the old Boynton estate, and the Franklin Trotting park, where some





TOWN HALL.

famous trotting was had, when Dr. Smith managed it in 1866-7, Flora Temple, Fashion, Lady Patchen and other noted horses contending. After a few years of use it was abandoned, but it has recently been fitted up by Marshall Ab-

bott of Lynn, and several trots have taken place the present summer.

The Boynton estate above referred to is divided by a small brook, known as "Bride's Brook," which is also the dividing line between Saugus and Re-

vere, and the counties of Suffolk and Essex. Tradition asserts that many years ago a couple were married here, the groom standing on one side and the bride on the other; hence the name "Bride's Brook."

The existence of iron ore used for the manufacturing at the old Iron Works was well known, and there have been many who have believed that antimony also exists in large quantities in Saugus, but its precise location has as yet not become known to the public.

As early as the year 1848, a man by the name of Holden, who was given to field searching and prospecting, frequently brought specimens to the late Benjamin F. Newhall and solemnly affirmed that he obtained them from the earth and soil within the limits of Saugus. Every means was used to induce him to divulge the secret of its locality. But Holden was wary and stolidly refused to disclose or share the knowledge of the place of the lode with anyone. He averred that he was going to make his fortune by it. Detectives were put upon his trail in his roaming about the fields, but he managed to elude all efforts at discovery. Being an intemperate man, one cold night after indulging in his cups, he was found by the roadside stark and stiff. Many rude attempts and imperfect searches have been made upon the assurances of Holden to discover the existence of antimony, but thus far in vain, and the supposed suppressed secret of the existence of it in Saugus died with him.

"Pirate's Glen" is also within the territory of Saugus, while "Dungeon Rock," another romantic locality, described by Alonzo Lewis in his history of Lynn, is just over the line in that city. There is a popular tradition that the pirates buried their treasure at the foot of a certain hemlock tree in the

glen, also the body of a beautiful female. The rotten stump of a tree may still be seen, and a hollow beside it, where people have dug in searching for human bones and treasure. This glen is highly romantic and is one of the places of interest to which all strangers visiting Saugus are conducted, and is invested with somewhat of the supernatural tales of Captain Kid and treasure trove.

There is a fine quarry or ledge of jasper located in the easterly part of the town, near Saugus River, just at the foot of the conical-shaped elevation known as "Round Hill," which Professor Hitchcock, in his last geological survey, pronounced to be the best specimen in the state. Mrs. Hitchcock, an artist, who accompanied her husband in his surveying tour, delineated from this eminence, looking toward Nahant and Egg Rock, which is full in view, and from which steamers may be seen with a glass plainly passing in and out of Boston harbor. The scenery and drives about Saugus are delightful, especially beautiful is the view and landscape looking from the "Cinder Banks," so-called, down Saugus river toward Lynn.

#### REPRESENTATIVES FROM SAUGUS SINCE THE TOWN WAS INCORPORATED.

Saugus, (formerly the West Parish of Lynn), was formed in the year 1815, and the town was first represented by Mr. Robert Emes in 1816. Mr. Emes carried on morocco dressing, his business being located on Saugus river, on the spot now occupied by Scott's Flannel Mills.

In 1817-18 Mr. Joseph Cheever represented the town, and again in 1820-21; also, in 1831-32, and again, for the last time, in 1835. After having served the town seven times in the legislature,

he seems to have quietly retired from political affairs.

In 1822 Dr. Abijah Cheever was the Representative, and again in 1829-30. The doctor held a commission as surgeon in the army at the time of our last war with Great Britain. He was a man very decided in his manners, had a will of his own, and liked to have people respect it.

In 1823 Mr. Jonathan Makepeace was elected. His business was the manufacture of snuff, at the old mills in the eastern part of the town, now owned by Sweetser Brothers, and known as the Sweetser Mills.

In 1826-28 Mr. John Shaw was the Representative.

In 1827 Mr. William Jackson was elected.

In 1833-34 Mr. Zaccheus N. Stocker represented the town. Mr. Stocker held various offices, and looked very closely after the interests of the town.

In 1837-38 Mr. William W. Boardman was the Representative. He has filled a great many offices in the town.

In 1839 Mr. Charles Sweetser was elected, and again in 1851. Mr. Sweetser was largely engaged in the manufacture of snuff and cigars. He was a gentleman very decided in his opinions, and enjoyed the confidence of the people to a large degree.

In 1840, the year of the great log cabin campaign, Mr. Francis Dizer was elected.

In 1841 Mr. Benjamin Hitchings, Jr., was elected, and in 1842 the town was represented by Mr. Stephen E. Hawkes.

In 1843-44 Benjamin F. Newhall, Esq., was the Representative. Mr. Newhall was a man of large and varied experience, and held various offices, always looking sharply after the real interests of the town. He also held the office of County Commissioner.

In 1845 Mr. Pickmore Jackson was the Representative. He has also held various offices in the town, and has since served on the school committee with good acceptance.

In 1846-47 Mr. Sewall Boardman represented the town.

In 1852 Mr. George H. Sweetser was the Representative. Mr. Sweetser has also held a seat in our State Senate two years, and filled various town offices. He was a prompt and energetic business man, engaged in connection with his brother, Mr. Charles A. Sweetser, in the manufacture of snuff and cigars.

In 1853 Mr. John B. Hitching was elected. He has held various offices in the town.

In 1854 the town was represented by Mr. Samuel Hawkes, who has also served in several other positions, proving himself a very straightforward and reliable man.

In 1855 Mr. Richard Mansfield was elected. He was for many years Tax Collector and Constable, and when he laid his hand on a man's shoulder, in the name of the law, the duty was performed in such a good-natured manner that it really did not seem so very bad, after all.

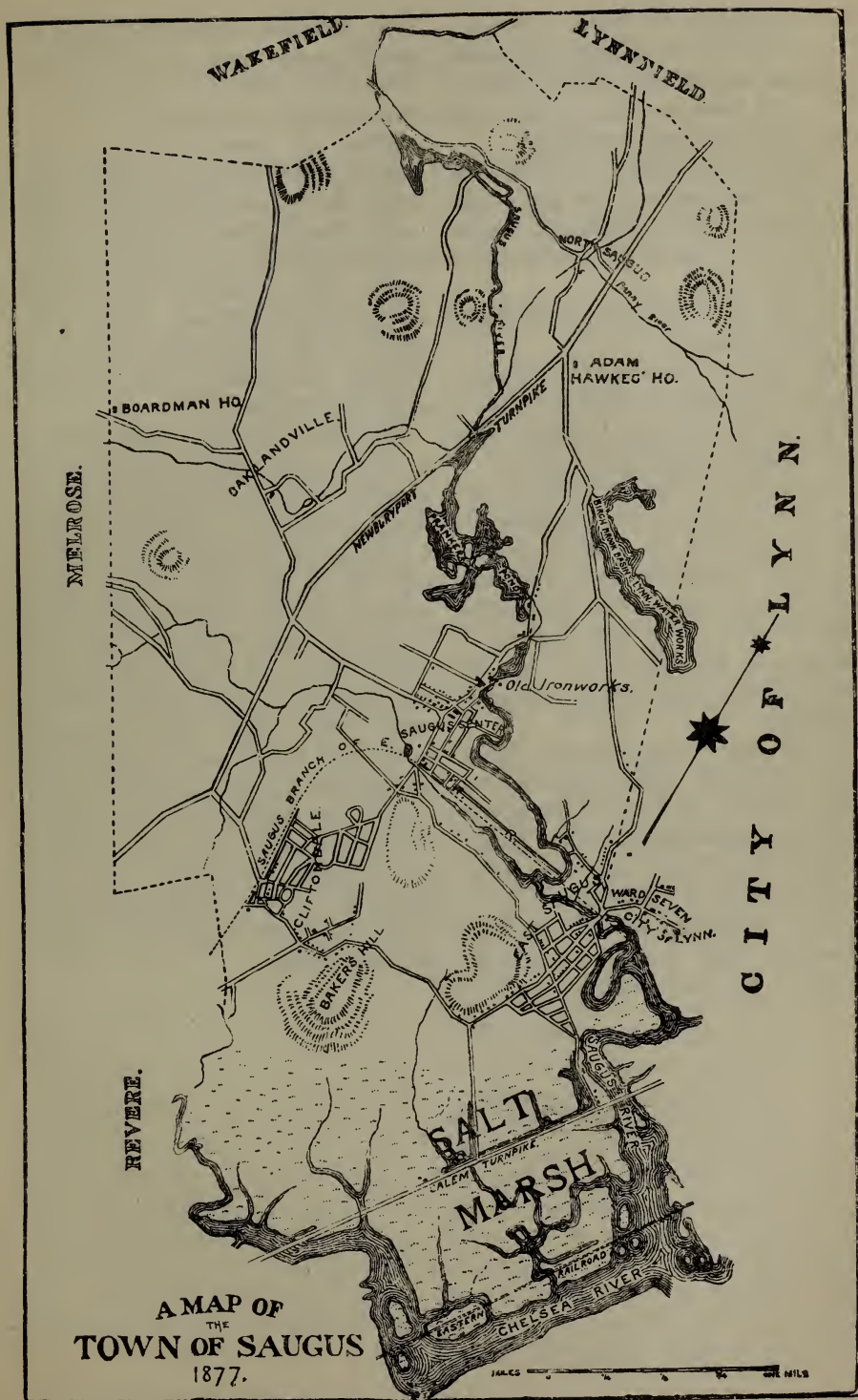
In 1856 Mr. William H. Newhall represented the town. He has held the offices of Town Clerk and Selectman longer than any other person in town, and is still in office.

In 1857 Mr. Jacob B. Calley was elected.

In 1858 the district system was adopted, and Mr. Jonathan Newhall was elected to represent the twenty-fourth Essex District, comprising the towns of Saugus, Lynnfield and Middleton.

In 1861 Mr. Harmon Hall represented the District. Mr. Hall is a very energetic business man, and has accumulated a very handsome property by





the manufacture of boots and shoes. He has held various other important positions, and has been standing Moderator in all town meetings, always putting business through by daylight.

In 1863 Mr. John Howlett was elected. He resides in that part of the town called North Saugus, and was for a long series of years a manufacturer of snuff and cigars.

In 1864 Mr. Charles W. Newhall was the Representative.

In 1867 Mr. Sebastian S. Dunn represented the District. Mr. Dunn was a dealer in snuff, cigars and spices, and is now engaged in farming in Dakota.

In 1870 Mr. John Armitage represented the District—the twentieth Essex—comprising the towns of Saugus, Lynnfield, Middleton and Topsfield. He has been engaged in the woollen business most of his life; formerly a partner with Pranker & Co. He has also held other town offices with great acceptance.

J. B. Calley succeeded Mr. Armitage, it being the second time he had been elected. Otis M. Hitchings was the next Representative, a shoe manufacturer, being elected over A. A. Scott, Esq., the republican candidate.

Joseph Whitehead was the next Representative from Saugus, a grocer in business. He was then and still is

Town Treasurer, repeatedly having received every vote cast. J. Allston Newhall was elected in 1878 and for several years was selectman.

Albert H. Sweetser was our last Representative, elected in 1882-3, by one of the largest majorities ever given in the District. He is a snuff manufacturer, doing business at Cliftondale, under the firm of Sweetser Bros., whom he succeeds in business. Saugus is entitled to the next Representative in 1885-6. The womb of the future will alone reveal his name.

The future of Saugus would seem to be well assured, having frequent trains to and from Boston and Lynn, with enlarged facilities for building purposes, especially at Cliftondale, where a syndicate has recently been formed, composed of Charles H. Bond, Edward S. Kent, and Henry Waite, who have purchased thirty-four acres of land, formerly belonging to the Anthony Hatch estate, which, with other adjoining lands are to be laid out into streets and lots presenting such opportunities and facilities for building as cannot fail to attract all who are desirous of obtaining suburban residences, and thus largely add to the taxable property of Saugus and to the prosperity of this interesting locality

## THE BARTHOLDI COLOSSUS.

By WILLIAM HOWE DOWNES.

The project of erecting a colossal statue of Liberty, which shall at once serve as a lighthouse and as a symbolic work of art, may be discussed from several different points of view. The abstract idea, as it occurred to the sculptor, Mr. Bartholdi, was noble. The colossus was to symbolize the historic friendship of the two great republics, the United States and France; it was to further symbolize the idea of freedom and fraternity which underlies the republican form of government. Lafayette and Jefferson would have been touched by the project. If we are not touched by it, it proves that we have forgotten much which it would become us to recall. Before our nation was, the democratic idea had been for many years existing and expanding among the French people; crushed again and again by tyrants, it ever rose, renewed and fresh for the irrepressible conflict. Through all their vicissitudes the people of France have upheld, unfaltering, their ideal—liberty, equality and fraternity. Our own republic exists to-day because France helped us when England sought to crush us. It is never amiss to freshen our memories as to these historic facts. The symbolism of the colossus would therefore be very fine; it would have a meaning which every one could understand. It would signify not only the amity of France and the United States, and the republican idea of brotherhood and freedom, as I have said; but it would also stand for American hospitality to the European emigrant, and Emma Lazarus has thus imagined the colossus endowed with speech:

"Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she,  
With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,  
"Your huddled masses, yearning to breathe free;  
"The wretched refuse of your teeming shore—  
"Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me—  
"I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

Now, there can be no two ways of thinking among patriotic Americans as to this aspect of the Bartholdi colossus question. It must be agreed that the motive of the work is extremely grand, and that its significance would be glorious. The sculptor's project was a generous inspiration, for which he must be cordially remembered. To be sure, it may be said he is getting well advertised; that is very true, but it would be mean in us to begrudge him what personal fame he may derive from the work. To assume that the whole affair is a "job," or that it is entirely the outcome of one man's scheming egotism and desire for notoriety, is to take a deplorably low view of it; to draw unwarranted conclusions and to wrong ourselves. The money to pay for the statue—about \$250,000—was raised by popular subscription in France, under the auspices of the Franco-American Union, an association of gentlemen whose membership includes such names as Laboulaye, de Lafayette, de Rochambeau, de Noailles, de Toqueville, de Witt, Martin, de Remusat. The identification of these excellent men with the project should be a sufficient guarantee of its disinterested character. The efforts made in this country to raise the money—\$250,000—required to build a suitable pedestal for the statue, are a subject of every day comment, and the failure to obtain the whole amount is a matter for no small degree of chagrin.



Who and what is Mr. Bartholdi? He is a native of Colmar, in Alsace, and comes of a good stock; a pupil of the Lycee Louis-le-Grand, and of Ary Scheffer, he studied first painting then sculpture, and after a journey in the East with Gerome, established his atelier in Paris. He served in the irregular corps of Garibaldi during the war of 1870, and the following year visited the United States. It is admitted that he is a man of talent, but that he is not considered a great sculptor in his own country is equally beyond doubt. He would not be compared, for instance, with such men as Chapu, Dubois, Falguiere, Clesinger, Mercie, Fremiet, men who stand in the front rank of their profession. The list of his works is not long. It includes statues of General Rapp, Vercingetorix, Vauban, Champollion, Lafayette and Rouget de l'Isle; ideal groups entitled "Genius in the Grasp of Misery," and "the Malediction of Alsace;" busts of Messrs. Erckmann and Chatrain; single figures called "Le Vigneron," "Genie Funebre" and "Peace;" and a monument to Martin Schoengauer in the form of a fountain for the courtyard of the Colmar Museum. There may be a few others. Last, but by no means least, there is the great Lion of Belfort, his best work. This is about 91 by 52 feet in dimensions, and is carved from a block of reddish Vosges stone. It is intended to commemorate the defence of Belfort against the German army in 1870, an episode of heroic interest. The immense animal is represented as wounded but still capable of fighting, half lying, half standing, with an expression of rage and mighty defiance. It is not too much to say that Mr. Bartholdi in this case has shown a fine appreciation of the requirements of colossal sculpture. He has sacrificed all unnecessary details,

and, taking a lesson from the old Egyptian stone-cutters, has presented an impressive arrangement of simple masses and unvexed surfaces which give to the composition a marvellous breadth of effect. The lion is placed in a sort of rude niche on the side of a rocky hill, which is the foundation of the fortress of Belfort. It is visible at a great distance, and is said to be strikingly noble from every point of view. The idea is not original, however well it may have been carried out, for the Lion of Lucerne by Thorwaldsen is its prototype on a smaller scale and commemorates an event of somewhat similar character. The bronze equestrian statue of Vercingetorix, the fiery Gallic chieftain, in the Clermont museum, is full of violent action. The horse is flying along with his legs in positions which set all the science of Mr. Muybridge at defiance; the man is brandishing his sword and half-turning in his saddle to shout encouragement to his followers. The whole is supported by a bit of artificial rock-work under the horse, and the body of a dead Gaul lies close beside it. In the statue of Rouget de l'Isle we see a young man striking an orator's attitude, with his right arm raised in a gesture which seems to say:

*"Aux armes, citoyens! Formez vos bataillons!"*

The Lafayette, in New York, is perhaps a mediocre statue, but even so, it is better than most of our statues. A Frenchman has said of it that the figure "resembles rather a young tenor hurling out his C sharp, than a hero offering his heart and sword to liberty." It represents our ancient ally extending his left hand in a gesture of greeting, while his right hand, which holds his sword, is pressed against his breast in a somewhat theatrical movement. It will be inferred that the general criticism to

be made upon Mr. Bartholdi's statues is that they are violent and want repose. The Vercingetorix, the Rouget de l'Isle, the Lafayette, all have this exaggerated stress of action. They have counterbalancing features of merit, no doubt, but none of so transcendent weight that we can afford to overlook this grave defect.

Coming now to the main question, which it is the design of this paper to discuss, the inquiry arises: What of the colossal statue of Liberty as a work of art? For, no matter how noble the motive may be, or how generous the givers, it must after all be subjected to this test. If it is not a work of art, the larger it is, the more offensive it must be. There are not wanting critics who maintain that colossal figures cannot be works of art; they claim that such representations of the human form are unnatural and monstrous, and it is true that they are able to point out some "terrible examples" of modern failures, such, for instance, as the "Bavaria" statue at Munich. But these writers appear to forget that the "Minerva" of the Parthenon and the Olympian Jupiter were the works of the greatest sculptor of ancient times, and that no less a man than Michael Angelo was the author of the "David" and "Moses." It is therefore apparent that those who deny the legitimacy of colossal sculptures *in toto* go too far; but it is quite true that colossal works have their own laws and are subject to peculiar conditions. Mr. Lesbazeilles\* says that "colossal statuary is in its proper place when it expresses power, majesty, the qualities that inspire respect and fear; but it would be out of place if it sought to please us by the expression of grace.

\* \* \* Its function is to set forth the

sublime and the grandiose." The colossi found among the ruins of Egyptian Temples and Palaces cannot be seen without emotion, for if many of them are admirable only because of their great size, still no observer can avoid a feeling of astonishment on account of the vast energy, courage and industry of the men of old who could vanquish such gigantic difficulties. At the same time it will not do to assume that the Egyptian stone cutters were not artists. The great Sphinx of Giseh, huge as it is, is far from being a primitive and vulgar creation. "The portions of the head which have been preserved," says Mr. Charles Blanc, "the brow, the eyebrows, the corners of the eyes, the passage from the temples to the cheekbones, and from the cheekbones to the cheek, the remains of the mouth and chin,—all this testifies to an extraordinary fineness of chiselling. The entire face has a solemn serenity and a sovereign goodness." Leaving aside all consideration of the artistic merits of other Egyptian colossi,—those at Memphis, Thebes, Karnac and Luxor, with the twin marvels of Amenophis-Memnon—we turn to the most famous colossus of antiquity, that at Rhodes, only to find that we have even less evidence on which to base an opinion as to its quality than is available in the case of the numerous primitive works of Egypt and of India. We know its approximate dimensions, the material of which it was made, and that it was overthrown by an earthquake, but there seems to be reason to doubt its traditional attitude, and nothing is known as to what it amounted to as a work of art, though it may be presumed that, being the creation of a Greek, it had the merits of its classic age and school. Of the masterpieces of Phidias it may be said that they were designed for the interiors

\* "Les Colosses anciens et modernes," par E. Lesbazeilles; Paris: 1881.

of Temples and were adopted with consummate art to the places they occupied ; they have been reconstructed for us from authentic descriptions, and we are enabled to judge concerning that majestic and ponderous beauty which made them the fit presentments of the greatest pagan deities. I need say nothing of the immortal statues by Michael Angelo, and will therefore hasten to consider the modern outdoor colossi which now exist in Europe — the St. Charles Borromeo at Arona, Italy, the Bavaria at Munich, the Arminius in Westphalia, Our Lady of Puy in France. The St. Charles Borromeo, near the shore of Lake Maggiore, dates from 1697, and is the work of a sculptor known as Il Cerano. Its height is 76 feet, or with its pedestal, 114 feet. The arm is over 29 feet long, the nose 33 inches, and the forefinger 6 feet 4 inches. The statue is entirely of hammered copper plates riveted together, supported by means of clamps and bands of iron on an interior mass of masonry. The effect of the work is far from being artistic. It is in a retired spot on a hill, a mile or two from the little village of Arona. The Bavaria, near Munich, erected in 1850, is 51 feet high, on a pedestal about 26 feet high, and is the work of Schwanthaler. It is of bronze and weighs about 78 tons. The location of this monstrous lump of metal directly in front of a building emphasizes its total want of sculptural merit, and makes it a doubly lamentable example of bad taste and bombast. The Arminius colossal, on a height near Detmold in Westphalia, was erected in 1875, is 65 feet high, and weighs 18 tons. The name of the sculptor is not given by any of the authorities consulted, which is perhaps just as well. This statue rests on "a dome-like summit of a monumental struc-

ture," and brandishes a sword 24 feet long in one hand. The Virgin of Puy is by Bonassieux, was set up in 1860, is 52 feet high, weighs 110 tons, and stands on a cliff some 400 feet above the town. It is, like the Bavaria, of bronze, cast in sections, and made from cannons taken in warfare. The Virgin's head is surmounted by a crown of stars, and she carries the infant Christ on her left arm. The location of this statue is felicitous, but it has no intrinsic value as an art work. It will be seen, then, that these outdoor colossi of to-day do not afford us much encouragement to believe that Mr. Bartholdi will be able to surmount the difficulties which have vanquished one sculptor after another in their endeavors to perform similar prodigies. Sculpture is perhaps the most difficult of the arts of design. There is an antique statue in the Louvre which displays such wonderful anatomical knowledge, that Reynolds is said to have remarked, "to learn that alone might consume the labor of a whole life." And it is an undeniable fact that enlarging the scale of a statue adds in more than a corresponding degree to the difficulties of the undertaking. The colossi of the ancients were to a great extent designed for either the interiors or the exteriors of religious temples, where they were artfully adapted to be seen in connection with architectural effects. Concerning the sole prominent exception to this rule, the statue of Apollo at Rhodes, we have such scant information that even its position is a subject of dispute. It has been pointed out how the four modern outdoor colossi of Europe each and all fail to attain the requirements of a work of art. All our inquiries, it appears then, lead to the conclusion that Mr. Bartholdi has many chances against him, so far as we are able to learn from



an examination of the precedents, and in view of these facts it would be a matter for surprise if the "Liberty" statue should prove to possess any title to the name of a work of art. We reserve a final decision, however, as to this most important phase of the affair, until the statue is in place.

The idea that great size in statues is necessarily vulgar, does not seem admissible. It would be quite as just to condemn the paintings on a colossal scale in which Tintoretto and Veronese so nobly manifested their exceptional powers. The size of a work of art *per se* is an indifferent matter. Mere bigness or mere littleness decides nothing. But a colossal work has its conditions of being: it must conform to certain laws. It must be executed in a large style; it must represent a grand idea; it must possess dignity and strength; it must convey the idea of power and majesty; it must be located in a place where its surroundings shall augment instead of detracting from its aspect of grandeur; it must be magnificent, for if not it will be ridiculous. The engravings of Mr. Bartholdi's statue represent a woman clad in a peplum and tunic which fall in ample folds from waist and shoulder to her feet. The left foot, a trifle advanced supports the main weight of the body. The right arm is uplifted in a vigorous movement and holds aloft a blazing torch. The left hand grasps a tablet on which the date of the Declaration of Independence appears; this is held rather close to the body and at a slight angle from it. The head is that of a handsome, proud and brave woman. It is crowned by a diadem. The arrangement of the draperies is, if one may judge from the pictures, a feature of especial excellence in the design. There is merit in the disposition of the peplum or that portion of the draperies flung

back over the left shoulder, the folds of which hang obliquely (from the left shoulder to the right side of the waist and thence downward almost to the right knee,) thus breaking up the monotony of the perpendicular lines formed by the folds of the tunic beneath. The movement of the uplifted right arm is characterized by a certain *elan* which, however, does not suggest violence; the carriage of the head is dignified, and so far as one may judge from a variety of prints, the face is fine in its proportions and expression. I do not find the movement of the uplifted arm violent, and, on the whole, am inclined to believe the composition a very good one in its main features. There will be an undeniable heaviness in the great masses of drapery, especially as seen from behind, but the illusion as to the size of the figure created by its elevation on a pedestal and foundation nearly twice as high as itself may do much towards obviating this objection. The background of the figure will be the

\* \* \* Spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens \* \* \*

The island is far enough removed from the city so that no direct comparisons can be made between the statue and any buildings. Seen from the deck of a steamer at a distance say of a quarter of a mile, the horizon, formed by the roofs, towers, spires and chimneys of three cities, will not appear higher than the lower half of the pedestal. In other words the statue will neither be dwarfed nor magnified by the contiguity of any discordant objects. It will stand alone. The abstract idea, as has been said, is noble. The plan of utilizing the statue as a lighthouse at night does not detract from its worth in this respect; it may be said to even emphasize the allegorical sense of the work.

"Liberty enlightening the world," lights the way of the sailor in the crowded harbor of the second commercial city of the world. The very magnitude of the work typifies, after a manner, the vast extent of our country, and the audacity of the scheme is not inappropriate in the place where it is to stand. It may be, indeed, that when the statue is set up, we shall find it awkward and offensive, as some critics have already prophesied: but that it must be so inevitably does not appear to me to be a logical deduction from the information we have at hand as to the artist and his plans. It is freely admitted that no modern work of this nature has been successful, but that does not prove that this must absolutely be a failure. The project ought not to be condemned in advance because of the great difficulties surrounding it, its unequalled scope and its novelty. Mr. Bartholdi is above all ingenious, bold, and fertile in resources; it would be a great pity not to have him allowed every opportunity to carry out a design in which, as we have seen, there are so many elements of interest and even of grandeur. It has been said that "there does not exist on French soil such a bombastic work as this will be." Very well; admitting for the sake of argument that it will be bombastic, shall we reject and condemn a colossal statue before having seen it, because there is nothing like it in France? And is it true that it will be bombastic? That is by no means demonstrated. On the contrary an impartial examination of the design would show that the work has been seriously conceived and thought out; that it does not lack dignity; that it is intended to be full of spirit and significance. It would be the part of wisdom at least to avoid dogmatism in an advance judgment as to its worth as a work of art, and to

wait awhile before pronouncing a final verdict.

Hazlitt tells of a conceited English painter who went to Rome, and when he got into the Sistine Chapel, turning to his companion, said, "Egad, George, we're bit!" Our own tendency is, because of our ignorance, to be sceptical and suspicious as to foreign works of art, especially of a kind that are novel and daring. No one is so hard to please as a simpleton. We are so afraid of being taken in, that we are reluctant to commit ourselves in favor of any new thing until we have heard from headquarters; but it appears to be considered a sign of knowledge to vituperate pictures and statues which do not conform to some undefinable ideal standard of our own invention. There is, of course, a class of indulgent critics who are pernicious enough in their way; but the savage and destructive criticism of which I speak is quite as ignorant and far more harmful. It assumes an air of authority based on a superficial knowledge of art, and beguiles the public into a belief in its infallibility by means of a smooth style and an occasional epigram the smartness of which may and often does conceal a rank injustice. The expression of a hope that the result of Mr. Bartholdi's labors "will be something better than another gigantic asparagus stalk added to those that already give so comical a look to our sky-line," is truly an encouraging and generous utterance at this particular stage of the enterprise, and equals in moderation the courteous remark that the statue "could not fail to be ridiculous in the expanse of New York Bay."\* It is not necessary to touch upon the question of courtesy at

\* *Vide* papers by Clarence Cook in *The Studio*, and by Professor D. Cady Eaton of Yale College in the *New York Tribune*.

all, but it is possible that one of our critics may live to regret his vegetable metaphor, and the other to revise his prematurely positive censure. There is a sketch in charcoal which represents the Bartholdi colossus as the artist has seen it in his mind's eye, standing high above the waters of the beautiful harbor at twilight, when the lights are just beginning to twinkle in the distant cities and when darkness is softly stealing over the service of the busy earth and

sea. The mystery of evening enwraps the huge form of the statue, which looms vaster than by day, and takes on an aspect of strange majesty, augmented by the background of hurrying clouds which fill the upper portion of the sky. So seen, the immense Liberty appears what the sculptor wishes and intends it to be, what we Americans sincerely hope it may be, — a fitting memorial of an inspiring episode in history, and a great work of modern art.

## ELIZABETH.\*

A ROMANCE OF COLONIAL DAYS.

BY FRANCES C. SPARHAWK, Author of "A Lazy Man's Work."

### CHAPTER III.

IDLESSE.

"Don't move your head, Elizabeth, keep it in that position a little longer," said Katie Archdale, as she and her friend sat together the morning after the sail. "I wish an artist were here to paint you so; you've no idea how striking you are."

"No, I have not," laughed the other, forgetting to keep still as she spoke, and turning the face that had been toward the window full upon her companion. The scene that Elizabeth's eyes had been dwelling upon was worthy of admiration; her enthusiasm had not escaped her in any word, but her eyes were enraptured with it, and her whole face, warmed with faint reflection of the inward glow, was beautiful with youth, and thought, and feeling.

"Now you've spoilt it," cried Katie, "now you are merely a nice-looking young lady; you were beautiful before, perfectly beautiful, like a picture that one

can look at, and look at, and go away filled with, and come back to, and never tire of. The people that see you so worship you, but then, nobody has a chance to do it. You just sit and don't say much except once in a while when you wake up, then you are brilliant, but never tender, as you know how to be. You give people an impression that you are hard. Sometimes I should like to shake you."

Elizabeth laughed.

"That's the way you worship me," she answered. "I suspected it was a strange kind of adoration, largely made up of snubbing."

"It's not snubbing," retorted Katie, "it is trying to rouse you to what you might be. But I am wasting my breath; you don't believe a word I say."

"I should like to believe it," returned the girl, smiling a little sadly. "But even if I did believe every word of it, it would seem to me a great deal nicer to be like you, beautiful all the time,



and one whom everybody loves. But there's one thing to be said, if it were I who were beautiful, I could'nt have the pleasure I do in looking at you, and perhaps, after all, I should n't get any more enjoyment out of it."

"Oh, yes, you would," retorted the other, then bit her lips angrily at her inadvertence. A shrewd smile flitted over Elizabeth's face, but she made no comment, and Katie went on hurriedly to ask, "What shall we do to amuse ourselves to-day, Betsey?" Another slight movement of the hearer's lips responded. This name was Katie's special term of endearment, and never used except when they were alone; no one else ever called her by it.

"I don't know," she said. "Let us sit here as we are doing now. Move your chair nearer the window and look down on the river. See the blue-black shadows on it. And look at the forests, how they stretch away with a few clearings here and there. A city behind us, to be sure, a little city, but before us the forests, and the Indians. I wonder what it all means for us."

"The axe for one, the gun for the other," retorted Katie with a hardness which belief in the savageness and treachery of the red man had instilled into the age. The forests mean fortune to some of us," she added.

"Yes," answered Elizabeth slowly, finding an unsatisfactory element in her companion's summary.

"Do you mean that we shall have to shoot down a whole race? That is dreadful," she added after a pause.

"You and I have nothing to do with all that," returned Katie.

Elizabeth waited in despair of putting the case as she felt it.

"I was thinking," she said at last, "that if we have a whole land of forests to cut down and of cities to build up,

somehow, everything will be different here from the Old England. I often wonder what it is to be in this New World. It must be unlike the Old," she repeated.

"I don't wonder," returned Katie, "and that's just what you should n't do. Wonder what you're going to wear to-morrow when we dine at Aunt Faith's, or whether Master Harwin will call this morning, or Master Waldo, or wonder about something sensible."

"Which means, 'or if it's to be Master Archdale,'" retorted Elizabeth, smiling into the laughing eyes fixed upon her face, and making them fall at the keenness of her glance, while a brighter rose than Katie cared to show tinted the creamy skin and made her bend a moment to arrange the rosette of her slipper. The movement showed her hair in all its perfection, for at this early hour it had not been tortured into elaborateness, but as she sat in her bedroom talking with her guest, was loosely coiled to be out of the way, and thus drawn back in its wavy abundance showed now burnished, and now a darker brown, as the sunlight or the shadow fell upon it.

"He's not always sensible," she answered, lifting her head again with a half defiant gesture, and smiling. Katie's smile was irresistible, it won her admirers by the score, not altogether because it gave a glimpse of beautiful teeth, or because her mouth was at its perfection then, but that it was an expression of childlike abandonment to the spirit of the moment, which charmed the gay because they sympathized with it and the serious because it was a mood of mind into which they would be glad to enter. "Stephen has not been quite himself lately, rather stupid," and she looked as if she were not unsuspicious of the reason.

"Too many of us admirers, he thinks?" laughed Elizabeth. "For he is bright enough when he takes the trouble to speak, but generally he doesn't seem to consider any one of sufficient importance to amuse."

"That is not so," cried Katie, "you are mistaken. But you don't know Stephen very well," she added. "What a pity that you are not living here, then you would, and then we should have known each other all our lives, instead of only since we went to school together. What good times we had at Madam Flamingo's. There you sit, now, and look as meekly reproving as if you had 'nt invented that name for her yourself. It was so good, it has stood by her ever since."

"Did I? I had forgotten it."

"Perhaps, at least, you remember the red shawl that got her the nickname? It was really something nice,—the shawl, I mean, but the old dame was so ridiculously proud of it and so perpetually flaunting it, she must have thought it very becoming. We girls were tired of the sight of it. And one day, when you were provoked with her about something and left her and came into the schoolroom after hours, you walked up to a knot of us, and with your air of scorn said something about Madam Flamingo. Didn't it spread like wildfire? Our set will call that venerable dame 'Flamingo' to the end of her days."

"I suppose we shall, but I had no recollection that it was I who gave her the name."

"Yes, you gave it to her," repeated Katie. "You may be very sure I should not have forgotten it if I had been so clever. Those were happy days for all their petty tribulations," she added after a pause.

Elizabeth looked at her sitting there meditative.

"I should think these were happy days for you, Katie. What more can you want than you have now?"

"Oh, the roc's eggs, I suppose," answered the girl. "No, seriously, I am pretty likely to get what I want most. I am happy enough, only not absolutely happy quite yet."

"Why not?"

"Our good minister would say it was not intended for mortals."

"If I felt like being quite content I should not give it up because somebody else said it was too much for me."

"Oh, well," said Katie, laughing, "it has nothing to do with our good Parson Shurtleff, anyway."

"I thought not. What, then?"

The other did not answer, but sat looking out of the window with eyes that were not studying the landscape. Whether her little troubles dissolved into the cloudless sky, like mist too thin to take shape, or whether she preferred to keep her perplexities to herself is uncertain, but when she spoke it was about another reminiscence of school days.

"Do you remember that morning Stephen came to see me?" she began. "Madam thought at first that Master Archdale must be my father, and she gave a most gracious assent to my request to go to walk with him. I was dying of fun all the time, I could scarcely keep my face straight; then, when she caught a glimpse of him as we were going out of the hall, she said in a dubious tone, 'Your brother, I presume, Mistress Archdale?' But I never heard a word. I was near the street door and I put myself the other side of it without much delay. So did Stephen. And we went off laughing. He said I was a wicked little cousin, and he spelled it 'cozen;' but he didn't seem to mind my wickedness at all." There was a

pause, during which Katie looked at her smiling friend, and her own face dimpled bewitchingly. "This is exactly what you would have done, Elizabeth," she said. "You would have heard that tentative remark of Madam's, of course you would, and you would have stood still in the hall and explained that Stephen was your cousin, instead of your brother, and have lost your walk beyond a doubt, you know the Flamingo. Now, I was just as good as you would have been, only, I was wiser. I, too, told Madam that he was my cousin, but I waited until I came home to do it. The poor old lady could not help herself then; it was impossible to take back my fun, and she could not punish me, because she had given me permission to go, nor could she affirm that I heard her remark, for it was made in an undertone. There was nothing left for her but to wrap her illustrious shawl about her and look dignified." "Do you think Master Harwin will come to-day?" Katie asked a few moments later, "and Master Waldo? I hope they will all three be here together; it will be fun, they can entertain each other, they are so fond of one another."

"Katie! Katie!"

The girl broke into a laugh.

"Oh, yes, I remember," she said, "Stephen is your property."

"Don't," cried Elizabeth, with sudden gravity and paleness in her face. "I think it was wicked in me to jest about such a sacred thing. Let me forget it."

"I won't tease you if you really care. But if it was wicked, it was a great deal more my doing, and Master Waldo's, than your's or Stephen's. We wanted to see the fun. Your great fault, Elizabeth, is that you vex yourself too much about little things. Do you know it will make you have wrinkles?"

This question was put with so much earnestness that Elizabeth laughed heartily.

"One thing is sure," she said, "I shall not remain ignorant of my failings through want of being told them while I'm here. It would be better to go home."

"Only try it!" cried Katie, going to her and kissing her. "But now, Elizabeth, I want to tell you something in all seriousness. Just listen to me, and profit by it, if you can. I've found it out for myself. The more you laugh at other people's absurdities the fewer of your own will be noticed, because, you see, it implies that you are on the right standpoint to get a review of other people."

"That sounds more like eighty than eighteen."

"Elizabeth, it is the greatest mistake in the world, I mean just that, to keep back all your wisdom until you get to be eighty. What use will it be to you then? All you can do with it will be to see how much more sensibly you might have acted. That's what will happen to you, my dear, if you don't look out. But at eighteen—I am nineteen—everything is before you, and you want to know how to guide your life to get all the best things you can out of it without being wickedly selfish—at least I do. Your aspirations, I suppose, are fixed upon the forests and the Indian, and problems concerning the future of the American Colonies. But I'm more reverent than you, I think the Lord is able to take care of those."

Elizabeth looked vaguely troubled by the fallacy which she felt in this speech without being quite willing or able to bring it to light.

"But, remember, I was twenty-one my last birthday," she answered. "I ought to take a broader view of things."



"On the contrary, you're getting to be an old maid. You should consider which of your suitors you want, and say 'yes' to him on the spot. By the way, what has become of your friend, the handsome Master Edmonson?"

Elizabeth colored.

"I don't know," she answered. "Father has heard from him since he went away, so I suppose that he is well."

"And he has not written to you?"

"No, he has only sent a message." Then, after a pause, "He said that he was coming back in the autumn."

"I hope so," cried Katie, "he is a most fascinating man, and of such family! Stephen was speaking of him the other day. He was very attentive, was he not, Betsey?"

"Ye-es, I suppose so. But there was something that I fancied papa did not like."

"I'm so sorry," cried Katie. She rose, and crossing the little space between herself and her friend, dropped upon the footstool at Elizabeth's feet, and laying her arms in the girl's lap and resting her chin upon them, looked up and added, "Tell me all about it, my dear."

"There is nothing to tell," answered Elizabeth, caressing the beautiful hair and looking into the eyes that had tears of sympathy in them.

"I was afraid something had gone wrong, afraid that you would care."

Elizabeth sat thinking.

"I don't know," she said slowly at last, "I don't know whether I should really care or not if I never saw him again."

Her companion looked at her a moment in silence, and when she began to speak it was about something else.

## CHAPTER IV.

### GIRDING ON THE HARNESS.

Later that same morning a gentleman calling upon Mistress Katie Archdale was told that he would find her with friends in the garden. Walking through the paths with a leisurely step which the impatience of his mood chafed against, he came upon a picture that he never forgot.

Great stretches of sunshine lay on the garden and in it brilliant beds of flowers glowed with their richest lights, poppies folded their gorgeous robes closely about them, Arab fashion, to keep out the heat; hollyhocks stood in their stateliness flecked with changing shadows from the aspen tree near by. Beds of tiger lilies, pinks, larkspur, sweetwilliams, canterbury bells, prim-roses, gillyflowers, lobelia, bloomed in a luxuriance that the methodical box which bordered them could not restrain. But the garden was by no means a blaze of sunshine, for ash trees, maples, elms, and varieties of the pine were there. Trumpet-vines climbed on the wall, and overtopping that, caught at trellises prepared to receive them, and formed screens of shadows that flickered in every breeze and changed their places with the changing sun. But it was only with a passing glance that the visitor saw these things, his eyes were fixed upon an arbor at the end of the garden; it was covered with clematis, while two great elms met overhead at its entrance and shaded the path to it for a little distance. Under these elms stood a group of young people. He was unannounced, and had opportunity without being himself perceived, to scan this little group as he went forward. His expression varied with each member of it, but showed an interest of some sort in each. Now it was full of

passionate delight; then it changed as his look fell upon a tall young man with dark eyes and a bearing that in its most gracious moments seemed unable to lose a touch of haughtiness, but whose face now was alive with a restful joy. The gazer, as he perceived this happiness, so wanting in himself, scowled with a bitter hate and looked instantly toward another of the party, this time with an expression of triumph. At the fourth and last member of the group his glance though scowling, was contemptuous; but the receiver was as unconscious of contempt as he felt undeserving of it. From him the gazer's eyes returned to the person at whom he had first looked. She was standing on the step of the arbor, an end of the clematis vine swaying lightly back and forth over her head, and almost touching her bright hair which was now towered high in the fashion of the day. She was holding a spray of the vine in her hand. She had fastened one end in the hair of a young lady who stood beside her, and was now bringing the other about her neck, arranging the leaves and flowers with skilful touches. Three men, including the new-comer, watched her pretty air of absorption, and the deftness of her taper fingers, the sweep of her dark lashes on her cheek as from the height of her step she looked down at her companion, the curves of her beautiful mouth that at the moment was daintily holding a pin with which the end of the spray was to be fastened upon the front of the other's white dress. It was certainly effective there. Yet none of the three men noticed this, or saw that between the two girls the question as to beauty was a question of time, that while the one face was blooming now in the perfection of its charm, the charm of the other was still in its calyx. The adorning in-

tuively felt something of this. Perhaps she was not the less fond of her friend that the charms she saw in her were not patent to everybody. Bring her forward as much as she might, Katie felt that Elizabeth Royal would never be a rival. She even shrank from this kind of prominence into which Katie's play was bringing her now. She had been taken in hand at unawares and showed an impatience that if the other were not quick, would oblige her to leave the work unfinished.

"There," cried Katie, at last giving the leaves a final pat of arrangement, "that looks well, don't you think so, Master Waldo?"

"Good morning, Mistress Archdale," broke in a voice before Waldo could answer. "And you, Mistress Royal," bowing low to her. "After our late hours last night, permit me to felicitate you upon your good health this morning, and—" he was about to add, "your charming appearance," but something in the girl's eyes as she looked full at him held back the words, and for a moment ruffled his smooth assurance. But as he recovered himself and turned to salute the gentlemen, the smile on his lips had triumph through its vexation.

"My proud 'lady, keep your pride a little longer," he said to himself. And as he bowed to Stephen Archdale with a dignity as great as Stephen's own, he was thinking: "My morning in that hot office has not been in vain. I know your weak point now, my lofty fellow, and it is there that I will undermine you. You detest business, indeed! John Archdale feels that with his only son in England studying for the ministry he needs a son-in-law in partnership with him. The thousands which I have been putting into his business this morning are well spent, they make me welcome here. Yes, your uncle needs me,

Stephen Archdale, for your clever papa is not always brotherly in his treatment, he has more than once brought heavy losses upon the younger firm. It's a part of my pleasure in prospect that now I shall be able to checkmate him in such schemes, perhaps to bring back a little of the loss upon the shoulders of his heir. Ah, I am safer from you than you dream." He turned to Waldo, and as the two men bowed, they looked at one another steadily. Each was remembering their conversation the night before over some Bordeaux in Waldo's room, for they were staying at the same inn and often spent an hour together. They had drunk sparingly, but, just returned from their sail, each was filled with Katie Archdale's beauty, and each had spoken out his purpose plainly, Waldo with an assurance that, if it savored a little of conceit, was full of manliness, the other with a half-smothered fierceness of passion that argued danger to every obstacle in its way.

"You've come at the very right moment, Master Harwin," broke in Katie's unconscious voice, and she smiled graciously, as she had a habit of doing at everybody; "We were talking about you not two minutes ago."

"Then I am just in time to save my character."

"Don't be too sure about that," returned Miss Royal.

Waldo laughed, and Katie exchanged glances with him, and smiled mischievously.

"No, don't be too sure; it will depend upon whether you say 'yes,' or 'no,' to my question. We were wondering something about you."

Harwin's heart sank, though he returned her smile and her glance with interest. For there were questions she might ask which would inconvenience him, but they should not embarrass him.

"We were wondering," pursued Katie, "if you had ever been presented. Have you?"

As the sun breaks out from a heavy cloud, the light returned to Harwin's blue eyes.

"Yes," he said, "four years ago. I went to court with my uncle, Sir Rydal Harwin, and his majesty was gracious enough to nod in answer to my profound reverence."

"It was a very brilliant scene, I am sure, and very interesting."

"Deeply interesting," returned Harwin with all the traditional respect of an Englishman for his sovereign. Archdale's lip curled a trifle at what seemed to him obsequiousness, but Harwin was not looking at him.

"Stephen has been," pursued Katie, "and he says it was very fine, but for all that he does not seem to care at all about it. He says he would rather go off for a day's hunting any time. The ladies looked charming, he said, and the gentlemen magnificent; but he was bored to death, for all that."

"In order to appreciate it fully," returned Archdale, "it would be necessary that one should be majesty." He straightened himself as he spoke, and looked at Harwin with such gravity that the latter, meeting the light of his eyes, was puzzled whether this was jest or earnest, until Miss Royal's laugh relieved his uncertainty. Katie laid her hand on the speaker's arm and shook it lightly.

"You told me I should be sure to enjoy it," she said. "Now, what do you mean?"

"Ah! but you would be queen," said Harwin, "queen in your own right, a divine right of beauty that no one can resist."

Katie looked at him, disposed for a moment to be angry, but her love of ad-



miration could not resist the worship of his eyes, and the lips prepared to pout curved into a smile not less bewitching that the brightness of anger was still in her cheeks. Archdale and Waldo turned indignant glances on the speaker, but it was manifestly absurd to resent a speech that pleased the object of it, and that each secretly felt would not have sounded ill if he had made it himself. Elizabeth looked from Katie to Harwin with eyes that endorsed his assertion, and as the latter read her expression his scornful wonder in the boat returned.

"Why are we all standing outside in the heat?" cried the hostess. "Let us go into the arbor, there is plenty of room to move about there, we have had a dozen together in it many a time." She passed in under the arch as she spoke, and the others followed her. There in her own way which was not so very witty or wise, and yet was very charming, she held her little court, and the three men who had been in love with her at the beginning of the hour were still more in love at the end of it. And Elizabeth who watched her with an admiration as deep as their's, if more tranquil, did not wonder that it was so. Katie did not forget her, nor did the gentlemen, or at least two of them, forgot to be courteous, but if she had known what became of the spray of clematis which being in the way as she turned her head, she had soon unfastened and let slip to the ground, she would not have wondered, nor would she have cared. If she had seen Archdale's heel crush it unheedingly as he passed out of the arbor, the beat of her pulses would never have varied.

## CHAPTER V.

### ANTICIPATIONS.

It was early in December. The months had brought serious changes

to all but one of the group that the August morning had found in Mr. Archdale's garden. Two had disappeared from the scene of their defeat, and to two of them the future seemed opening up vistas of happiness as deep as the present joy. Elizabeth Royal alone was a spectator in the events of the past months, and even in her mind was a questioning that was at least wonderment, if not pain.

Kenelm Waldo was in the West Indies, trying to escape from his pain at Katie Archdale's refusal, but carrying it everywhere with him, as he did recollections of her; to have lost them would have been to have lost his memory altogether.

Ralph Harwin also had gone. His money was still in the firm of John Archdale & Co., which it had made one of the richest in the Colonies; its withdrawal was now to be expected at any moment, for Harwin did not mean to return, and Archdale, while endeavoring to be ready for this, saw that it would cripple him. Harwin had been right in believing that he should make himself very useful and very acceptable to Katie's father. For Archdale who was more desirous of his daughter's happiness than of anything else in the world, was disappointed that this did not lie in the direction which, on the whole, would have been for his greatest advantage. Harwin and he could have done better for Katie in the way of fortune than Stephen Archdale with his distaste for business would do. The Archdale connection had always been a dream of his, until lately when this new possibility had superseded his nephew's interest in his thoughts. There was an address and business keenness about Harwin that, if Stephen possessed at all, was latent in him. The Colonel was wealthy enough to afford

the luxury of a son who was only a fine gentleman. Stephen was a good fellow, he was sure, and Katie would be happy with him. And yet—but even these thoughts left him as he leaned back in his chair that day, sitting alone after dinner, and a mist came over his eyes as he thought that in less than a fortnight his home would no longer be his little daughter's.

"It will be all right," he said to himself with that sigh of resignation with which we yield to the inevitable, as if there were a certain choice and merit in doing it. "It is well that the affairs of men are in higher hands than ours." John Archdale's piety was of the kind that utters itself in solitude, or under the breath.

Katie at the moment was upstairs with her mother examining a package of wedding gear that had arrived that day. She had no hesitation as to whom her choice should have been. Yet, as she stood holding a pair of gloves, measuring the long wrists on her arm and then drawing out the fingers musingly, it was not of Stephen that she was thinking, or of him that she spoke at last, as she turned away to lay down the gloves and take up a piece of lace.

"Mother," she said, "I do sometimes feel badly for Master Harwin; he is the only man in all the world that I ever had anything like fear of, and now and then I did of him, such a fierceness would come over him once in a while, not to me, but about me, I know, about losing me. He was terribly in earnest. Stephen never gets into these moods, he is always kind and lovable, just as he has been to me as far back as I can remember, only, of course more so now."

"But things have gone differently with him and with poor Master Harwin," answered Mrs Archdale. "If you had

said 'no' to Stephen, you would have seen the dark moods in him, too."

The young girl looked at her mother and smiled, and blushed a little in a charming acknowledgment of feminine power to sway the minds of the sterner half of humanity. Then she grew thoughtful again, not even flattery diverting her long from her subject.

"But Stephen never could be like that," she said. "Stephen could n't be dark in that desperate sort of way. I can't describe it in Master Harwin, but I feel it. Somehow, he would rather Stephen would die, or I should, then have us marry."

"Did he ever say so?"

"Why, no, but you can feel things that nobody says. And, then, there is something else, too. I am quite sure that sometime in his life he did something, well, perhaps something wicked, I don't know what, but I do know that a load lies on his conscience; for one day he told me as much. It was just as he was going away, the day after I had refused him and he knew of my engagement. He asked permission to come and bid me goodby. Don't you remember?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Archdale.

"He looked at me and sighed. 'I've paid a heavy price,' he said half to himself, to lose.' Then he added, 'Mistress Archdale, will you always believe that I loved you devotedly, and always have loved you from the hour I first saw you? If I could undo, — then he waited a moment and grew dreadfully pale, and I think he finished differently from his first intention — 'If I could undo something in the past,' he said, 'I would give my life to do it, but my life would be of no use.'"

"That looks as if it was something against you, Katie."

"Oh, no, I don't think so. Besides, he would n't have given his life at all;

that's only the way men talk, you know, when they want to make an impression of their earnestness on women and they always think they do it that way. But the men that are the readiest to give up their lives don't say anything about it beforehand. Stephen would die for me, I'm sure, but he never told me so in his life. He don't make many protestations; he takes a great deal for granted. Why should n't he; we've known one another from babyhood? But Master Harwin knew, somehow, the minute after he spoke, if he did n't at the time, that he would n't die for his fault at all, whatever it was. And then, after he spoke it seemed to me as if he had changed his mind and did n't care about it in any way, he only cared that I had refused him, and that he was not going to see me any more. I am sorry for a man like that, and if he were going to stay here I should be afraid of him, afraid for Stephen. But he sails in a few days. I don't wonder he could n't wait here for the next ship, wait over the wedding, and whatever danger from him there may have been sails with him. Poor man, I don't see what he liked me for." And with a sigh, Katie dismissed the thought of him and his grief and evil together, and turned her attention again to the wedding finery.

"Only see what exquisite lace," she cried, throwing it out on the table to examine the web. "Where did Elizabeth get it, I wonder? She begged to be allowed to give me my bridal veil, and she has certainly done it handsomely, just as she always does everything, dear child. I suppose it came out in one of her father's ships."

"Everything Master Royal touches turns into gold," said Mrs. Archdale, after a critical examination of the lace had called forth her admiration. "It's Mechlin, Katie. There is nobody in

the Colonies richer than he," she went on, "unless, possibly, the Colonel."

I dare say I ought to pretend not to care that Stephen will have ever so much money," returned the girl, taking up a broad band of India muslin wrought with gold, and laying it over her sleeve to examine the pattern, at which she smiled approvingly. "But then I do care. Stephen is a great deal more interesting rich than he would be poor; he is not made for a grub, neither am I, and living is much better fun when one has laces like cobwebs, and velvets and paduasoyes, and diamonds, mother, to fill one's heart's desire."

As she spoke she looked an embodiment of fair youth and innocent pleasure, and her mother, with a mother's admiration and sympathy in her heart, gave her a lingering glance before she put on a little sternness, and said, "My child, I don't like to hear you talk in that light way. Your heart's desires, I trust, are set upon better things, those of another world."

"Yes, mother, of course. But, then you know, we are to give our mind faithfully to the things next to us, in order to get to those beyond them, and that's what I am doing now, don't you see? O, mother, dear, how I shall miss you, and all your dear, solemn talks, and your dear, smiling looks." And winding her arms about her mother, Katie kissed her so affectionately that Mrs. Archdale felt quite sure that the laces and paduasoyes had not yet spoiled her little daughter.

"Now, for my part," she said a few minutes later as she laid down a pair of dainty white kid shoes, glittering with spangles from the tip of their peaked toes to their very heels, — high enough for modern days, — "These fit you to perfection, my dear. For my part," she repeated, "you know that I have



always hoped you would marry Stephen, yet my sympathies go with Master Waldo in his loss, instead of with the other one, whom I think your father at last grew to like best of the three; it was strange that such a man could have gotten such an influence, but then, they were in business together, and there is always something mysterious about business. Master Waldo is a fine, open-hearted young man, and he was very fond of you."

"Yes, I suppose so," answered the girl, with an effort to merge a smile into the expression accompanying a sympathetic sigh. "It's too bad. But, then, men must look out for themselves, women have to, and Kenelm Waldo probably thinks he is worth any woman's heart."

"So he is, Katie."

"Um!" said the girl. "Well, he'd be wiser to be a little humble about it. It takes better."

"Do you call Stephen humble?"

Katie laughed merrily. "But," she said, at last, "Stephen is Stephen, and humility would n't suit him. He would look as badly without his pride as without his lace ruffles."

"Is it his lace ruffles you're in love with, my child?"

"I don't know, mother," and she laughed again. When should a young girl laugh if not on the eve of her marriage with the man of her choice, when friends and wealth conspire to make the event auspicious?"

"I shall not write to thank Elizabeth for her gift," she said, "for she will be here before a letter can reach her. She leaves Boston to-morrow, that's Tuesday, and she must be here by Friday, perhaps Thursday night, if they start very early."

"I thought Master Royal's letter said Monday?"

"Tuesday," repeated Katie, "if the weather be suitable for his daughter. Look at this letter and you'll see; his world hinges on his daughter's comfort, he is father and mother both to her. Elizabeth needs it, too; she can't take care of herself well. Perhaps she could wake up and do it for somebody else. But I am not sure. She's a dear child, though she seems to me younger than I am. Isn't it funny, mother, for she knows a good deal more, and she's very bright sometimes? But she never makes the best of anything, especially of herself."

It was the day before the wedding. The great old house was full of bustle from its gambrel roof to its very cellar in which wines were decanted to be in readiness, and into which pastries and sweetmeats were carried from the pantry shelves overloaded with preparations for the next day's festivities. Servants ran hither and thither, full of excitement and pleasant anticipations. They all loved Katie who had grown up among them. And, besides, the morrow's pleasures were not to be enjoyed by them wholly by proxy, for if there was to be only wedding enough for one pair, at least the remains of the feast would go round handsomely. Two or three black faces were seen among the English ones, but though they were owned by Mr. Archdale, the disgrace and the badge of servitude had fallen upon them lightly, and the shining of merry eyes and the gleam of white teeth relieved a darkness that nature, and not despair, had made. In New England, masters were always finding reasons why their slaves should be manumitted. How could slavery flourish in a land where the wind of freedom was so strong that it could blow a whole cargo of tea into the ocean?

But there were not only servants go-

ing back and forth through the house, for it was full of guests. The Colonel's family living so near, would not come until the morning of the ceremony, but other relatives were there in force. Mrs. Archdaie's brother, — a little patronizing but very rich and gracious, and his family who having been well patronized, were disposed to be humble and admiring, and her sister who not having fed on the roses of life, had a good deal of wholesome strength about her, together with a touch of something which, if it were wholesome, was not exactly grateful. Cousins of Mr. Archdale were there also. Elizabeth Royal, at Katie's special request, had been her guest for the last ten days. Her father had gone home again the day he brought her and was unable to return for the wedding and to take his daughter home afterward, as he had intended; but he had sent Mrs. Eveleigh, his cousin and housekeeper. It seemed strange that the father and daughter were so companionable, for superficially they were entirely unlike. Mr. Royal was considered stern and shrewd, and, though a well-read man, eminently practical, more inclined to business than scholarship, while Elizabeth was dreamy, generous, wholly unacquainted with business of any kind, and it seemed too much uninterested in it ever to be acquainted. To most people the affection between them seemed only that of nature and circumstances, Elizabeth being an only child, and her mother having died while she was very young. It is the last analysis of character that discovers the same trait under different forms. None of her friends carried analysis so far, and it was possible that no effort could have discovered subtle likeness then, Perhaps it was still latent and would only hereafter find some outward expression for itself. It sometimes happens that physi-

cal likeness comes out only after death, mental not until late in life, and likeness of character in the midst of unlikeness is revealed usually only in the crucible of events.

That day, Elizabeth, from her window overlooking the garden, had seen a picture that she never forgot. It was about noon, all the warmth that was in the December sun filled the garden (which the leafless trees no longer shaded). There was no snow on the ground, for the few stray flakes premonitory of winter which had fallen from time to time in the month had melted almost as soon as they had touched the ground. The air was like an Indian summer's day; it seemed impossible that winter could be round the corner waiting only for a change of wind. The tracery of the boughs of the trees and of all their little twigs against the blue sky was exquisite, the stalks of the dead flowers warmed into a livelier brown in the sunlight. Yet it may have been partly the figures in the foreground that made the whole picture so bright to Elizabeth, for to her the place was filled with the lovers who were walking there and talking, probably saying those nothings, so far as practical matters go, which they may indulge in freely only before the thousand cares of life interfere with their utterances. Stephen had come to the house, and Katie and he were taking what they were sure would prove to be their last opportunity for quiet talk before the wedding. They went slowly down the long path to the clematis arbor, and then turned back again, for it was not warm enough to sit down out of doors. Elizabeth watched them as they walked toward the house, and a warmth came into her own face in her pleasure. "Dear Katie," she said to herself, "she is sure to be so happy." The young

girl's hand lay on Archdale's arm, and she was looking up at him with a smile full of joyousness. Archdale's head was bent and the watcher could not see his eyes, but his attitude of devotion, his smile, and Katie's face told the story.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## GLORIFYING TRIAL BY JURY.

By CHARLES COWLEY, LL.D.

Twice within two years representatives of the highest courts of Massachusetts have published in the *North American Review*, panegyrics of juries and jury trials. The late Judge Foster and Judge Pitman both concede — what indeed is too notorious to be denied — that there are frequent and gross miscarriages of justice; but they touch lightly on this aspect of the question. Being personally identified with the institution which they extol, their self-complacency is neither unnatural nor unpardonable. It seems not to have occurred to them, that if a reform of our judiciary is really needed, they are “a part of the thing to be reformed.” But in weighing their testimony to the advantages of trial by jury, allowance must be made for the bias of office and for the bias of interest. In the idolatrous throng which drowned the voice of St. Paul with their halcyon and vociferous shouts, “Great is Diana of the Ephesians!” there was no one who shouted louder than the thrifty silversmith, Demetrius, who added the naive remark, “By this craft we live.”

In the outset of his presentation of the beauties of jury trials, Judge Pitman says that “certain elementary rules of law are so closely associated with this system that change in one would require alteration of the other.” Now, these rules of law are either good or bad. If they are bad, they should be revised; and the fact that they are so closely associated with trial by jury, that

they can not be amended without injury thereto, adds little lustre to that time-honored institution. On the other hand, if these “elementary rules of law” are good, it is presumed that courts will be able to appreciate and apply them quite as well as juries.

Judge Pitman then proceeds to argue that criminal trials without juries would be attended with disadvantages, because he thinks that judges would have, oftener than juries, that “reasonable doubt” which by law entitles the accused to an acquittal. This warrants one of two inferences: either the writer would have men convicted whose guilt is involved in “reasonable doubt,” or he fears that the learning and experience of the bar and the bench tend to unfit the mind to weigh the evidence of guilt or innocence. It is curious that in a former number of the same *Review*, another learned writer expressed exactly the contrary opinion.\* Mr. Edward A. Thomas thinks that judges are too much inclined to convict persons charged with criminal offences,” and that juries are too much inclined to acquit them. And Judge Foster seemingly agrees with Mr. Thomas upon this point.

Again: Judge Pitman argues that a jury is better qualified than a judge to determine what is “due care.” And Judge Foster, going still further, says, “common men belonging to various walks in life, are, in most cases, better

\* *N. A. Review*, No. CCCIV, March, 1882.



fitted to decide correctly ordinary questions of fact than any single judge or bench of judges." There are, unquestionably, many cases in which the main questions are so entirely within the scope of ordinary men's observation and experience that no special knowledge is required to decide them. With respect to such cases, it is true that

"A few strong instincts and a few plain rules  
Are worthy all the learning of the schools."

But where the questions involved are many in number, intricate and complicated in character, and enveloped in a mass of conflicting testimony requiring many days to hear it, is it not manifest that a jury,—not one of whom has taken a note during the trial, some of whose members have heard as though hearing not, and seen as though seeing not, the testimony and the witnesses,—deals with such a case at a great disadvantage, as compared with a judge whose notes contain all the material testimony, and who has all the opportunity for rest and relaxation that he may require before filing the finding which is his verdict? With respect to such cases, it is clear that, as a learned English judge has said, "the securities which can be taken for justice in the case of a trial by a judge without a jury, are infinitely greater than those which can be taken for trial by a judge and jury." \* A judge may be required to state what facts he finds, as well as the general conclusion at which he has arrived, and to state upon what views of the legal questions he has acted.

Judge Foster most justly remarks: "There can be no such thing as a good jury trial without the co-operation of a learned, upright, conscientious and efficient presiding judge, \* \* holding firmly and steadily the reins, and guiding the entire proceedings." This is

what Judge Foster was, and what Judge Pitman is, accustomed to do. But if the jury requires such "guiding" from the court, and if the court is competent thus to guide them, it is clear that the court must know the way and must be able to follow it; otherwise it could not so guide the jury.

Judge Pitman also argues that the jury can eliminate "the personal equation" better than the judge. But is this so? Does education count for nothing in producing that calm, firm, passionless state of mind which is essential in those who determine causes between party and party?

Are not juries quite as often as judges swayed by popular clamor, by prejudice, by appeals to their passions, and by considerations foreign to the merits of the case? As Mr. Thomas asks in the article before quoted: "How many juries are strictly impartial? How many remain entirely uninfluenced by preference for one or the other of the parties, one or the other counsel, or the leaning of some friend to either, or by political affiliations, or church connections, or relations to secret societies, or by what they have heard, or by what they have read? Can they be as discerning and impartial as a bench of judges, or if inclined to some bias or prejudice, can they as readily as a judge divest their minds of such an impression?" If it be true that juries composed of such material as Judge Pitman shows our juries to be largely composed of, are as capable of mastering and determining intricate questions of fact as judges trained to that duty, then we may truly say—

"Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,  
And naught is everything, and everything is naught."

According to Judge Pitman, the system which prevails in some of the states, of trials by the court without jur-

\* 1 Stephen's History of the Criminal Law, 568.

ies (with the provision that the trial shall be by jury if either party demand it), "works satisfactorily." The testimony of lawyers and litigants in Massachusetts, Connecticut and other states where this system prevails, is to the same effect. For ourselves, while far from desiring the abolition of trial by jury, whether in civil or in criminal causes, we are by no means disposed to "throw glamour" (as the Scotch say), over an instrumentality for ascertaining legal truth, which is so cumbersome in its operation, and so uncertain in its results. A jury is, at best, a means, and not an end; and although much may be said about the incidental usefulness of jury service on account of its tendency to enlarge the intellectual horizon of jurors, all that is beside the main question.

Whether a particular occurrence took place or not, is a question which, whether it be tried by a judge or by a jury, must be decided upon evidence; which consists, in part, of circumstances, and, in part, of acts, but in part also, and very largely, of the sworn statements of individuals. While falsehood and corruption prevail among all classes of the community so extensively as they now do, it is useless to claim that decisions based upon human testimony are always or generally correct. Perjury is as rife as ever, and works as much wrong as ever. To a conscientious judge, like Judge Pitman, "the investigation of a mass of tangled facts and conflicting testimony" cannot but be wearisome, as he says it is; and, in many cases, the sense of responsibility "cannot but be oppressive;" but he has so often repeated a *dictum* of Lord Redesdale that he must be presumed to have found solace in it—"it is more important that an end be put to litiga-

tion, than that justice should be done in every case." There is truth in that *dictum*; but, like other truths, it has often been abused, especially by incompetent or lazy or drowsy judges. More unfortunate suitors have suffered as martyrs to that truth than the judges who jauntily "cast" them would admit.

Judges may do their best; juries may do their best; they will often fall into error; and instead of glorifying themselves or the system of which they are a part, it would be more modest in them to say, "We are unprofitable servants." Not many judges have been great enough to say, "I know I sometimes err," but some have said it. The lamented Judge Colt said it publicly more than once, and the admission raised, rather than lowered, him in the general esteem. When he died the voice of the bar and of the people said, "Other judges have been revered, but we loved Judge Colt."

Massachusetts gives her litigants the choice of a forum. All trials in civil causes are by the courts alone, unless one party or the other claims a jury. If the reader has a case of much complexity, either with respect to the facts, or with respect to the law, perhaps he would like to have our opinion as to which is the better forum. The answer is the same that was given by one who lived at the parting of the ways, to a weary traveller who inquired which fork of the road he should take: "Both are full of snags, quagmires and pitfalls. No matter which you take, before you reach the end of your journey you will wish you had taken the other." In the trial by jury, and in the trial by the court, just as in the trial by ordeal, and in the trial by battle in the days of old, the element of chance is of the first magnitude

## PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

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SENEFELDER, THE INVENTOR OF LITHOGRAPHY AND CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHY.—HIS  
ART IN BOSTON DEVELOPED BY L. PRANG & CO.—COLOR-  
PRINTING ON SATIN, ETC.

A century ago the world knew nothing of the art of lithography; color-printing was confined to comparatively crude products from wooden blocks, most of which were hardly equal to the Japanese fan pictures now familiar to all of us. The year 1799 gave us a new invention which was destined to revolutionize reproductive art and add immensely to the means for education, culture and enjoyment.

Alois Senefelder, born 1771, at Prague (Austria), started life with writing plays, and too poor to pay a printer, he determined to invent a process of his own which should serve to print his manuscript without dependence upon the (to him) too costly types.

A born inventor, this Alois Senefelder, a genius, supported by boundless hope, immense capability for hard, laborious work, and an indomitable energy; he started with the plan of etching his writings in relief on metal plates, to take impressions therefrom by means of rollers. He found the metal too costly for his experiments; and limestone slabs from the neighboring quarries — he living then in Munich — were tried as a substitute. Although partly successful in this direction, he continued through years of hard, and often disappointing trials, to find something more complete. He hit upon the discovery that a printed sheet of paper (new or old) moistened with a thin solution of gum Arabic would, when dabbled over printers' ink, accept the ink from the dabbler only on its printed parts and re-

main perfectly clean in the blank spaces, so that a facsimile impression could be taken from this inked-in sheet. He found that this operation might be repeated until the original print gave out by wear. Here was a new discovery, based on the properties of attraction and repulsion between fatty matters (printers ink), and the watery solution of gum Arabic. The extremely delicate nature of the paper matrix was a serious drawback, and had to be overcome. The slabs of limestone which served Senefelder in a previous emergency were now resorted to by him as an absorbent material similar to paper, and a trial by making an impression from his above-mentioned paper matrix on the stone, and subsequent gumming, convinced him that he was correct in his surmise. By this act lithography became an established fact.

A few short years of intelligent experimenting revealed to him all the possibilities of this new discovery. Inventions of processes followed each other closely until in 1818 he disclosed to the world in a volume of immortal interest not only a complete history of his invention and his processes, but also a reliable description of the same for others to follow. Nothing really new except photo-lithography has been added to this charming art since that time; improvement only by manual skill and by chemical progress, can be claimed by others.

Chromo-lithography (printing in colors from stone) was experimented on by



the great inventor. He outlined its possibilities by saying, that he verily believed that printed pictures like paintings would sometimes be made thereby, and whoever has seen the productions of our Boston firm, L. Prang & Co., will bear him out in the verity of his prediction.

When Prang touched this art in 1856 it was in its infancy in this country. Stray specimens of more or less merit had been produced, especially by Martin Thurwanger (pen work) and Fabronius (crayon work), but much was left to be perfected. A little bunch of roses to embellish a ladies' magazine just starting in Boston, was the first work with which the firm occupied its single press. Crude enough it was, but diligence and energy soon developed therefrom the works which have astonished not only this country but even Europe, and the firm, which took thereby the lead in their speciality of art reproduction in color, has succeeded in keeping it ever since from year to year without one faltering step, until there is no single competitor in the civilized world to dispute its mastery. This is something to be proud of, not only for the firm in question, but even for the country at large, and to crown its achievements, the firm of L. Prang & Co. have this year made, apart from their usual wonderful variety of original Christmas cards and other holiday art prints, a reproduction of a flower piece of the celebrated Belgian flower painter, Jean Robie, and printed it on satin by a process invented and patented by Mr. Prang. For truthfulness as a copy this

print challenges the admiration of our best artists and connoisseurs. The gorgeous work as it lies before our eyes seems to us to be as perfect as if it left the very brush of the master, and even in close comparison with the original it does not lose an iota of its charms.

Of the marvellous excellence of this, the latest achievement of this remarkable house, thousands who visited the late exhibition of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic's Association and saw Messrs. L. Prang & Co's. extensive exhibit, can bear witness. Everybody who looked at the two pictures, the original masterpiece by Robie and its reproduction by Prang, side by side, was puzzled to distinguish which was which, many pointing to the reproduction as the better, and in their eyes, therefore as the original picture. The same was true with regard to many more of this justly celebrated firm's reproductions, which they did not hesitate to exhibit, alongside of the original paintings. Altogether, their exhibit with its large collection of elegant satin prints, its studies for artists, its historical feature, showing the enormous development of the firm's work since 1856, its interesting illustration by successive printings of how their pictures are made, and its instructive and artistic arrangement of their collection, made it one of the most attractive features of the fair.

What more can we say but that we are proud ourselves of this achievement within our city limits; it cannot fail to increase the fame our beloved Boston as a town of masters in thought and art. Honor to the firm of L. Prang & Co.

## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

**THE VOYAGE OF THE "VIVIAN"** to the North Pole and Beyond, or Adventures of Two Youths in the Open Polar sea. By COLONEL THOMAS W. KNOX, the author of "The Boy Travellers in the Far East," "The Young Nimrods," etc. Illustrated; 8vo.; cloth, \$3. Harper & Brothers, New York.

A fascinating story for boys, into which is woven by the graceful pen of the author the history of Arctic exploration for centuries past. The young readers who have followed the "Boy Travellers in the Far East" will welcome this addition to the literature of adventure and travel.

**LITTLE PEOPLE OF THE AIR,** By the authors of "Little Playfellows." Illustrated; 8vo., \$1. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

A series of pretty stories of feathered songsters, for little men and women, alike interesting to the young and children of an older growth.

**POLITICS FOR YOUNG AMERICANS.** By CHARLES NORDHOFF, author of "The Communistic Societies of the United States," etc. Popular edition; paper, 12mo., 40c. Harper and Brothers, New York.

A series of essays in the form of letters, calculated to instruct the youth of this country in their duty as American citizens.

**A PERILOUS SECRET.** By CHARLES READE. Cloth, 12mo.; 75 cents. Harper and Brothers, New York.

This volume forms one of Harper's Household editions of the works of this popular novelist.

**THE ICE QUEEN.** By ERNEST INGERSOLL, author of "Friends Worth Knowing," "Knocking Around the Rockies," etc. Illustrated; Cloth, 16mo., \$1. Harper and Brothers, New York.

A story for boys and girls of the adventures of a small party storm-bound in winter, on a desolate island in Lake Erie.

**GOD AND THE FUTURE LIFE;** or the Reasonableness of Christianity. By CHARLES NORDHOFF, author of "Politics for Young Americans," etc. 16mo., cloth, \$1. Harper and Brothers, New York.

Paley's "Natural Theology," familiar to students, is supplemented by this volume, which brings the argument down to the present development of science. It is a book for thoughtful men and women, whose faith in the immortality of the soul needs strengthening.

**MOTHERS IN COUNCIL.** 16mo., cloth, \$1. Harper and Brothers, New York.

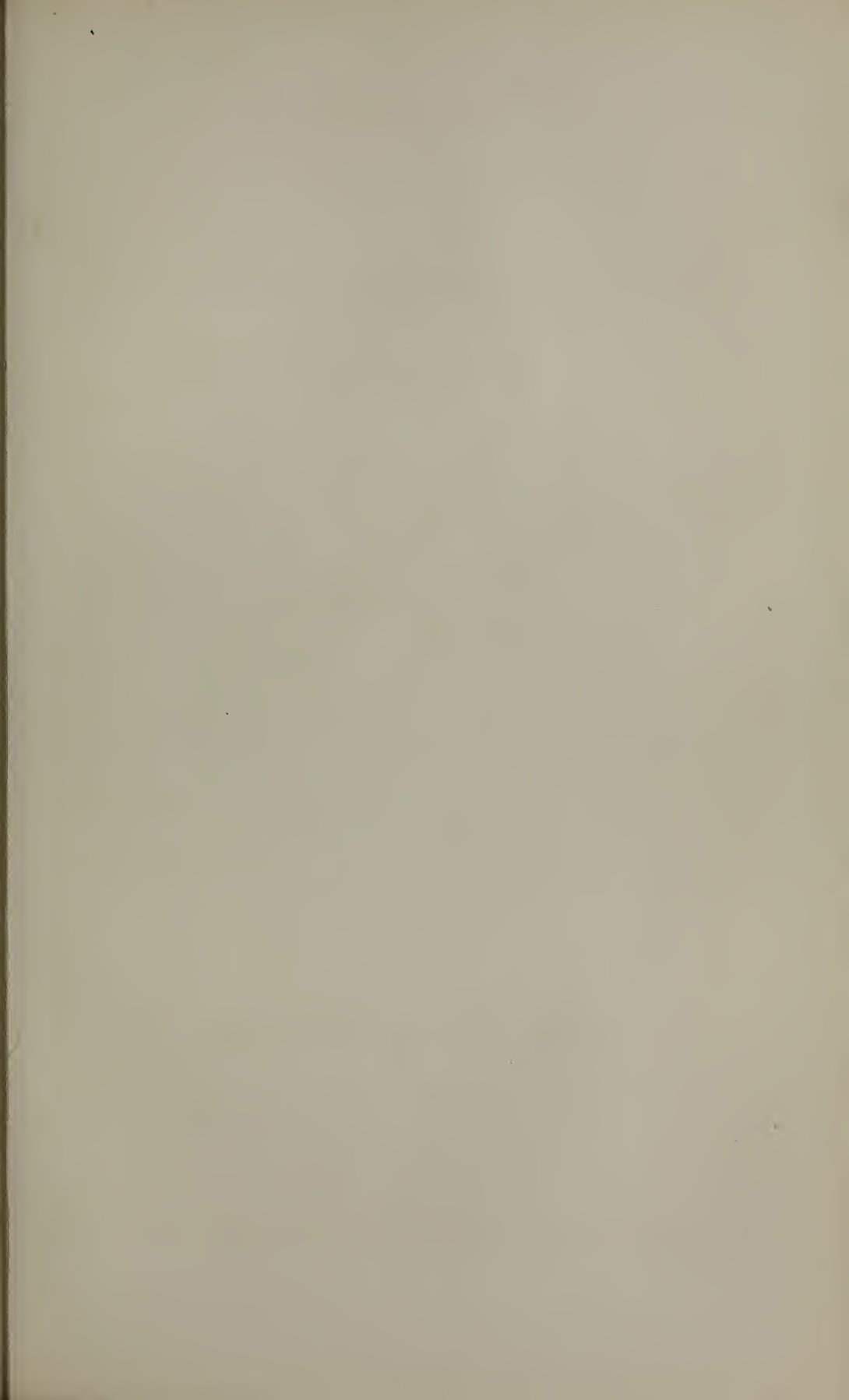
A series of essays and discussions of value to the family circle, teaching how sons can be brought up to be good husbands, and daughters to be contented and useful old maids, and many other valuable lessons.

**GOOD STORIES.** By CHARLES READE, 16mo., cloth, \$1. Harper and Brothers, New York.

These short stories by Mr. Reade, some of which have appeared from time to time in the Bazar, are here gathered in one volume. They are "The History of an Acre," "The Knightsbridge Mystery," "Single Heart and Double Face," and many others.

**I SAY NO;** or, the Love Letter Answered. By WILKIE COLLINS; 16mo., cloth, \$1. Harper and Brothers, New York.

The announcement that a new novel from the pen of Mr. Collins has appeared is enough to insure a large and steady demand for it.







*Geo. D. Robinson*

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## GEORGE DEXTER ROBINSON.

BY FRED. W. WEBBER, A. M.

[Assistant Editor of the Boston Journal.]

His Excellency George D. Robinson, at present the foremost citizen of Massachusetts, by reason of his incumbency of the highest office in the Commonwealth, is the thirtieth in the line of succession of the men who have held the office of Governor under the Constitution. In character, in ability, in education, and in those things generally which mark the representative citizen of New England, he is a worthy successor of the best men who have been called to the Chief Magistracy. His public career has been marked by dignity and an untiring fidelity to duty; his life as a private citizen has been such as to win for him the respect and good will of all who know him. He is a man in whom the people who confer honor upon him find themselves also honored. He is a native of the Commonwealth, of whose laws he is the chief administrator, and comes of that sturdy stock which wresting a new country from savagery, fostered with patient industry the germs of civilization it had planted, and aided in developing into a nation the colonies that, throwing off the

yoke of foreign tyranny, presented to the world an example of government founded on the equal rights of the governed and existing by and with the consent of the people. His ancestors were probably of that Saxon race which for centuries stood up against the encroachments of Norman kings and nobles, which was led with willingness into the battle, the siege or the crusade that meant the maintenance or advancement of old England's honor, or in the cause of mother Church, and which was possessed of that brave, independent spirit that, when the old home was felt to be too narrow an abode, sought a new country in which to plant and develop its ideas of what government should be. However this may be it is certain that from the first settlement of the Massachusetts Bay Colony the family was always represented among the most honorable of its yeomanry, and among its members were pillars of both Church and State. His immediate ancestors, people of the historic town of Lexington, were active citizens in the Revolutionary period, and in the great struggle

members of the family were among those who did brave and effective service in the cause of liberty.

George Dexter Robinson was born in Lexington, February 20, 1834. Born on a farm, his boyhood and youth were spent there, and his naturally strong constitution was improved by the outdoor exercise and labor which are part of the life of the farmer's boy. But the future Governor did not intend to devote himself to farming. With the aim of obtaining a collegiate education he attended the Academy in his native town, and followed his studies there by further preparation at the Hopkins Classical School in Cambridge. Entering Harvard University he was graduated at that institution in 1856, and receiving an appointment as Principal of the High School in Chicopee, Massachusetts, he accepted it, filling the position with success during a period of nine years. He retired from it in 1865. Meanwhile he had devoted much time to legal studies, which he continued more fully during the next few months, and in 1866 he was admitted to the bar in Cambridge. Chicopee, the town wherein his active career in life had begun, he made his permanent home, and with the various interests of that town he identified himself closely and pleasantly, exemplifying in many ways the character of a true townsman, and associating himself with every movement for the good of his fellow citizens. In 1873 he was elected to represent the town the ensuing year in the State Legislature, and as a member of the House he was noted for the promptness and fidelity with which he attended to his legislative duties. Two years later he was a member of the State Senate, and here, as in the House, he displayed conspicuous ability as a legislator in addition to that fidelity to his responsibilities

which had long been characteristic of him in any and all positions. His qualifications for public life received still wider recognition the year he served in the Senate, and he was nominated by the Republicans of the old Eleventh District as Representative in Congress. He was re-elected for two successive terms, and after the re-apportionment was elected from the new Twelfth District in 1882, but before taking his seat was nominated by the Republicans for the office of Governor, to which he was elected. He took his seat, however, in order to assist in the organization of the new Congress, and, after that work was accomplished, resigned to enter upon the duties entrusted to him by the people of the whole Commonwealth. He had sat in the Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth Congresses. Of his career in Washington it would not be possible to give a better summary than one given by "Webb," the able Washington correspondent of the Boston Journal, which is here given in its entirety:

Mr. Robinson took his seat in the Forty-fifth Congress, which met in extra session, in October, 1877. He was prompt in his seat on the first day of the first session. Regularity in attendance, and constant attention to public business, have been characteristics of Mr. Robinson's Congressional career. He is in his seat when the gavel falls in the morning; he never leaves it until the House adjourns at night. He does not spend his time in importuning the departments for clerkships, but he welcomes the civil service law. He does not take the public time, which belongs to his constituents, for his private practice in the United States Supreme Court. He is in the truest sense a representative of the people. He is quick in discovering, and vigorous in denounc-



ing an abuse. He as quickly comprehends and as earnestly advocates a just cause. He is a safe guardian of the people's money and has never cast his vote for an extravagant expenditure; but he does not oppose an appropriation to gain a reputation for economy, or aspire to secure the title of "watch dog of the Treasury," by resorting to the arts of a demagogue.

When he entered Congress, he went there with the sincerity of a student, determined to master the intricate, peculiar machinery of Congressional legislation. He has become an authority in parliamentary law, and is one of the ablest presiding officers in Congress.

In the Congress which he first entered the Democrats were in power in the House. "They had come back," as one of their Southern leaders (Ben Hill) said, "to their father's house, and come to stay." Mr. Randall was elected Speaker. He put Mr. Robinson on one of the minor standing committees—that of Expenditures in the Department of Justice—and subsequently placed him near the foot of the list on the Special Committee on the Mississippi Levees. Before the latter committee had made much progress with its business, it was discovered that where "McGregor sits is the head of the table." Mr. Robinson, at the extra session of the Forty-fifth Congress, took little active part in the public proceedings. He was a student of Congressional rules and practice.

At the second session of the Forty-fifth Congress he began to actively participate in the debates, and from the outset endeavored to secure a much needed reform in Congressional proceedings. He always insisted that, in the discussion of important questions, order should be maintained. He followed every important bill in detail, and

the questions which he directed to those who had these bills in charge showed that he had made himself a master of the subject. He took occasion to revise upon the floor many of the calculations of the Appropriations Committee, and to urge the necessity of the most rigid economy consistent with proper administration.

It was at the third session of the Forty-fifth Congress, January 16, 1879, that Mr. Robinson made his first considerable speech. It was upon the bill relative to the improvement of the Mississippi River. He was very deeply impressed with the magnitude of the problems presented by that great river, and, while he was willing that the public money should be wisely expended for the improvement of the 'Father of Waters,' he did not wish that Congress should be committed to any special plan which might prove to be part of a great job, until an official investigation could be had. The interest with which this first speech was listened to, and the endless questions with which the Southern men who favored absolutely the levee system plied him, showed that they understood that great weight would be given to Mr. Robinson's opinion, and that they did not wish him to declare, unconditionally, against their cause. The speech was a broad and liberal one, but extremely just. It had been intimated in the course of the debate that Eastern members, who did not favor the improvement of the river, refused to do so on account of a narrow provincialism. Mr. Robinson showed them that New England is both just and generous, and that the country is so united that a substantial benefit to any portion of it cannot be an injury to another. He made some keen thrusts at the Southern State rights advocates, who were so eager for the old flag and

an appropriation, and he reminded them that whatever might be thought of the dogma of State sovereignty, "the great old river is regardless of State lines, of the existence of Louisiana, and, whenever there is a defective levee in Arkansas, over it goes into Louisiana, spreading devastation in its course." Mr. Robinson insisted that "Congress has no right to spend \$4,000,000 out of the public treasury immediately without investigating a theory and a plan which proposes to render such an expenditure wholly unnecessary," and he maintained that the greatest possible safe-guards should be provided against any extravagant expenditure on the part of the Government. The relations of New England to such an undertaking he thus broadly stated :

I am not deterred by any considerations that when the great river is open to commerce to an enlarged extent more freight will go down its bosom and be diverted perhaps from the great cities on the Atlantic shore. I am willing that the whole country shall be improved and opened for its best and most profitable occupation. This territory, whose interests are affected by this, is greater than the whole of New England. I am not afraid that whatever improvements may be made there New England will be left out in the cold. Whatever conduces to the prosperity of the West or South will benefit the East and North. We are parts of one great whole, and, if it is necessary under a proper policy to spend some money from the Treasury of the United States to meet the wants of those States lying along the Mississippi River, I hope it will not be begrudged to them, but it should not be done, and the Government should not be committed, until the plans have received a careful consid-

eration and the indorsement of the proper officers."

At the third session of the Forty-fifth Congress, Mr. Robinson, from his minor place on the Committee on Expenditures in the Department of Justice, introduced a bill relative to the mileage of United States Marshals, which proposed an important reform.

In the Forty-sixth Congress, at the first session, Mr. Robinson, on account of the marked abilities which he had shown as a lawyer and a debater, was appointed a member of the Judiciary Committee, a position which he held through the Forty-sixth Congress with honor to his district and his State. From the outset of the Forty-sixth Congress Mr. Robinson, to the great surprise of many older members, who were not able to fathom the mystery of the rules, took front rank as a debater on points of order, and showed that his months of silent observation and of earnest study had brought their fruit. His discussion of points of order and of the rules was always characterized by good sense. He did not seek to begog a question by an extensive quotation of authorities. He endeavored to strip the rules of their technicalities and to apply to them the principle of common sense. Sometimes, however, he was almost in despair, and once in the course of an intricate discussion he exclaimed (March 28, 1879) : " If there is a standing and clear rule that guides the Chair, I have not yet found it."

At the second session of the Forty-sixth Congress, Western and Southern Democrats united their forces in support of an amendment to the "Culbertson Court bill," which was designed to limit the jurisdiction of the United States courts. Some of the strongest advocates of this amendment were men who, although living in Northern States, were

unfriendly to the Union, and who, since the war, have been continuously aggressive in their efforts to place limitations upon national power. Mr. Robinson was a member of the Judiciary Committee and spoke upon the bill. His speech upon this measure attracted more attention than any speech he had delivered before that time. It commanded the undivided attention of the House, which was so interested in it that, although the debate was running in the valuable time of the morning hour, Mr. Robinson, on motion of a Democrat, Mr. Randolph Tucker, after the expiration of his time, was requested to continue. The speech was a powerful, logical, patriotic defence of the federal courts. A few extracts from the general parts of this speech furnish an excellent illustration of the abilities of Mr. Robinson as a debater and orator, as well as of his strong convictions. He spoke as the son of a Jackson Democrat would be likely to speak. He vigorously opposed the increase in the limit from \$500 to \$2,000 as proposed by the Southern and Western Democrats.

After quoting the opinions of Chief Justices Story and Marshall to show that the right of Congress to establish federal courts could not be denied without defeating the Constitution itself, Mr. Robinson continued: "I say, then, that those constitutional provisions give to the citizens of the different States their rights in the federal courts. I say again, it is not within the constitutional power of Congress to make discriminations as to citizens in this matter. It has been taken as settled that the corporations of the States for purposes of jurisdiction are citizens of the States in which they are created. Can you discriminate? Why, in the famous Dred Scott decision, the Supreme Court did discriminate, and said that a negro was not a citizen within the meaning of the Constitution, nor entitled to sue in

the Circuit Court of the United States. The nation paused and held its breath, and never recovered itself until after the bloody strife of the war, when was put into the Constitution that guaranty that no such doctrine should ever be repeated in this country. If Congress can exclude the citizens of a locality, or the citizens of one color, or the citizens of one occupation, or the citizens of certain classes of wealth or industry, surely it can exclude any other citizens. If you can, in this bill and under our Constitution, declare that the citizens, or any portion of them, in this country, because they act in their corporate capacity, shall lose their rights in the federal courts, it is but the next step to legislate that the man who is engaged in rolling iron, or in the manufacture of cotton, or of woollen goods, or is banker, or 'bloated bondholder,' shall not have any rights in the federal courts. There is no step between them. There may be a discrimination as to subject-matter, but not as to citizens. The distinction is very broad, and in recognition of it my argument is made." In the discussion of the apportionment at the Forty-sixth Congress, third session, Mr. Robinson eloquently defended the honor of Massachusetts against the aspersions which had been cast upon the Commonwealth by General Butler in his brief as attorney in the Boynton-Loring contest. In the course of the debate Mr. Cox called attention to this brief and suggested that if it were true the representation of Massachusetts should be curtailed. Mr. Robinson entered into an explanation of the reading and writing qualification for suffrage in Massachusetts. As General Butler was the assailant in this case, Mr. Robinson said:

"I propose to show this matter was understood before 1874. Turn to the debates in the Congressional Globe, vol-



ume 75, and in 1869 in this House, and within these walls, General Benjamin F. Butler made this speech in reply to an inquiry made by the gentleman from New York, the Chairman of this Census Committee. He says :

"Everybody in Massachusetts can vote irrespective of color who can read and write. The qualification is equal in its justice, and an ignorant white man cannot vote there and a learned negro be excluded ; but in the Georgia Legislature there was a white man who could hardly read and write, if at all, voted in because he was white, while a negro who spoke and read two languages was voted out, solely because he was black. It is well that Massachusetts requires her citizens should read and write before being permitted to vote. Almost everybody votes there under that rule, certainly every native-born person of proper age and sex votes there, and there are hundreds and thousands in this country who would thank God continually on their bended knees if it could be provided that voters in the city of New York should be required to read and write. They would then believe Republican government in form and fact far more safe than now."

After exposing the assertions of General Butler, Mr. Robinson concluded as follows :

"For twenty-three years it has been written before the people of that State that to entitle them to vote and hold office they shall first learn to read and write. Near to every man's dwelling stands a public free school. Education is brought to the door of every man. These school-houses are supported with almost unbounded munificence. Children have been born in that time and have attended school at the public expense, and the general education of the people has been advanced.

\* \* \* I will not take any time in talking about the policy of the law. There are some and many people in the State who do not think it wise to require the prepayment of a poll tax. People differ about that. Some time or other that may be changed ; but for sixty years it has been the law, and it so remains. Looking into the Constitution and the laws of the sister States of Virginia and Georgia and Delaware and Pennsylvania we find similar provisions of the same antiquity justified by the communities that have adopted such legislation. And we say to all the States we leave to you those questions of policy, and we commend them to your judgment and careful consideration. Does any one claim that representation should be reduced because of insanity or idiocy, or because of convicts? Does any one claim that all laws requiring residence and registration should be done away? And yet they are on the same line, on the same principle. There is not one of these prerequisites, on which I have commented, that it is not in the power of the person who desires to get suffrage to overcome and control and conquer so that he may become a voter. But if he be a black man he cannot put off his color. He cannot, if he were born a member of a particular race, strip himself of that quality ; nor can he, if he has been in servitude ; nor can he, if he has been in rebellion, take out that taint ; nor can he, if he has been convicted of other crimes, remove his record of criminality. These are an inherent, inseparable, indissoluble part of that man. But his education, his registration, his residence, his payment of a portion of the burdens of the State, and the other matters, are in his power and his control. I find it to be in accord with the wisdom of the people of the

country that it is the true policy to let the States govern those matters for themselves. The Constitution of the United States touches those things that are out of the man's control."

In the filibustering contest over the rules in the Forty-seventh Congress, first session, Mr. Robinson made a very earnest speech, which commended itself to all except the extreme filibusters. Stripping the contest of its technical parliamentary points, Mr. Robinson said: "Our rules are for orderly procedure, not for disorderly obstruction; not for resistance." Continuing he said that no tyranny is one-half as odious as that which comes from the minority. "Our fathers," he said, "put our Government upon the right of the majority to rule." To the charge of one of the minority that the purpose of the majority to proceed to the consideration of the election cases was tyranny, Mr. Robinson said:

"Tyranny! Because the majority of this House proposes to go forward to action in a way that, upon their oaths, they declare to be right and proper, and in their judgment is to be vindicated, you say that is tyranny! But it is not tyranny for you in a minority forsooth to say, unless it goes just the way we want it, it shall not go at all. That is to say, in the language that you have thrown out here and have fulminated in the caucus, you will sit here till the expiration of this Congress rather than you shall not have your way. I commend to my friend some other dictionary in which he will find a proper definition of the word tyranny."

To show to what logical result the theory of the right of the minority to prevent legislation or the consideration of public business would lead, the following illustration was used: "But this very day suppose by some great ca-

lamity the chair of the Speaker was left vacant and we were confronted with the necessity of electing a Speaker. Elect him under the rules, you say. Yes, but under the Constitution, greater than the rule. But, say one-fifth of this House, you shall not proceed to elect a Speaker unless you will take a man from our number; and we will move to adjourn, to adjourn over, and to take a recess. You shall never organize this House so long as we can call the yeas and nays. Do you believe that we are in that pitiable plight?"

On the subject of civil service Mr. Robinson improved one minute to express his views in this manner:

"I am heartily in favor of this bill. It is in the right direction. We have read enough in the platforms of both political parties; here is a chance to do something.

"In some of the States of this country have just been inaugurated officers of the Democratic party; and I have noticed they have made haste, no matter what their declarations have been in recent platforms, to turn out well tried public servants and put in some of their own retainers and supporters. I want this Congress here and now to express itself in this bill, so that it may be in accord with the sentiment of this country.

"I hear some gentlemen say, 'Oh, yes, we are for reform, but this does not reform enough.' I am somewhat alarmed when I find a man who says he wants to reform but cannot begin at all unless he can reform all over in one minute. If there is not enough in this bill, still let us take it gladly, give it a cordial welcome and support, and we will pass some other bill some day which will go as far as our most progressive friends want."

The position of Mr. Robinson on the tariff and River and Harbor bills needs

no explanation to Massachusetts readers. He opposed the River and Harbor bill and voted to sustain the President's veto.

The political campaign of 1883, which resulted in Mr. Robinson's election as Governor, was an interesting and somewhat exciting one. His Democratic competitor for the office was General Benjamin F. Butler, who was then Governor, and who took the stump in his peculiarly aggressive way, arraigning bitterly the Republican administrations which had preceded his own and appealing to his own record in the office as an argument for his re-election. His elevation to the Governorship the year before had been the result of some demoralization in the Republican party, and was the possible cause of more, unless a candidate could be found able to harmonize and draw together again the inharmonious elements. That Mr. Robinson was such a man was indicated very clearly in the fact that the nomination sought him, in reality against his wish, and was accepted in a spirit of duty. Accepting the leadership of his party in the State Mr. Robinson at once applied himself to the further duty of making his candidacy a successful one, and to that end placed himself in the view of the people all over the Commonwealth in a series of addresses that were probably never surpassed for excellence in any previous political campaign. He is an interesting and impressive speaker, an honest man in the handling of facts, logical in his arguments, choice in his language, which is rich in Anglo-Saxon phrases, and with the admirable tone of his utterances combines a clear and ready wit

that, never obtruding itself, is never missing when the place for it exists. He made himself thoroughly acquainted with questions at issue, and with questions in general connected with the interests of the Commonwealth. His addresses commanded attention and commended themselves to the common sense of the people, and the result was inevitable. He entered upon the administration of affairs with his customary vigor, and during his first year in office won the respect of men of all shades of political opinion by the ability and impartiality with which his duties were performed. While neglecting none of the details of official business Governor Robinson found time to attend to those social requirements that have long been imposed upon the Chief Magistrate, dignifying by his presence and enlivening by his timely remarks all kinds of gatherings, the aim of which has been to broaden social relations, or to advance the welfare of the community in any way. In the election of November, 1884, he was again the Republican candidate for Governor, and was re-elected. In his personal appearance Governor Robinson is what might be termed a clean-cut man. He is of good stature, compactly built, with a well-shaped head and a face in which are seen both intelligence and determination. His temperament is very even, and though he does not appear to be a man who could be easily excited, he is one who can be very earnest. His manners are pleasant, and in meeting him a stranger would be apt from the first to accord him, on the strength of what he appears to be, full respect and confidence.







*Oliver Ames*

# OLIVER AMES.

By JAMES W. CLARKE, A. M.

[Editor of the Boston Traveller].

The descendants of William Ames, the Puritan, who settled in Braintree, are a representative New England family. Their history forms an honorable part of the history of Massachusetts, and fitly illustrates in its outlines the social and material advancement of the people from the poverty and hardships of the early Colonial days to the wealth and culture of the present. In the early days of the Colony they were poor, as were their neighbors of other names, but they honored toil and believed in the dignity of honest labor. Industry was with them coupled with thrift. They recognized their duty to the State and gave it such service as she demanded, whether it were honest judgment in the jury box, the town meeting and the General Court, or bearing arms against the Indian marauder, and the foreign foe. State and Church were virtually one in these primitive times, and such services as were delegated to individuals by church, by school districts, or by the town, were accepted by the members of this family as duties to be unostentatiously performed, rather than as bringing with their performance either honor or emolument. With their thrift they coupled temperance. They labored subduing the forests, on the clearing and at the forge. Artisans, as well as agriculturists, were needed; and they became skilled artisans. Muskets were as indispensable to these pioneers as hoes or spades; and so they made guns, then farming tools. They made shovels first for their neighbors, then for their township, then for their State and country. As their state advanced

they kept pace with it. They found an outlet for the products of their skill at a neighboring seaport, and through this and other outlets secured markets in distant countries. Industries and enterprises which would in time develop other industries and enterprises became the special objects of their encouragement. Where avenues of prosperity and success were lacking, they must be created; and in recognition of this necessity this family took the lead in making the seemingly inaccessible, accessible, and the far, near, by building a railway across the Continent. In this barest and most meagre outline of the history of a single family may be found in miniature an outline of the history of the development of Massachusetts, of New England.

In the early part of the seventeenth century the Ames family became prominently identified with the Puritan movement in England. William Ames, the divine and author, was among those who for conscience's sake forsook his home, finding refuge in Holland. He became known to fame not only as an able writer, but as Professor in the Franeker University. Richard Ames was a gentleman of Bruton, Somersetshire, England. Neither of these cast in their fortunes with the first Puritan settlers of Massachusetts; but it is doubtful if the sufferings for conscience's sake of those who remained behind were after all less rigorous than were the sufferings of those who, self-exiled, sought homes in New England. The two branches of the family were united by marriage and from them descended the



HONORABLE OLIVER AMES, Lieutenant Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

The Ames family commence their genealogical tree with the first New England ancestor, William Ames, son of Richard Ames of Bruton, Somersetshire, who came to this country in 1635, and settled in Braintree in 1638. A few years later he was joined by his brother, John Ames, who settled in Bridgewater.

John Ames, only son of William Ames, was born in Braintree in 1651; married Sarah Willis, daughter of John Willis; and in 1672 settled in Bridgewater with his uncle, John Ames, who was childless, and whose heir he became in 1697. He had five sons, one of whom was Nathaniel, the grandfather of Fisher Ames. His estate was settled in 1723.

Thomas Ames, fourth son of John and Sarah (Willis) Ames, was born in Bridgewater in 1682; married in 1706 Mary Hayward, daughter of Joseph Hayward.

Thomas Ames, eldest son of Thomas and Mary (Hayward) Ames, was born in Bridgewater in 1707; married in 1731 Keziah Howard, daughter of Jonathan Howard; and died in 1774.

Captain John Ames, second son of Thomas and Keziah (Howard) Ames, was born in Bridgewater in 1738; married in 1759 Susannah Howard, daughter of Ephraim Howard. He was a commissioned officer during the war of the Revolution. A blacksmith by trade he also rendered the patriot cause service by the manufacture of guns. His account book, still in existence, also proves that he was engaged in the manufacture of shovels in 1775.

Oliver Ames, third son of Captain John and Susannah (Howard) Ames, was born in West Bridgewater April 11,

1779. For a number of years he was employed at Springfield in the manufacture of guns by his brother, David Ames, who was the first superintendent of the armory, appointed by President Washington; and as early as 1800 was engaged in the manufacture of shovels. In 1803 he married Susannah Angier, a descendant of President Urian Oakes of Harvard College, and the same year he removed to Easton where greater facilities were afforded for carrying on his business. At first his goods found an outlet to markets at Newport, Rhode Island, and at Boston; and a one-horse vehicle was sufficient for the transportation of the raw material to, and the manufactured goods from, his factory. He was a man who combined in himself rare executive ability and mechanical skill, and gradually built up a large and flourishing business. A great impetus was given to manufacturing during the last war with Great Britain, and Mr. Ames availed himself of every opportunity to enlarge his business. The one-horse method of transportation was soon supplanted by six-horse teams; and when, on his retirement from active business in 1844, the firm of Oliver Ames and Sons was formed, the business had grown to large dimensions.

Honorable Oakes Ames, eldest son of Oliver and Susannah (Angier) Ames, was born in Easton, January 10, 1804; married November 29, 1827, Eveline Orville Gilmore; and entered heartily into the enterprises inaugurated by his father. Under his supervision the manufacture of shovels grew into giant proportions. A railroad, constructed to the very doors of the factories, furnished facilities for transporting to them yearly fifteen hundred tons of iron, two thousand tons of steel and five thousand tons of coal, and for carrying away from them

more than one hundred and thirty thousand dozen shovels, in the manufacture of which employment had been given to five hundred workmen. The fame of the goods kept pace with the advance of civilization ; and on every frontier, in all quarters of the globe, were found as instruments of progress the Ames shovels.

It is not so much as the successful manufacturer, however, that Oakes Ames will be remembered, as the master mind through whose perseverance and indomitable energy, and in the face of seemingly insurmountable obstacles, was forced to completion the pioneer railway across the Western Continent. He gained a deserved and enduring fame as the builder of the Union Pacific Railroad, and that magnificent work will ever stand as his proudest monument. During the former part of the war of the Rebellion he rendered important service to the Union cause by his shrewd and sagacious counsels in State affairs, and a little later for ten years represented the Second Massachusetts District in the National House of Representatives. He died May 8, 1873.

HONORABLE OLIVER AMES, second son of Oakes and Eveline O. (Gilmore) Ames, was born in North Easton, February 4, 1831. [See genealogical foot note]. He received his early education in the public schools of his native town and at the North Attleboro, Leicester, and Easton Academies. Having thus laid the foundation of a liberal education, he entered the shovel works of his father, where he served an apprenticeship of five years, thus mastering the business in all the minuteness of its details. At the age of twenty, appreciating the value of a more thorough scholastic training, he took a special course at Brown University, placing himself under the special tutelage

of President Francis Wayland. The bent of his mind in this, his early manhood, is perhaps best seen from his favorite branches of study, which were history, geology, and political economy. Having finished his collegiate studies, he returned to North Easton where he soon demonstrated that he was possessed of the same splendid business qualities by which his father and grandfather had fought their way to success. His natural love of mechanical employments, which is a marked family trait, soon displayed itself in several inventions ; and his inventive genius, coupled with his perfect knowledge of the business, has brought about important changes and improvements in the business of the firm. During this time he served honorably in the State militia, rising from the rank of Lieutenant to Lieutenant Colonel. In 1863 he was admitted a member of the firm of Oliver Ames and Sons, and for several years personally superintended the various departments of the firm's immense establishment at North Easton. At his father's death in 1873 the numerous financial trusts held by the latter devolved on him, and he has been, and is, President, Director, or Trustee of a large number of institutions and corporations, including railroads, national banks, savings banks, and manufacturing corporations. In 1880 Mr. Ames was elected to the State Senate, and was re-elected in 1881. With the exception of having served on the School Committee of Easton this was the first office to which he had been called by the suffrages of his fellow-citizens. He had, however, taken a deep and active interest in political matters, and had rendered efficient political service by his connection with the Republican Town Committee of Easton, as Chairman and Treasurer, since the formation of the Republican

party. As a member of the State Senate he was diligent and painstaking in attendance upon his Legislative duties, and was known as one of the working members of the body. He served during each year of his membership on the Committees on Railroads, and Education. In 1882 he received the Republican nomination for Lieutenant-Governor upon the ticket headed by the name of Honorable Robert R. Bishop as the candidate for Governor. In that tidal-wave year Mr. Bishop was defeated by General Butler, but Mr. Ames was elected by a handsome plurality; and it is not too much to say that by his courteous official demeanor towards his Excellency, Governor Butler, during the somewhat phenomenal political year of 1883, coupled with his firmness and good judgment in opposing the more objectionable schemes of that official, he contributed much to the restoration of the Republican party to power at the ensuing State election. He was re-elected in 1883. and again in 1884, and has now entered upon his third term of service. His political, like his business life, has been characterized by a straightforward honesty of purpose, by the strictest integrity, and by an energetic, able, and faithful performance of trusts accepted. Mr. Ames is the possessor of large wealth, but he has most conclusively proven that such possession is in no sense a bar to a faithful and efficient service of his fellow citizens in positions of trust and honor. His rare executive ability has been of good service to the Commonwealth, in whose affairs he has exercised the same good judgment and marked executive ability, as in his own.

It is, perhaps, as a financier that Oliver Ames has won his widest reputation. Upon the death of his father the management of the vast enterprises

which the later had controlled, suddenly devolved upon him. The greatness of the man showed itself in that he found himself equal to the emergency. The Oakes Ames estate was, at the time he took upon his shoulders its settlement, not only one in which immense and diversified interests were involved, scattered throughout different states of the Union, but it was also burdened with obligations to the extent of eight millions of dollars. The times were most unpropitious, the country being just on the eve of a great financial panic when immense properties were crumbling to pittances. He undertook the Herculean task of rescuing at this time this estate from threatened ruin, and of vindicating the good name of his father from undeserved censure. He had in this gigantic work to meet and thwart the plots of rapacious railroad wreckers, and schemers; but his thorough mental discipline united with his intensely practical business training, and coupled with his native energy, tact, good sense, and fertility of resources, stood him in good stead. He inspired capitalists with confidence, money was forthcoming to further his carefully matured plans, and the ship freighted with the fortunes of his family, was, by his steady hand, piloted securely amidst the shoals and quicksands of disaster, and by rocks strewn with the wrecks of princely fortunes, to a safe anchorage. He rescued the property from peril, met and paid the enormous indebtedness resting upon it, paid a million of dollars or more of legacies, and had still a large surplus to divide among the heirs.

As a business man his sagacity seems almost intuitive. As an illustration of this, his work in developing the Central Branch of the Union Pacific Railroad may be instanced, a work which at the same time gave him high rank



as a railroad manager. At the time he connected himself with the undertaking, only the first hundred miles of the road were in running order. He first made a thorough personal investigation of the proposed line, and satisfying himself as to its capabilities for business, he pushed the enterprise through to completion, building two hundred and sixty miles of road, and fully equipping it for operation. His judgment, which at the time was somewhat questioned by other experienced railroad managers and financiers, was fully justified by the result, which was a complete financial success.

One of the most impressive traits in the character of Oliver Ames is his veneration for the memory of his distinguished father. He fully believes that the hastily and unjustly formed verdict of censure pronounced upon Oakes Ames, both by public opinion and by the United States House of Representatives, will ere long be reversed, and that his memory will be honored by the country, as it so justly deserves. Indeed he has already had the gratification of seeing this verdict reversed, so far as public opinion is concerned; and it only remains for Congress to remove its undeserved vote of censure, for Oakes Ames to take his appropriate and honored place in American history. There is little doubt that Mr. Ames will yet see this ambition of his life realized. As to this censure, Massachusetts, where Oakes Ames was best known and appreciated, has spoken through her Legislature by the following resolution, which unanimously passed both House and Senate in the spring of 1883:

"Resolved, in view of the great services of Oakes Ames, representative from the Massachusetts Second Congressional District, for ten years ending March 4, 1873, in achieving the construction of

the Union Pacific Railroad, the most vital contribution to the integrity and growth of the National Union since the war:

"In view of his unflinching truthfulness and honesty, which refused to suppress, in his own or any other interest, any fact, and so made him the victim of an intense and misdirected public excitement and subjected him to a vote of censure by the Forty-second Congress at the close of its session;

"And in view of the later deliberate public sentiment, which, upon a review of all the facts, holds him in an esteem irreconcilable with his condemnation, and which throughout the whole country recognizes the value and patriotism of his achievement and his innocence of corrupt motive or conduct;

"Therefore, the Legislature of Massachusetts hereby expresses its gratitude for his work and its faith in his integrity of purpose and character, and asks for like recognition thereof on the part of the National Congress."

The beautiful Oakes Ames Memorial Hall at North Easton, erected by his sons, is an impressive monument of filial devotion and respect. This village of North Easton, the home of Mr. Ames and other members of the Ames family, as well as the seat of the extensive shovel works, deserves more than a passing notice, enriched and beautified as it has been by this family, until it has become one of the most charming of New England villages, and presents a model which deserves to be widely copied. The old and substantial factories, built of granite, present the neat appearance which characterizes the buildings in some of our oldest navy yards. The employes have many of them grown old in the service of the firm; and well paid, intelligent, and satisfied, are themselves the owners of their attractive cottage homes and take a just pride in the welfare of the community. The concrete walks, macadamized roadways, and well kept yards

and lawns evince thrift. The elegant railway station, a gift to the village from one member of the family, is a model of architectural beauty and convenience. The Gothic church and parsonage of the same style of architecture, are befitting adjuncts of the park-like cemetery, where rests the dust of the blacksmith ancestor who bravely struggled amid adverse surroundings to found the fortunes of his family, and build up a business which has extended wherever civilization has made its way. The Memorial hall, before-mentioned, is on a commanding cliff, overlooking the town; close by is the elegant structure known and endowed as the Ames Free Library; and in another direction is the temple, dedicated to the cause of popular education, that emblem of New England's power, the school-house, all monuments of the munificence of the Ames family, and of the deep interest its members take in the welfare of their native town. In the triangle near the centre of the village, formed by the converging of the principal streets, is a declivity, where art has so arranged the rough and irregular forms of New England boulders as to re-produce a unique scene from some Scotch or Swiss village. This "rockery," as it is called, is clothed in summer with verdure and flowers, and from its summit one finds an extended and charming view of the village, with its cottages, its workshops, and the villas of the proprietors of the latter. These villas, each set in extensive grounds, are models of architectural elegance, and are surrounded by most artistic landscape gardening. Conspicuous among these is the residence of the subject of this sketch, facing, as it does, a spacious well-kept lawn, and overlooking a lake, an exquisite gem in its emerald setting.

The public spirit of the Ames's finds one of its most marked illustrations in this model and typical New England village; and no small share of what has been achieved for it is due to the warm heart and open hand of Oliver Ames. He has ever shown himself an ardent friend of popular education, and justly holds that the New England common school lies at its foundation. For a period of twenty years he found time, amid a multiplicity of weighty business cares, to serve upon the School Committee of his town and to give the benefit of his experience, judgment, and personal supervision to the promotion of the efficiency of this one of the very fundamental of American institutions, the common school. Oakes Ames left a fund of \$50,000, the income to be used for the benefit of the school children of North Easton village. Through the wise thoughtfulness of Oliver Ames many of the privileges arising from this fund have been extended to the other sections of the town; and it hardly need be said that the schools of Easton are among the objects of the fondest pride of its citizens.

Mr. Ames, though absorbed in the cares pertaining to the management of gigantic business interests, yet finds time for the appreciative enjoyment of the amenities and refinements of life. He possesses a cultivated appreciation of music, literature and the drama, and his artistic taste is evinced by his valuable and choice collections of paintings and statuary. Architecture has been with him a special study, and his magnificent winter residence, recently completed on Commonwealth Avenue, in our city of Boston, is a monument of his own architectural taste. In Europe this residence would be called a palace, here it is simply the home of a representative American citizen. Peculiarly happy in his domes-

tic relations his home is beautified and ennobled by the virtues of domestic life. A generous hospitality is dispensed within its portals, where on every hand are found the evidences of the cultured refinement of its occupants. A tour of a few months in the Old World not only gave Mr. Ames needed rest and relaxation from business cares, but also furnished him with opportunities for observation which were most judiciously improved. In his religious belief he is a Unitarian, and has for many years been an active member of the Unitarian Society of North Easton.

In his native town he is unusually respected and beloved, and with the working-men in his factories he enjoys an unbounded popularity. This is but natural, since he is himself a skilled artisan, an inventive and ingenious mechanic, familiar through a personal experience with every detail of the work in which they are engaged. This, coupled with his native kindness of heart, and his unpretentious manners, makes him the model employer.

The custodian of great wealth, he uses it in a spirit of wise benevolence, and his public and private benefactions, while large, are made without ostentation or affectation. Affable, approachable, companionable, devoted and faithful in his personal friendships, it is little wonder that some of them now and then impulsively speak of him as "the best man in the world."

In the full vigor of a robust manhood, Mr. Ames attends to his vast private business affairs, performs faithfully his official and public duties, finds time for his favorite authors, and keeps fully abreast with current thought and the progress of the age. His brow is yet unwrinkled and cares rest lightly upon him. Free from the pride of wealth, temperate, conservative, clear-headed, and distinguished for

his strong common sense, his generous, unsuspicious nature, and unswerving fidelity to the interests committed to his trust justly win for him a multitude of friends.

Faithful in his devotion to the principles of the Republican party, and in his services to his native Commonwealth, Massachusetts has reason for a just pride in her Lieutenant Governor. His name may yet stand the Republican party of the State in good stead in a political exigency not unlikely to arise in the near future. Whatever may be said of the causes of the defection from the Republican ranks which took place in the last national campaign, there is no doubt about one of its results, — it has driven the Republican party to seek a closer alliance with the working-people of the Commonwealth. The Republican bolters were almost exclusively drawn from the aristocratic end of the party. It was Harvard and Beacon Hill that revolted. To make good the loss the Republican leaders had to appeal for support to the same class of voters which gave to Republican principles their first triumphs, — the intelligent mechanics and artisans, the laboring men. However many or few of the deserters of 1884 may re-join the standard now that Mr. Blaine is defeated it is not likely that for many years to come, if ever, the Republican party in Massachusetts will be able to lean upon the immense majorities of former years, that ran away up to sixty, seventy, and eighty thousand. With a Democratic administration installed at Washington, and the power and prestige which that fact will imply and apply in the local politics of the States. — and in no State more powerfully than in Massachusetts, where the shifting body of Independent voters, so-called, is largely made up of the Hessian



element that will incline to whichever side has spoils to bestow, — the Republican party in order to hold Massachusetts will have to cultivate and strengthen the alliance which it formed in the late election with the laboring class of voters. It will have to revert to the sympathetic and liberal policy touching all questions that affect labor, and the welfare of the working people of the State, which marked the earlier years of its power. The Ames family is linked in the popular mind with that policy. And justly so, too! Oakes Ames was a true friend to labor, as well as one of the most practical; and the fine instinct which guided him in making of North Easton a model industrial community, where the happiest relations of mutual confidence and support have subsisted between employer and employed, he bequeathed to his sons, and to Oliver in an especial and marked degree. It has been said, and there is no element of exaggeration in the statement, that if all our large capitalists and manufacturers could succeed in establishing the same rapport between themselves and their employes which

the Ameses have always maintained at North Easton, the vexed problem of capital and labor would be solved; for there would be no more conflict between them. Oliver Ames is held in the same high esteem and almost affectionate regard by the working people of the Old Colony district, where the interests of the Ames Manufacturing Company are centred, in which his honored father was held before him. As the father so the sons! When the time comes, and it is not far off, that the Republican party in Massachusetts shall feel the necessity of getting nearer to her common people, and, in order to retain its supremacy in the State, of offering to their suffrages a man whose whole life has been spent in close and friendly relations with her working-men, it will be strangely blind indeed, to its opportunity, if it shall not turn to the present popular Lieutenant Governor, and present the name of Oliver Ames as one well fitted to lead the revival of Republicanism among the working-classes, and certain, if presented to them, to be endorsed by a splendid majority for the first office in the popular gift.

[NOTE.

#### GENEALOGY.

RICHARD AMES of Somersetshire, England.

- I. William, who came to America and settled in Braintree, Massachusetts.
- II. JOHN AMES, born in 1651; son of William Ames, married Sarah Willis (daughter of John Willis of Duxbury, whose will was proved in 1693). In 1672 he settled in Bridgewater with his uncle, and became his heir in 1697.
- III. THOMAS AMES, born in 1682; lived in Bridgewater and married in 1706 Mary Hayward (daughter of Deacon Joseph and Sarah [Mitchell] Hayward, and granddaughter of Thomas Hayward and of Ephraim Mitchell, the latter of whom came to America in the third ship, arriving at Plymouth in 1623).
- IV. THOMAS AMES, born in 1707; married in 1731 Keziah Howard (daughter of Jonathan and Sarah [Dean] Howard, and granddaughter of John and Martha [Haywood] Howard of Duxbury).
- V. CAPTAIN JOHN AMES, born 1738; died July 17, 1805; married in 1759 Susannah Howard (born in 1735; died January 11, 1821). She was the daughter of Ephraim and Abigail (Tisdale) Howard; granddaughter of Ephraim and Mary (Keith) Howard; great granddaughter of John Howard of Duxbury and Rev. James Keith.
- VI. OLIVER AMES, born April 11, 1779; died September 11, 1863; married in April, 1803, Susannah Angier (born March, 1783; died March 27, 1847). Dr. William Ames, the Franeker Professor, had a daughter (2), Ruth, who came to America in 1637, and married Edmund Angier of Cambridge, whose son (3),

Rev. Samuel Angier, married Hannah, daughter of President Urian Oakes of Harvard College. Their son (4), Rev. John Angier, married Mary Bourne, granddaughter of Governor Hinckley. Their son (5), Oakes Angier, a law student of President John Adams, was the father of (6) Susannah Angier. Children:

1. Oakes, born January 10, 1804; died May 8, 1873.
  2. Horatio, b. November 18, 1805; d. Jan. 28, 1844.
  3. Oliver, Jr., b. November 5, 1807; d. March 9, 1877.
  4. Angier, b. February 19, 1810; d. July 27, 1811.
  5. William A., b. July 9, 1812; d. in St. Paul, Minn.
  6. Sarah A., b. September 9, 1814; married October 10, 1836, Nathaniel Witherell, Jr.
  7. John, 2d, b. April 18, 1817; d. May 14, 1844.
  8. Harriett, b. September 12, 1819; m. March 27 1839, Asa Mitchell.
- VII. HONORABLE OAKES AMES, born January 10, 1804; died May 8, 1873; married November 29, 1827, Eveline Orville Gilmore (born June 14, 1809; died July 20, 1882). Children:
1. Oakes Angier, born April 15, 1829.
  2. Oliver, b. February 4, 1831.
  3. Frank Morton, b. August 14, 1833.
  4. Henry C., b. April 10, 1839; died September, 1841.
  5. Susan Eveline, b. May 14, 1842; married Henry W. French.
- VIII. HONORABLE OLIVER AMES, born February 4, 1831; married March 14, 1860, Anna C. Ray (born January 16, 1840, in Nantucket). Children:
1. William Hadwen, born March 1, 1861.
  2. Evelyn Orville, b. April 4, 1863.
  3. Anna Lee, b. September 6, 1864.
  4. Susan Evelyn, b. September 17, 1867.
  5. Lillian, b. January 4, 1870.
  6. Oakes, b. September 26, 1874.

EDITOR.]



By FRANK W. KAAN.

We were changing cars about midnight at Rotterdam Junction, New York, for the Fitchburg Railroad connection. "You might know we were near Boston," said a passenger. "See what a comfortable car this is." "Yes," remarked a middle-aged gentleman, "I've been away for three weeks, and I never want to leave Boston for so long a time again." And he gave a sigh of relief. No doubt many highly enjoyable smiles were called forth by this innocent confession. Yet the sentiment found an echo in our hearts. But a North Adams man spoke up rather sharply, "Well, Berkshire County is good enough for me." The incident has a deeper meaning than appears at first glance.

Going westward on the Boston and

Albany, a heavy up-hill grade is reached at Chester. The rest of the way lies in a country of hills. A pleasing prospect meets the eye in every direction. There is nothing sublime and majestic to inspire the mind and exhilarate the spirits, but the steadfast, sober hills and the quiet valleys in nature's soft colors are restful alike to body and soul.

We cross a branch of the River Housatonic, *alias* Ousatonac, Ausotunnoog, Awoostenok, Asotonik, Westenhok, and the train stops before a large, handsome brick station, once the "best in the State," now restricted to "west of Boston." A broad street on the left leads to the park in the centre of the town. Here is the Berkshire Athenæum, with its excellent public library, where



we must stay long enough to glance through the town history, compiled by Mr. J. E. A. Smith.

A century and a half ago an unbroken wilderness stretched between the Hoosac and Taconic ranges. The mountains rose by steady degrees from the hills of Connecticut to Mount Mansfield, in Vermont, 4,400 feet above the level of the sea. The valley, however, dotted with hundreds of hills, reached its greatest elevation, 1,100 feet, at the foot of Greylock, fourteen miles north of Pittsfield; thence it sloped irregularly north and south. The forests con-

of the Royal Charter of 1691, claimed to the west as far as the Province of Connecticut extended. New York, on the other hand, maintained that the eastern boundary of Connecticut was meant; moreover, that the western boundary had been agreed upon for special reasons; furthermore, that her own territory, as successor to the rights granted the Duke of York in 1674, reached from the Connecticut River to Delaware Bay. Thereupon Massachusetts referred to the old Charter in force in 1674, which made the Atlantic and Pacific her eastern and western limits. In return, attention was



LAKE ONATA.

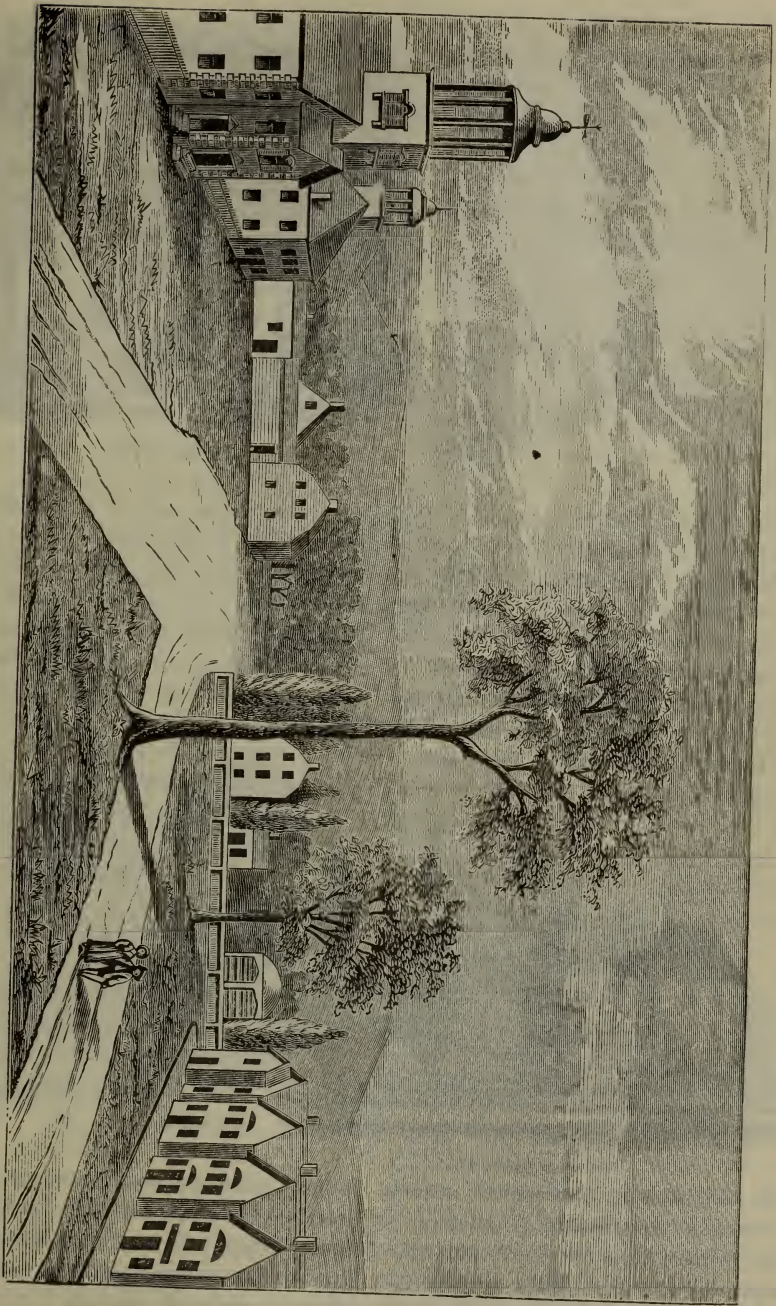
tained deer in plenty for fifty years longer. A few bears, with rather more wolves and Indians, constituted the remainder of the larger movable objects of the landscape. The soil was well fitted for agriculture; numerous small streams were ready to offer their service to settlers.

This region remained uninhabited, however, for many years later than would ordinarily have been the case; not so much from fear of hardships or Indian troubles as on account of the uncertainty of the land tenures which could be acquired. Massachusetts, by reason

called to the clause in that Charter, excepting lands in the possession of any other Christian State. Now, in consequence of the discovery of the Hudson in 1608, the Dutch had occupied the country as far east as the Connecticut,

and to their title New York succeeded. Massachusetts then denied the fact of settlement. Thus the controversy was prolonged until, in 1773, a line to be run parallel with the Hudson, at a distance of twenty miles, was agreed upon. But about the year 1720 it became evident that the western boundary of Connecticut would be established in favor of that province. This arrangement, as the New York representatives stated, was a result of the boldness of settlers in pushing westward and occupying the district in dispute. Accordingly, Massachusetts was encouraged to pursue a





THE PARK IN 1807.

similar course, and the first settlement on the Housatonic was made at Sheffield in 1725. The occasion of the next advance appears to have arisen

from the attention paid to free education in Boston. That town, in 1735, because of its large expenditures for public schools, support of poor, and

contribution to the State treasury, petitioned the General Court for a grant of three or four townships within the "Hampshire wild lands." Three lots, each six miles square, were given, subject to certain conditions. Within five years, sixty Massachusetts families must be settled, each possessing a house (at least eighteen feet square and seven stud), with five acres of improved land. A house for public worship must be erected, and a learned Orthodox minister be honorably supported; lastly, a school must be maintained.

One of these townships, Poontoosuck, an Indian word, meaning "winter deer," was bought at public auction for £1,320, by Colonel Jacob Wendell, whose descendants have earned lasting honor for the family name. Philip Livingston, of Albany, and John Stoddard, through older claims, became associated with him as joint proprietors. The terms of the grant were not strictly complied

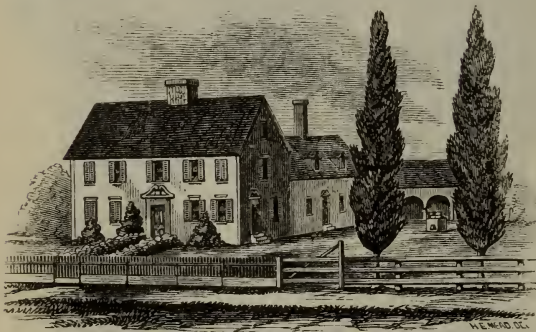


MAPLEWOOD AVENUE.

In May, 1761, the first town meeting was held. At this time the name was changed to Pittsfield in honor of William Pitt, for his vigorous conduct of the war against France. Slaves were owned by many of the citizens, and stocks and a whipping-post were set up. Saw mills and grist mills were in operation; fulling mills held an important position, and shortly afterwards the pro-

duction of iron became considerable. The first meeting-house was completed in 1770. The most pretentious dwelling-house was "The Long House," owned by Colonel Williams. The first appropriation for schools was twenty-two pounds eight shillings, in 1762.

In resistance to British oppression at the outbreak of the Revolution, Berk-



THE OLD PARSONAGE.

with, and, after an unsuccessful attempt to bring in Dutchmen, a company of forty settlers from Westfield purchased and took possession of the greater part of the township. Difficulties with the Indians soon drove them back. The first permanent settlement was made in 1749, and three years later occurred the birthday of the town.

shire County required no one to lead the way. "The popular rage," wrote Governor Gage, "is very high in Berkshire and makes its way rapidly to the rest." In response to the Boston Port bill cattle and money were sent to the sufferers. Resolutions were passed to discontinue the consumption of English goods at whatever time the American



Congress should recommend such action. In August, 1774, Berkshire set the example of obstructing the King's Courts. In the expedition for the capture of Ticonderoga, in the invasions of Canada, and in Burgoyne's campaign, the town and the county held a place among the foremost in efforts and sacrifices for the cause of liberty. The recommendations of the Continental Congress were followed out with promptness and zeal. A similar spirit was displayed in the relations with the Provincial Government, so far as they affected the carrying on of the war. Yet, from 1775 to the adoption of the State Constitution in 1780, the county was ruled in open resistance to the civil authorities at Boston. Although representatives were sent to the General Court, the acts of that body were accepted merely as advice. The judicial and executive branches of the Gov-



MAPLEWOOD CHAPEL.

ernment were not recognized. It was maintained that the new Government should originate from the people on the basis of a written Constitution and bill of rights. To this end they "refused the admission of the course of law among them," until their demands should be complied with. Furthermore, the old Courts were objectionable as being costly and cumbersome. They were unpopular for the hardness exercised towards poor-debtors and criminals convicted of trifling offences. In the absence of the usual means of enforcing the laws, the town Governments took in charge the administration of justice, acting either through committees or in town meetings. Public order appears to have been well preserved, and in the condition of business interests the want of civil courts was of little consequence.

An opposition of a different kind broke out after the State authority had been re-established under the new Constitution. The national Government was involved in difficulties; values were unsettled by the excessive emission of paper money. Heavy taxes, cruel collection laws, numerous private debts, and frequent cases of imprisonment for debt, caused a wide-spread feeling of discontent. The State Constitution was found fault with from the start, and a clamor arose for the abolition of the Senate, a change in the basis of representation, and an annual grant of salaries to all officers. This agitation, in



SCHOOL AND PARSONAGE.

ernment were not recognized. It was maintained that the new Government should originate from the people on the basis of a written Constitution and bill of rights. To this end they "refused the admission of the course of law among them," until their demands should be complied with. Furthermore, the old Courts were objection-





BERKSHIRE ATHENÆUM.

1786, culminated in an appeal to force of arms, known from its leader, as Shay's Rebellion. It is unnecessary to repeat the story of its suppression. The leaders of the former opposition held aloof. There was a desire felt by the staid portion of the community to make a fair trial of the State Constitution, which afforded a legal means, however slow, for redressing the heavier grievances. Pittsfield in particular was now advancing in material prosperity, and looked with disfavor upon any radical changes.

Rev. Thomas Allen, one of the early ministers, was the man most actively engaged in town affairs at this period of its history. He was of medium height, slender, of a mild, pleasant countenance. Courteous, sincere and just, he set his parishioners an example of Christian morals. An application of doctrines to the practical questions of life was a favorite subject of his sermons and private conversation. He held small respect for any religious faith which did not manifest



FIRST CONGREGATIONALIST CHURCH.

itself in outward acts, and especially those done for the public good. Endowed with a keen sense of right and wrong he took his position and maintained it with zeal. His personal participation in several battles of the Revolution gained for him the title of "The Fighting Parson." Once, when asked whether he actually killed any man at Bennington, he replied "that he did not know; but, that observing a flash often repeated from a certain bush, and that

it was generally followed by the fall of one of Stark's men, he fired that way and put the flash out."

He was a firm friend of Democracy. During the revolution he was a radical Whig, and later on became an ardent supporter of Jeffersonian doctrines. In the second period partisan feelings were very bitter in the community. When, therefore, he gave full freedom to his thoughts in articles published in the *Pittsfield Sun*, and, in accordance with





METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

a practice more prevalent then than now, mingled political subjects with his Sunday discourses, the Federalist members of the Congregational Church grew restive under his pastorship. At this time, it should be noted, Berkshire differed in politics from the rest of the State. Matters grew worse, until a division of the parish was made and continued for seven years. Thomas Allen died in 1811, at the age of 67.

Contrary to the custom in almost every other town of the State, and notwithstanding the statute requirements, public worship in 1809 ceased to be supported by the town, and nearly an equality of religious sects before the law was produced. In 1817, after the re-union of the Congregational Churches, the parish system was revived. It should be kept in mind that by far the larger part of the population were members of that denomination, identifying its early history with that of the town. Rev. Heman Humphrey became pastor,

a man of scholarly attainments, and well fitted to encourage the general longing for a complete reconciliation.

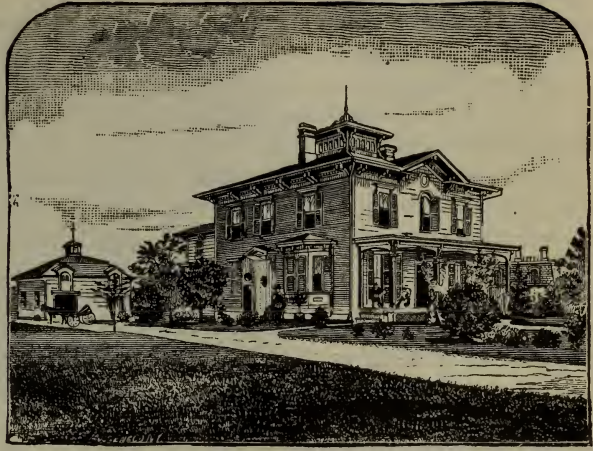
In 1821 a great revival took place, and to strengthen the religious interest Mr. Humphrey believed it to be essential that, so far as possible, the town should preserve a solemn quiet, and he endeavored to substitute religious services in place of the ordinary manner of celebrating the Fourth of July. This plan was, to a considerable number of citizens, by no means acceptable, yet the exercises in the Church were attended by a large and reverent congregation. The meeting-house stood upon the little square where the people were wont to collect on all anniversaries.

In consequence, there was a very annoying disturbance from fire-crackers, drums, fifes, and even cannon, and the attempt to make this national holiday quiet and serious was not repeated. Mr. Humphrey two years later became President of Amherst College. In 1833 the corporate connection of the Congregational Society with the town came to an end through the Constitutional Amendment of that year. Two years later business was in a state of depression, and emigration went on at a rapid rate. A missionary from the West made known the need in that great section of Christian emigrants to help mould its character. From the Baptist Church in one year more than a hundred members set forth, leaving finally but three men in the Congregation. During the first half of the century other sects acquired a foot-hold, and are now supported by large Congregations, composed of the best citizens of the town.



To turn back again in the narrative of events. Of the town's record in the war of 1812, little must be said, although much is deserved. In this matter, as previously in others, the county, by its warm support of the war party, showed its independence in thought and action of the rest of the State. Pittsfield was made a place of meeting for recruits; a cantonment for United States troops was established, and a depot for prisoners of war, who numbered at times 1,500 or more. The town was most largely represented in the Ninth and Twenty-first Regiments. The former won for itself the name of "The Bloody Ninth;" the latter was that regiment, which, under Colonel Miller at Lundy's Lane, gained undying fame in a gallant struggle for the enemy's cannon.

The history of the Berkshire Agricultural Society may be traced back to its origin in 1807, when Elkanah Watson, who had recently become an inhabitant of the town, exhibited two fine merinoes, a ram and a ewe, on the green under the Old Elm. Great interest was aroused, and the importation of the best foreign breeds of cattle and sheep was encouraged and carried on by public-spirited and enterprising citizens. One farmer came into possession of a cow, in which he felt so much pride that it formed the subject of his conversation at all times and places, until his friends feared to meet him. At last it gave birth to a calf, but minus a tail, and the wrathful owner carried the calf, with his axe, to the back pasture. The Society was organized in 1811. New



RESIDENCE OF E. S. FRANCIS.

features were added from time to time; standing crops were inspected; women were interested to compete for premiums. The plowing match became a part of the Pittsfield show in 1818, when a quarter of an acre of green sward was plowed in thirty-five minutes by the winner. Dr. Holmes, in 1849, Chairman of the committee, read his poem, "The Ploughman." Many years before, William Cullen Bryant, then a lawyer in Great Barrington, wrote an ode for the cattle show. Improved agricultural implements and better methods of cultivation were some of the material benefits produced by the fairs. The fame and influence of the Society have reached all parts of the country. In 1855, exhibition grounds, thirty acres in extent, were purchased in Pittsfield.

The Berkshire Jubilee of 1844 merits at least a brief mention. It was a gathering from far and near of those emigrants from the county, who still held their early home in loving memory. Of the thousands that were present, many were men of national reputation. Among the exercises, a sermon of welcome was delivered by the Rev. Mark Hopkins, a prayer was offered by Rev.

David Dudley Field, an address was given by Governor Briggs, and a poem was read by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Governor Briggs had become a citizen of Pittsfield two years before. He was born at North Adams in 1796. When seventeen years of age, after having spent three years in learning the hatters' trade, he began the study of law with but five dollars in his possession, which he had earned at haying. In 1850, after seven consecutive terms as Governor, he was defeated by a coalition of Democrats and Free-Soilers. He was as true a

terred the downward path of immoderate drinking, Mr. Briggs was induced to promise that so long as the other would abstain from drinking, he, himself, would give up the use of a collar; and this agreement was kept by both parties for life. The truth in regard to the anecdote is rather as follows: While County Commissioner he was often obliged to make long drives, so that besides the annoyance from wearing a collar, he found great difficulty in replacing it when soiled. From this arose a habit of dispensing with it



CENTRAL BLOCK.

friend of a pure civil service as any man of the present day. Like a well-known English writer on political economy, and for similar reasons, he refused to furnish money for his own election expenses, however legitimate; thus, although unwillingly, placing the burden upon the shoulders of other members of his party, a course which gave equal satisfaction in both countries. He was distinguished for the consistency of his life with his religious and temperance principles. Once, it is said, while exhorting a friend who had already en-

together. Once, being rallied on the subject by an old friend, he offered to resume his collar if the other would cease drinking gin, and would cut off his cue. The gin and the cue carried the day.

The Berkshire Medical Institute was established in 1822, mainly through the exertions of Dr. H. H. Childs. The charter provided that degrees should be conferred only by the President and Trustees of Williams' College, and according to the rules in force in the school at Cambridge. The purpose





BERKSHIRE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY'S BUILDING.

and on the other hand, theological writings, unless admitted by a unanimous vote of the Directors. After a few prosperous years public interest had so far died out that the library consisted of a few books and a small room, open one evening in the week by the dim light of a lantern. A timely donation, and a liberal construction of the rule regarding works of fiction, had

was to secure a uniform practice throughout the State, and to cause a degree of confidence in the diplomas. The arrangement continued fifteen years. The tuition fee was fixed at forty dollars, and board, room-rent and lodging at one dollar and seventy-five cents a week. In 1825 it became necessary to defray incidental expenses, and pay the salaries of instructors out of the proceeds from tuition fees. These were frequently paid in notes, many of which read "when said student shall be able to pay," and having been distributed among the members of the faculty, a large number were found afterwards in the deserted office of the Dean. In 1867 the compensation of each instructor was about one hundred and thirty dollars, hardly enough to attract young, inexperienced physicians. Therefore, the college came to an end, having graduated in the course of forty-four years over one thousand doctors of medicine, who held rank in their profession equal to that of those sent out by any college in the country.

The Public Library Association was founded in 1850, with a regulation excluding forever all prose works of fiction,

a favorable effect.

A Young Men's Association was organized in 1865, with a library, reading-room, collection of curiosities, and provision for amusement and exercise. It had a very successful career for about eight years. Meanwhile the Library Association, its name having been changed to the Berkshire Athenæum, was put on a better footing by the liberality and efforts of Thomas F. Plunkett, who afterwards, together with Calvin Martin and Thomas Allen, was instrumental in forming it into a free library. In 1874, by means of a bequest from Phineas Allen, and the gift of its present building from Thomas Allen, the Berkshire Athenæum was placed upon a firm foundation. For the past eleven years it has been under the efficient management of Mr. E. C. Hubbel, Curator and Librarian. To-day it contains 16,000 volumes, and with an average annual circulation of 50,000; less than ten volumes have been lost.

The history of the public schools is in no important respect different from that in hundreds of other towns. They were first carefully graded in 1874, and



have enjoyed an excellent reputation. By far the greater proportion of the young folks in town attend them. The system of free text books was early adopted. The High School, under the care of an able scholar, Mr. Edward H. Rice, has been steadily growing in favor during the past few years. Graduates yearly enter the various colleges, and from neighboring towns a considerable number of its pupils come and pay the tuition required by law.

For the higher education of young women the Pittsfield Female Academy was incorporated in 1806, with Miss Hinsdale as principal. It has continued ever since, usually with a lady at the head, and for the last few years especially has done good work under Miss Salisbury. The Maplewood Young Ladies' Institute, the most noted school of education that has ever existed in Pittsfield, has this year closed an existence of forty-three years. Its loss will be mourned by many friends in the town and elsewhere. Among the illustrations is given a view of the avenue and the chapel; behind the latter stands the meeting-house of 1793, of late years used for a gymnasium.

About the time of Shay's Rebellion the first newspaper, the *American Sentinel*, was published. It was printed on a sheet ten by eighteen inches in size, and gave the greater portion of its space to two or three prosy essays. Three other newspapers appeared and vanished in turn until, in the year 1800, the *Pittsfield Sun* was established by Phineas Allen. It remained in his hands for nearly three-quarters of a century, and to this day gives its support to the Democratic party. James Harding is the editor. The *Argus* was started in 1827, as a rival, by Henry K. Strong. Four years later it was removed to Lenox, and united with the *Berkshire Journal*. In

1838 the name was changed to the *Massachusetts Eagle*, and soon afterwards it was brought back to Pittsfield. In 1852 it was given the name, *The Berkshire County Eagle*, which it bears to-day. Both of these papers are weeklies. The *Journal* is of later date, and is issued daily. Joseph E. See is editor. In mentioning the educational facilities of a community it would be an act of thoughtlessness to omit its bookstores. There is but one in Pittsfield. It contains a large supply of books, selected with judgment, and is well managed by Mr. J. B. Harrison.

Rev. John Todd became, in 1839, a worthy pastor to the Church, over which Thomas Allen presided many years before. His early life had been a struggle for an education against poverty and ill health. It is interesting to read his estimate of the new congregation to which he was called after having been for five years pastor in Philadelphia: "It is a great, rich, proud, enlightened, powerful people. They move slowly, but they tread like the elephant. They are cool, but kind, sincere, great at hearing, but very critical. I have never had an audience who heard so critically. There is ten times more intellect that is cultivated than we have ever had before. You would be surprised to see how much they read. The ladies are abundant, intelligent, refined, and kind. A wider, better, harder, or more interesting field no man need desire." Dr. Todd became one of the most public-spirited citizens of the town, jealous of its honor. Educational matters, especially, received his attention and assistance. His reputation as an author is not confined to his town, nor to his day. The "*Student's Manual*" is the best known of his works; the lectures delivered on returning from a visit to Cal-

ifornia are well worth reading.

The first manufactures of the town date back to within a few years of its settlement. Agriculture was, of course, the leading industry, and was carried on according to the wasteful and, apparently, unwise methods usual in a newly-settled country. Great attention was paid to breeding horses and mules, of which many were sent to the West Indies and other markets. The first carding machine was set up in 1801 by Arthur Scholfield, an Englishman. Soon he set about making and improving machines, which he sold to manufacturers in various parts of the country. The industry was subse-

quently helped on by the superior quality of wool, which resulted from the new custom of seeking better breeds of sheep. About 100,000 yards of cloth, worth as many dollars, were produced in the county in 1808. After the war which followed came a season of depression of manufactures; the cessation of the unusual war demand and excessive importations from abroad were the principal causes.

At this period, when politics were carried into private affairs, as religion had been some hundred years before, each party must have its factory. Thus the Housatonic Woolen Mill of 1810 was offset a few years later by the Pittsfield Woolen and Cotton Company in Federalist hands. The former enter-



ON NORTH STREET.

prise languished before long for want of sufficient water power. The latter, by a change of ownership, came under the control of Lemuel and Josiah Pomeroy, and enjoyed the benefits of the tariffs of 1824 and following years. Other mills went gradually into operation. But in this instance Yankee ingenuity and versatility found a difficult foe to master. The proprietors were ambitious and determined to make their fabrics as firm and as heavy as the best imported goods. In this they succeeded, but by a clumsy, wasteful process, which destroyed all profit. Moreover, instead of making a single class of goods, each factory attempted to satisfy the various demands of the market. Hence arose multiplied causes



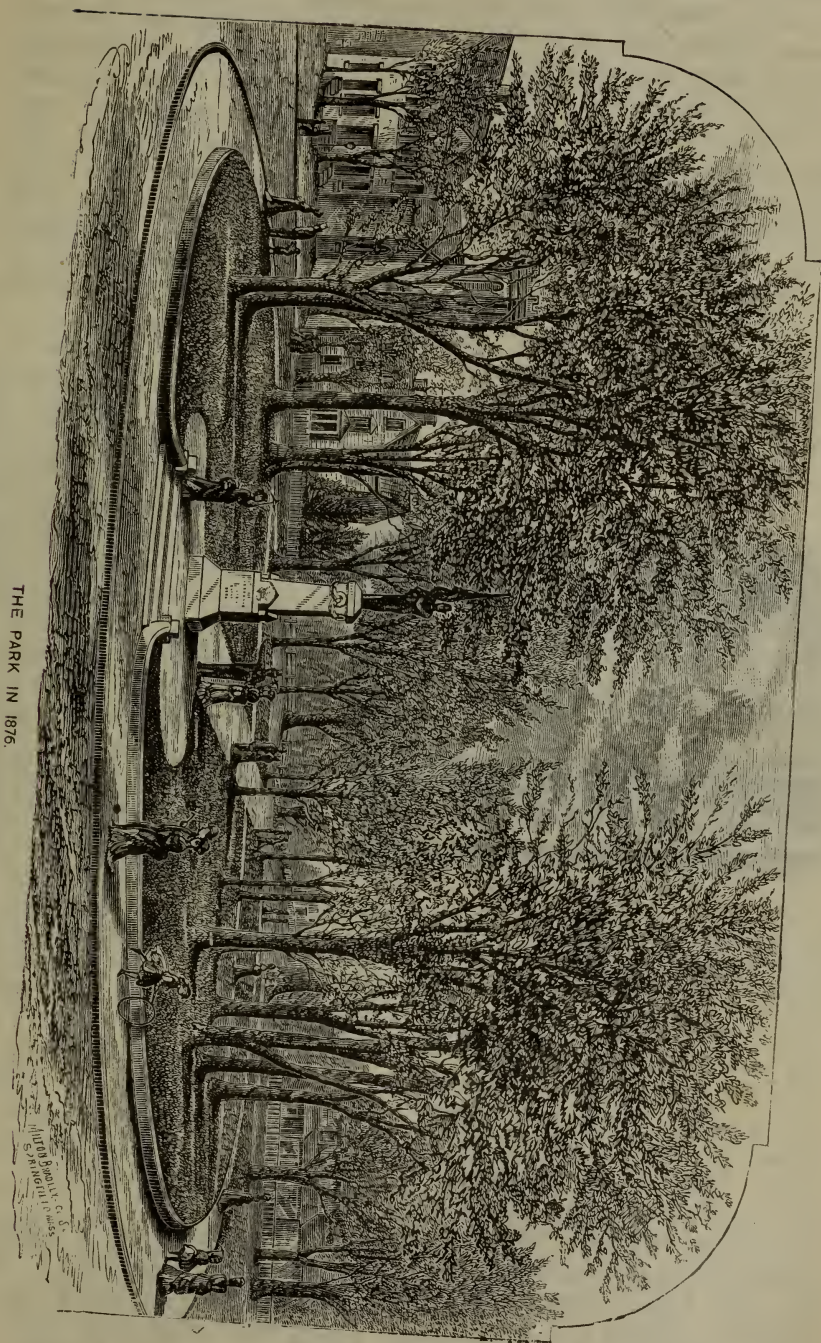
of failures, for which remedies had to be invented. A general business knowledge did not immediately avail in an industry where matters of detail were of the greatest consequence. To-day these mills are the principal sources of wealth in the county. Another branch of manufactures grew up in 1799 when Lemuel Pomeroy came to Pittsfield, and in addition to the ordinary labor of a blacksmith began to make plows, wagons, and sleighs. He bought the old Whitney forge and extended the works from the production of fowling pieces to that of muskets. Large contracts with State and National governments brought a profitable business, until, in 1846, the percussion guns were introduced.

The independant spirit displayed by Pittsfield, or rather by Berkshire County, in matters of the highest importance, was largely due to the difficulty of communication with other sections of the country. For the first eighty years the Worthington turnpike, running by way of Northampton, was the only means of passage to the east. In 1830 the Pontotoc turnpike going through Westfield was completed and transferred traffic from the old road to the new, which led to Springfield. A little before this time the Erie Canal project was successfully carried out. Thereupon arose in Massachusetts a widespread desire for engaging in a similar enterprise. Several routes were explored for a canal from Boston to the Hudson. One of them passed through Pittsfield at an altitude of 1,000 feet, and the route recommended as feasible was 178 miles in length, and required a tunnel of four miles under the Hoosac mountain. One of its opponents showed that according to the Commissioner's data, fifty-two years would be required in which to finish the tunnel. At this

point came the news of successful steam locomotion in England, and a discussion began as to the comparative merits of railways and canals. For several years horse-power was proposed to be employed, but before actual work began the superiority of steam had been demonstrated. In the face of indifference, skepticism, and active opposition, which brought about discouraging delays, the road was built, and the first railroad train entered Pittsfield May 4, 1841. That week occurred the first accident. An old man jumped off the train as it approached his house, and was severely injured. Thus, in 1842, chiefly through the exertions of Lemuel Pomeroy, the Western Railroad was completed, and trains ran from Albany to Boston. Several short local roads have since been constructed, which have done more to bind the county together, and have contributed greatly to its wealth and comfort. On the west the physical barriers were less difficult to surmount, and the advent of railroads has only diminished the inequality. New York is still the metropolis; the mass of travel, the business relations, are turned in that direction.

In 1844 what is known as the Fire District was organized. Its territory consists of about two square miles of land, having the Park as a centre, and includes most of the buildings of the town. It originated from the unwillingness of the outlying districts to help support a suitable fire department, of which they, themselves, felt little need. Nevertheless, at its formation the town granted land and a sum of money. A Chief Engineer, with seven assistants and a prudential committee were constituted officers. Subsequently the care of sewers, sidewalks, water-works, and lighting of streets were assumed by the Fire District, and the





THE PARK IN 1876.

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duties were performed by commissioners. A curious controversy, now settled, arose with the town as to which should look after the street crossings. The fire department from the start has been sustained by the zeal of its members, and now, directed by its Chief Engineer, George S. Willis, enjoys an enviable reputation for efficiency.

During the civil war the State and County are found to have acted in harmony. The old militia system had died out many years before; in 1860 the Pittsfield Guards of 1853 was re-organized under the name of the Allen Guard, and in January of the following

the war was William F. Bartlett. He was a student at Harvard, not yet of age when the war broke out. In April he enlisted as a private, was appointed Captain before going to the front, and in his first engagement showed great coolness, bravery and judgment. He was a strict disciplinarian and popular with his men. Before the close of the war he had been brevetted Major-general. In peace he made his influence felt in the interests of religion and education, and in the elevation of politics.

Immediately after the war public attention in the town was turned towards taking suitable action for honoring the memory of its sons who had died on the field of battle. The result was a monument, one of the most appropriate ever erected for a similar purpose. It is placed on the Park, a short distance from the Athenæum. A bronze statue of a Color-sergeant, as if in line of battle, stands upon a square granite pillar. He looks earnestly into the distance. The entire effect of the expression of the countenance and the attitude conveys the impression of intelligent self-reliance, a true type of



ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

year declared its readiness to respond to any call from the government. On April 19, within twenty-four hours from the time of receiving word, the company was on its way and became a portion of the Eighth regiment. Its Captain was Henry S. Briggs, later Brigadier General, and after the war elected State Auditor. Then, at short intervals, until the close of the war, the town sent men to the front who fully maintained its honorable reputation gained in former wars. A Ladies' Soldiers' Aid Society was organized and has received much merited praise for its useful services. The ideal volunteer soldier of

our best volunteer soldiers. On opposite sides of the pillar are represented in bronze relief the arms of the United States and of the Commonwealth.

On the others are two shields, engraved with the names of those in honor of whom this memorial was erected. The shaft bears the following inscriptions. On the west face :

“FOR THE DEAD, A TRIBUTE  
—FOR THE LIVING, A MEM-  
ORY—FOR POSTERITY, AN EM-  
BLEM OF LOYALTY TO THE  
FLAG OF THEIR COUNTRY.”



On the east face :

“WITH GRATEFUL RECOGNITION OF THE SERVICES OF ALL HER SONS WHO UPHELD THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF OUR BELOVED COUNTRY IN HER HOUR OF PERIL, THE TOWN OF PITTSFIELD ERECTS THIS MONUMENT IN LOVING MEMORY OF THOSE WHO DIED THAT THE NATION MIGHT LIVE.”

At the dedication the national flags of the two political parties were removed from the streets and with them the statue was draped. The town was crowded with visitors, and a long procession marched through the streets. A prayer by Rev. Dr. Todd, speeches by General Bartlett and Honorable Thomas Colt, President of the day, and an oration by George William Curtis accompanied the unveiling.

The four principal streets of the town, named from the points of the compass, meet at the Park. North street contains the bulk of the stores and business places. On the corner of West street is the building of the Berkshire Life Insurance Company, which was incorporated in 1851, and has always included among its Directors and Managers the best business men in the town and county, who naturally take great pride in it as one of the soundest Life Insurance Companies of the country.

In the same building are three national and one savings bank, besides the town and other offices. Immediately beyond is Mr. Atwood's drug store, an establishment of long standing, which would bear favorable comparison with any similar store as regards either attention or knowledge of a druggist's duties. Farther along the same street

are Central Block and the Academy of Music. In other parts of Pittsfield broad streets, lined with tall elms and shady horse-chestnut trees, invite our footsteps. The dwelling-houses are mostly of wood, built in the cottage and villa styles of architecture ; many are stately edifices ; many are hospitable mansions ; all show unmistakable evidence of being comfortable homes. Scattered over the township, each springing up around a mill or two, are miniature villages. Their population is largely made up of foreigners, Irish and Germans, whose condition appears to be somewhat better than that of the same class in cities. Both sexes are represented among the operatives. The mills, mostly small, are located with a view to an opportunity for using water power, yet none are without steam power as well. In the same neighborhood are the large farms and expensive estates of the mill-owners, the wealthiest class in the community. Between the villages, in fact, upon all the roads, every turn brings in sight pleasing views, which never repeat themselves or become monotonous. The cemetery is itself one of the most beautiful spots in the neighborhood. A massive granite gateway is being put up, the gift of the late Thomas Allen. For a long distance the road leads through a thick forest of maple, pine and oak trees. A swiftly-running brook crosses the path ; a quiet, clear pond with grassy banks lies to one side. If the visitor will remain motionless for a short time, birds and squirrels show themselves in all directions, and fill his ears with the sounds of the woods. Far away may be seen the white houses and the church spires of the town. No resting place for the dead could be more peaceful, more inspiring to meditation on the part of those who walk in the light of



day. By the grave of General Bartlett stands a cross all covered with graceful hanging Southern moss. Below is a beautiful bed of flowers, cared for with a constant devotion, and by the same loving hands has been added a large natural rock, imbedded in the ground. On it is fixed a large tablet with this inscription :

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARTLETT,  
Brigadier General and Brevet Major General  
UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS.

BORN IN HAVERHILL, MASSACHUSETTS.

June 6th, 1840.

DIED IN PITTSFIELD,

December 17th, 1876.

A Soldier, undaunted by wounds and imprisonment.

A Patriot, foremost in pleading for reconciliation.

A Christian, strong in faith and charity,

His life was an inspiration,

His memory is a trust.

Pittsfield, although one of the largest towns in the country, is not ambitious to try a city form of government. Five years ago a charter was procured, but no action was taken upon it. There is no disposition on the part of those who favor the plan to force it into notice before public opinion is ripe on the subject. At the annual town meetings where a majority of the voters are present there have thus far been few attempts at unfair management. The best portion of the community take the most active share in the proceedings.

Thus there exists a real Democracy, an inestimable educator of the people possible only among an energetic people, who, by inheritance, have acquired a love for the practical; in the absence of arbitrary government have been long accustomed to the use of political rights, and from their character combine in their thoughts and actions, reason with understanding and conscience with religious sentiment.

A review of the lives of these men, who made for the town its honorable history, brings prominently to one's mind the frequency of instances in which each gained by his own exertions his influence and reputation. It is one of the best criterions of excellent social and political institutions. Lemuel Pomeroy, who in 1799 brought his anvil to Pittsfield; George N. Briggs, who served as an apprentice four years, working for eight dollars a year; Thomas F. Plunkett, who for five years travelled from town to town in Eastern New York, carrying on a trade with householders and country dealers; John Todd, who worked his way through college against poverty and ill-health; these are names that deserve to be handed down to following generations, to the end that their influence may still remain as an incitement to honest and unwearied efforts by successors ready to emulate, though not to imitate, the examples set before them.

## ROBERT ROGERS, THE RANGER.

By JOSEPH B. WALKER.

No man has been universally great. Individuals who have made themselves prominent among their fellows have done so by achievements in special directions only, and confined to limited portions of their lives. Particularly true is this remark when applied to Major Robert Rogers, the Ranger, who, in our last French war, greatly distinguished himself as a partisan commander, and gained as wide fame as did any other soldier of equal rank and opportunity.

I do not introduce him here as a saint, for, as is well known, no quality of sanctity ever entered his composition; but rather, as the resolute commander of resolute men, in desperate encounters with a desperate foe; as a man eminently fitted for the rough work given him to do. And just here and now I am reminded of a remark made in his old age by the late Moody Kent, for a long period an able member of the New Hampshire bar, and there the associate of Governor Plummer, George Sullivan, and Judge Jeremiah Smith, as well as of Jeremiah Mason, and the two Websters, Ezekiel and Daniel, all of whom he survived. Said Mr. Kent, one day, evidently looking forward to the termination of his career, "Could Zeke Webster have been living at my decease he would have spoken as well of me, yes, as well of me as he could." If one can summon to his mind and heart the kindly charity attributed to Mr. Webster, he may, should he care for it, find a comfortable hour in the society of this famous Ranger. He was born of Scotch-Irish parents, in the good old Scotch-Irish town of Londonderry,

New Hampshire, in the year 1727.\* At the time of his birth, this was a frontier town, and its log houses were the last civilized abodes which the traveller passed as he went up the Merrimack valley on his way to Canada. It was the seed-town from which were afterwards planted the ten or a dozen other Scotch-Irish townships of New Hampshire.† It was the first to introduce and scatter abroad Presbyterian principles and Irish potatoes over considerable sections of this Province.

Parson McGregor and his people had been in their new homes but four years when they had ready for occupancy a log school-house, sixteen feet long and twelve feet wide. It was in this, or in one like it, that Robert Rogers acquired his scanty stock of "book-learning," as then termed. But education consists in much besides book-learning, and he supplemented his narrow stock of this by a wider and more practical knowledge, which he obtained amid the rocks and stumps upon his father's farm and in the hunter's camp.

The woods, at this day, were full of game. The deer, the bear, the moose, the beaver, the fox, the muskrat, and various other wild animals existed in great numbers. To a young man of hardy constitution, possessed of enterprise, energy, and a fondness for forest sports, hunting afforded not only an attractive, but a profitable employment. Young Rogers had all these characteristics, and as a hunter, tramped through large sections of the wilderness between the French and English settlements.

\* Stark's History of Dunbarton, p. 178.

† Parker's History of Londonderry, p. 180.

On such excursions he mingled much with the Indians, and somewhat with the French, obtaining by such intercourse some knowledge of their languages, of their modes of hunting, and their habits of life. He also acquired a fondness for the woods and streams, tracing the latter well up towards their sources, learning the portages between their headwaters, many of the Indian trails and the general topography of the great area just mentioned.

During the French and Indian wars small bodies of soldiers were often employed to "watch and ward" the frontiers, and protect their defenceless communities from the barbarous assaults of Indians, turned upon them from St. Francis and Crown Point. Robert Rogers had in him just the stuff required in such a soldier. We shall not, therefore, be surprised to find him on scouting duty in the Merrimack Valley, under Captain Ladd, as early as 1746, when he was but nineteen years of age;\* and, three years later, engaged in the same service, under Captain Ebenezer Eastman, of Pennycook.† Six years afterwards, in 1753, the muster rolls show him to have been a member of Captain John Goff's company, and doing like service.‡ Such was the training of a self-reliant mind and a hardy physique for the ranging service, in which they were soon to be employed.

I ought, perhaps, to mention, that in 1749, as Londonderry became filled to overflowing with repeated immigrations from the North of Ireland, James Rogers, the father of Robert, a proprietor, and one of the early settlers of the township, removed therefrom to the woods of Dunbarton, and settled anew in a section named Montelony, from an

Irish place in which he had once lived.\* This was before the settlement of the township, when its territory existed as an unseparated part only of the public domain. He may, quite likely, have been attracted hither by an extensive beaver meadow or pond, which would, with little improvement, afford grass for his cattle while he was engaged in clearing the rich uplands which surrounded it.

Six years only after his removal (1755), he was unintentionally shot by a neighbor whom he was going to visit; the latter mistaking him for a bear, as he indistinctly saw him passing through the woods. This incident was the foundation of the story said to have been told by his son, some years after, in a London tavern. The version given by Farmer and Moore is as follows, viz. :† "It is reported of Major Rogers, that while in London, after the French war, being in company with several persons, it was agreed, that the one who told the most improbable story, or the greatest falsehood, should have his fare paid by the others. When it came to his turn, he told the company that his father was shot in the woods of America by a person who supposed him to be a bear; and that his mother was followed several miles through the snow by hunters, who mistook her track for that of the same animal. It was acknowledged by the whole company that the Major had told the greatest lie, when in fact, he had related nothing but the truth.‡

\* New Hampshire Gazetteer, 1823, p. 121.

† Historical Collections, by Farmer and Moore, vol. 1, p. 240.

‡ The Great Meadow and the site of the elder Rogers' house is easily accessible to any person possessed of a curiosity to visit them. They are in the South-Easterly section of Dunbarton, some six or seven miles only from Concord. The whole town is of very uneven surface, and the visitor will smile when he reads upon the ground, in Farmer and Moore's New Hampshire Gazetteer, that he will find there but "few hills, nor any mountains." He soon learns that the declaration of its people is more correct when they assure him that its surface is a "pimply" one.

\* New Hampshire Adjutant General's Report, 1866, vol. 2, p. 95.

† Same, p. 99.

‡ Same, p. 118.



As the largest part of Roger's fame rests upon his achievements in the ranging service of our Seven Years' War, we must recall for a moment the condition of things in the British Colonies and in Canada at the beginning of this war.

The thirteen American Colonies had, at that time, all told, of both white and black, a population of about one million and a half of souls (1,425,000.)\* The French people of Canada numbered less than one hundred thousand.†

The respective claims to the Central part of the North American Continent by England and France were conflicting and irreconcilable. The former, by right of discovery, claimed all the territory upon the Atlantic coast from New Foundland to Florida, and by virtue of numerous grants the right to all west of this to the Pacific Ocean. The latter, by right of occupation and exploration, claimed Canada, a portion of New England and New York, and the basins of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, together with all the territory upon the streams tributary to these, or a large part of the indefinite West.

To maintain her claims France had erected a cordon of forts extending diagonally across the continent from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico. If one will follow, in thought, a line starting at Louisburg, and thence running up this great river to Quebec and Montreal, and thence up Lake Champlain to Crown Point and Ticonderoga, and on westward and south-westward to Frontenac, Niagara and Detroit, and thence down the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans, he will trace the line across which the two nations looked in defiance at each other, and see instantaneously that the claims of France

were inadmissible, and that another war was inevitable. It mattered little that of the forty-five years immediately preceding the treaty of Aix La Chapelle, fourteen, or one-third of the whole number, had been years of war between these two neighbors. They were now, after a peace of only half a dozen years, as ready for a fresh contest as if they were to meet for the first time upon the battle field. In fact, another conflict was unavoidable; a conflict of the Teuton with the Gaul; of medievalism with daylight; of conservatism with progress; of the old Church with the new; of feudalism with democracy — a conflict which should settle the destiny of North America, making it English and Protestant, or French and Roman Catholic; a contest, too, in which the victor was to gain more than he knew, and the vanquished was to lose more than he ever dreamed of.

Hostilities may be said to have been commenced by the French, when, on the 18th day of April, 1754, they dispossessed the Ohio company of the fort which they were erecting at the forks of the Ohio River, afterwards named Fort Du Quesne.

The plan of a Colonial Confederation, formed at the Albany convention in July of that year, having failed of acceptance by the mother country and the Colonies both, the Home government was forced to meet the exigency by the use of British troops, aided by such others as the several Provinces were willing to furnish.

The campaign of the next year (1755) embraced:

1st. An expedition, under General Braddock, for the capture of Fort Du Quesne.

2d. A second, under General Shirley, for the reduction of Fort Niagara, which was not prosecuted.

\* Bancroft's History of the United States, vol. 4, p. 127.

† Encyclopedia Britannica.

3d. A third, under Colonel Moncton, against the French settlements on the Bay of Fundy, resulting in the capture and deportation of the Acadians.

4th. A fourth, under General William Johnson, against Crown Point, a strong fortification, erected by the French, in the very heart of New England and New York, whence innumerable bands of Indians had been dispatched by the French to murder the defenceless dwellers upon the English frontiers, particularly those of New Hampshire, to destroy their cattle and to burn their buildings and other property.

To the army of this latter expedition New Hampshire contributed, in the early part of this year, a regiment of ten companies, the first being a company of Rangers, whose Captain was Robert Rogers, and whose Second Lieutenant was John Stark.\*

But a few words just here in explanation of the character of this ranging branch of the English army. It was a product of existing necessities in the military service of that time. Most of the country was covered with primeval forests and military operations were largely prosecuted in the woods or in limited clearings. The former were continually infested with Indians, lying in ambush for the perpetration of any mischief for which they might have opportunity.

It became necessary, therefore, in scouring the forests to drive these miscreants back to their lairs, as well as in making military reconnoissances, to have a class of soldiers acquainted with Indian life and warfare; prepared, not only to meet the Indian upon his own ground, but to fight him in his own fashion. The British Regular was good

for nothing at such work. If sent into the woods he was quite sure, either not to return at all, or to come back without his scalp. And the ordinary Provincial was not very much better. From this necessity, therefore, was evolved the "Ranger."

He was a man of vigorous constitution, inured to the hardships of forest life. He was capable of long marches, day after day, upon scant rations, refreshed by short intervals of sleep while rolled in his blanket upon a pile of boughs, with no other shelter but the sky. He knew the trails of the Indians, as well as their ordinary haunts and likeliest places of ambush. He knew, also, all the courses of the streams and the carrying places between them. He understood Indian wiles and warfare, and was prepared to meet them.

Stand such a man in a pair of stout shoes or moccasins; cover his lower limbs with leggins and coarse small clothes; give him a close-fitting jacket and a warm cap; stick a small hatchet in his belt; hang a good-sized powder-horn by his side, and upon his back buckle a blanket and a knapsack stuffed with a moderate supply of bread and raw salt pork; to these furnishings add a good-sized hunting-knife, a trusty musket and a small flask of spirits, and you have an average New Hampshire Ranger of the Seven Year's war, ready for skirmish or pitched battle; or, for the more common duty of reconnoitering the enemy's force and movements, of capturing his scouts and provision trains, and getting now and then a prisoner, from whom all information possible would be extorted; and, in short, for annoying the French and Indian foe in every possible way.

If you will add three or four inches to the average height of such a soldier, give him consummate courage,

\* New Hampshire Adjutant General's Report, vol. 2, 1866, p. 129.

coolness, readiness of resource in extremities, together with intuitive knowledge of the enemy's wiles, supplemented with a passable knowledge of French and Indian speech, you will have a tolerable portrait of Captain Robert Rogers at the beginning of our Seven Year's war.\*

He received his first Captain's commission in the early part of 1755, and was employed by the New Hampshire government in building a fort at the mouth of the Ammonoosuc River and in guarding its Northern and Western frontiers until July, when he was ordered to Albany to join the army of Major General Johnson. His first service there was in furnishing escort, with a company of one hundred men, to a provision train from Albany to Fort Edward. From this latter point he was afterwards repeatedly despatched, with smaller bodies of men, up the Hudson River and down Lake George and Lake Champlain to reconnoiter the French forts. Some of these expeditions extended as far north as Crown Point and were enlivened with sharp skirmishes. He was absent up the Hudson upon one of these when the French were defeated at the battle of Lake George and Baron Dieskan was made prisoner.

The efficiency of the campaign of the next year (1756), which contemplated the taking of Crown Point, Niagara and Fort Du Quesne, was seriously impaired by the repeated changes of Commander-in-Chief; Major General Shirley being superceded in June by General Abercrombie while he, about a month later, yielded the com-

mand to the inefficient Lord Loudon. The only occurrences of particular note during this campaign were the capture of our forts at Oswego by General Montcalm and the formal declarations of war by the two belligerents.

Rogers and his men were stationed at Fort William Henry, and made repeated visits to Ticonderoga and Crown Point to ascertain the power of the enemy and to annoy him as they had opportunity. They went down Lake George, sometimes by land upon its shores, and sometimes by water and in boats. In the winter their land marches were frequently upon snow-shoes, and their boats were exchanged for skates. On such occasions each Ranger was generally his own commissary and carried his own supplies.

In his journal for this year (1756) Rogers notes thirteen of these expeditions as worthy of record. The first was down Lake George on the ice, in January, with seventeen men, resulting in the capture of two prisoners and two sledges laden with provisions.

The second was made in February with a party of fifty men to ascertain the strength and operations of the French at Crown Point. Having captured one prisoner at a little village near by the fort, they were discovered and obliged to retire before the sallying troops of the garrison. With very marked sang froid he closes his account of this reconnoissance by saying: "We employed ourselves while we dared stay in setting fire to the houses and barns in the village, with which were consumed large quantities of wheat, and other grain; we also killed about fifty cattle and then retired, leaving the whole village in flames."

There often appears a ludicrous kind of honesty in the simple narratives of this journal. He occasionally seized

\* "An engraved full-length portrait of Rogers was published in London in 1776. He is represented as a tall, strong man, dressed in the costume of a Ranger, with a powder-horn strung at his side, a gun resting in the hollow of his arm, and a countenance by no means prepossessing. Behind him, at a little distance, stand his Indian followers."—[Parkman's *Conspiracy of Pontiac*, vol. 1, p. 164.



certain stores of the enemy which a Ranger could destroy only with regret. He naively remarks, in narrating the capture in June, of this same year, of two lighters upon Lake Champlain, manned by twelve men, four of whom they killed: "We sunk and destroyed their vessels and cargoes, which consisted chiefly of wheat and flour, wine, and brandy; some few casks of the latter we carefully concealed."

His commands on such occasions varied greatly in numbers, according to the exigency of the service, all the way from a squad of ten men to two whole companies; and the excursions just mentioned afford fair specimens of the work done by the Rangers under Rogers this year.

Rogers possessed a ready wit and an attractive bonhomie, which made him agreeable to his men, notwithstanding the necessary severity of his discipline. A story has come down to us which well illustrates this trait in his character. Two British Regulars, it seems, a good deal muddled, one night, by liberal potations, became greatly concerned lest their beloved country should suffer dishonor in consequence of inability to discharge its national debt, and their loyal forebodings had, at length, become painful. The good-natured Captain, encountering them in their distress, at once relieved them by the remark: "I appreciate the gravity of your trouble, my dear fellows. It is, indeed, a serious one. But, happily, I can remove it. I will, myself, discharge at once one-half the debt, and a friend of mine will shortly pay the other half." From this incident is said to have arisen the expression, at one time common, "We pay our debts as Rogers did that of the English nation."

But Captain Rogers had qualities of a higher order, which commended him

to his superiors. His capacity as a Ranger Commander had attracted the notice of the officers on duty at Lake George. The importance of this branch of the service had also become apparent, and we shall not be surprised to learn that, in March, 1756, he was summoned to Boston by Major General Shirley and commissioned anew as Captain of an independent company of Rangers, to be paid by the King. This company formed the nucleus of the famous corps since known as "Roger's Rangers."

In July another company was raised, and again in December two more, thereby increasing the Ranger corps to four companies. To anticipate, in a little more than a year this was farther enlarged by the addition of five more, and Captain Rogers was promoted to the rank of Major of Rangers, becoming thus the commander of the whole corps.

The character of the service expected of this branch of the army was set forth in Major General Shirley's orders to its commander in 1756, as follows, viz.: "From time to time, to use your best endeavors to distress the French and allies by sacking, burning, and destroying their houses, barns, barracks, canoes, and battoes, and by killing their cattle of every kind; and at all times to endeavour to way-lay, attack and destroy their convoys of provisions by land and water in any part of the country where he could find them."\*

On the fifteenth of January of the next year (1757) Captain Rogers, with seventy-four Rangers, started down Lake George to reconnoiter the French forts; travelling now for a time upon the ice, and by and by donning snow-shoes and following the land. On the twenty-first, at a point

\* Roger's Journal (Hough's edition), p. 46.

half way between Ticonderoga and Crown Point, they discovered a train of provision sledges, three of which they captured, together with six horses and seven men. The others fled within the walls of Ticonderoga and alarmed the garrison. Feeling the insecurity of his situation he commenced at once his return. By two o'clock in the afternoon, his party was attacked by two hundred and fifty French and Indians, who endeavored to surround it. A vigorous fight was kept up until dark. Rogers was wounded twice and lost some twenty of his men. The French, as was subsequently ascertained, lost one hundred and sixteen. The proximity of Ticonderoga rendered vain the continuance of the contest, and he availed him of the shelter of the night to return to Fort William Henry.

For this exploit he was highly complimented by General Abercrombie, and, at a later period of this same year, was ordered by Lord Londown to instruct and train for the ranging service a company of British Regulars. To these he devoted much time and prepared for their use the manual of instruction now found in his journals. It is clearly drawn up in twenty-eight sections and gives very succinctly and lucidly the rules governing this mode of fighting.

The campaign of 1757 contemplated only the capture of Louisburg. To the requisite preparations Lord Londown directed all his energies. Having collected all the troops which could be spared for that purpose, he sailed for Halifax on the twentieth of June with six thousand soldiers, among them being four companies of Rangers under the command of Major Rogers. Upon arriving at Halifax his army was augmented by the addition of five thousand Regulars and a powerful naval armament. We have neither time nor incli-

nation to consider the conduct of Lord Londown on this occasion farther than to say that his cowardice and imbecility seem wonderful. Finding that, in all probability, Louisburg could not be taken without some one getting hurt, he returned to New York without striking a blow. If about this time our heroic commander of the Rangers used some strong language far from sacred, it will become us to remember "Zeke Webster" and think as charitably of his patriotic expletives "as we can." He returned to New York three weeks after the surrender of Fort William Henry, where with his Rangers he might have done something, at least, to prevent the horrible massacre which has tarnished the fair fame of Montcalm indelibly.

England and America both were humbled in the dust by the events of 1757 and 1758. Failure, due to the want of sufficient resources is severe, but how utterly insufferable when, with abundant means, incompetency to use them brings defeat. Still, we are under greater obligation to Lord Londown than we are wont to think. His imbecility helped rouse the British nation and recall William Pitt to power, whose vigor of purpose animated anew the people of other countries and promised an early termination of French dominion in America.

Lord Londown was succeeded in the early part of 1758 by General Abercrombie and plans were matured for capturing the Lake forts, Louisburg and Fort Du Quesne. By the close of November, the two last, with the addition of Fort Frontenac, were ours. The movement against Crown Point and Ticonderoga did not succeed. In the assault upon the latter Rogers and his Rangers fought in the van and in the retreat brought up the rear.

In the spring of this year (1758) Rogers went down Lake George at the

head of about one hundred and eighty-men, and near the foot of it had a desperate battle with a superior body of French and Indians. He reported on his return one hundred and fourteen of his party as killed or missing. Why he was not annihilated is a wonder. General Montcalm, in a letter dated less than a month after the encounter, says: "Our Indians would give no quarter; they have brought back one hundred and forty-six scalps." For his intrepidity on this occasion he was presented by General Abercrombie with the commission of Major of Rangers, before alluded to.

The adroitness with which Rogers sometimes extricated himself from extreme peril is illustrated by his conduct on one occasion, when pursued by an overwhelming number of savages up the mountain, near the south end of Lake George, which now bears his name. Upon reaching the summit he advanced to the very verge of the precipice, on the east side, which descends 550 feet to the lake. Having here reversed his snow shoes he fled down the side opposite to that by which he had come up. Arriving soon after the Indians, upon seeing the tracks of two men, apparently, instead of one, and Rogers far below upon the ice, hastening towards Fort Edward, concluded that he had slid down the precipice aided by the Great Spirit, and that farther pursuit was vain.

Mr. Pitt proposed in the campaign of 1759 the entire conquest of Canada. Bold as was the undertaking it was substantially accomplished. Ticonderoga and Crown Point were abandoned in July, Fort Niagara capitulated the same month, and Quebec was surrendered in September.

Their violation of a flag of truce in this last month now called attention to

the St. Francis Indians, who had been for a century the terror of the New England frontiers, swooping down upon them when least expected, burning their buildings, destroying their cattle, mercilessly murdering their men, women, and children, or cruelly hurrying them away into captivity. The time had now come for returning these bloody visits. The proffering of this delicate attention was assigned by Major General Amherst to Rogers. In his order, dated September 13, he says: "You are this night to set out with the detachment, as ordered yesterday, viz., of 200 men, which you will take under your command and proceed to Misisquey Bay, from whence you will march and attack the enemy's settlements on the south side of the river St. Lawrence in such a manner as you shall judge most effectual to disgrace the enemy, and for the success and honour of his majesty's arms.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Take your revenge, but don't forget that tho' those villains have dastardly and promiscuously murdered the women and children of all ages, it is my orders that no women or children are killed or hurt."

In pursuance of these orders Major Rogers started the same day at evening. On the tenth day after he reached Misisquoi Bay. On the twenty-third, with one hundred and forty-two Rangers, he came, without being discovered, to the environs of the village of St. Francis. The Indians had a dance the evening following his arrival and slept heavily afterwards. The next morning, half an hour before sunrise, Rogers and his men fell upon them on all sides, and in a few minutes, ere they had time to arouse themselves and seize their arms, the warriors of that village were dead. A few, attempting to escape by the



river, were shot in their canoes. The women and children were not molested.

When light came it revealed to the Rangers lines of scalps, mostly English, to the number of six hundred, strung upon poles above the door-ways. Thereupon, every house except three containing supplies was fired, and their destruction brought death to a few who had before escaped it by concealing themselves in the cellars. Ere noon two hundred Indian braves had perished and their accursed village had been obliterated.

The operations of the next year (1760) ended this long and fierce struggle. The attempted re-capture of Quebec by the French was their final effort. The army of the Lakes embarked from Crown Point for Montreal on the sixteenth day of August. "Six hundred Rangers and seventy Indians in whale-boats, commanded by Major Rogers, all in a line abreast, formed the advance guard." He and his men encountered some fighting on the way from Isle a Mot to Montreal, but no serious obstacle retarded their progress. The day of their arrival Monsieur de Vaudveuil proposed to Major General Amherst a capitulation, which soon after terminated the French dominion in North America.

The English troops, as will be remembered, entered Montreal on the evening of the eighth of September. On the morning of the twelfth Major Rogers was ordered by General Amherst to proceed westward with two companies of Rangers and take possession of the western forts, still held by the French, which, by the terms of the capitulation, were to be surrendered.

He embarked about noon the next day with some two hundred Rangers in fifteen whale-boats, and advanced to the west by the St. Lawrence and the Lakes. On the seventh of November

they reached the mouth of the Cuyahoga, where the beautiful city of Cleveland now stands. The cross of St. George had never penetrated the wilderness so far before. Here they encamped and were soon after waited upon by messengers from the great chieftain Pontiac, asking by what right they entered upon his territory and the object of their visit. Rogers informed them of the downfall of the French in America, and that he had been sent to take possession of the French forts surrendered to the English by the terms of the capitulation. Pontiac received his message remarking that he should stand in his path until morning, when he would return to him his answer.

The next morning Pontiac came to the camp and the great chief of the Ottawas, haughty, shrewd, politic, ambitious, met face to face the bold, self-possessed, clear-headed Major of the British Rangers. It is interesting to note how calmly the astute ally of the French accepted the new order of things and prepared for an alliance with his former enemies. He and Rogers had several interviews and in the end smoked the pipe of peace. With dignified courtesy the politic Indian gave to his new friend free transit through his territory, provisions for his journey and an escort of Indian braves. Rogers broke camp on the twelfth and pushed onward towards Detroit. By messenger sent forward in advance he apprized Monsieur Belletre, Commandant of the fort, of his near approach and the object of it. The astonished officer received him cautiously. Soon satisfied, however, of the truth of the unwelcome news thus brought, he surrendered his garrison. On the twenty-ninth of November the British flag floated from the staff which ever before had borne only the lillies or France.

On the tenth of December, after disposing of the French force found in the fort, and having taken possession of the forts Miamie and Gatanois, with characteristic ardor Rogers pushed still farther westward for Michilimackinac. But it was a vain attempt. The season was far advanced. Indeed, the winter had already come, and while the ice prevented his progress by water, the snows rendered impracticable his advance by land. With reluctance he relinquished for the first time the completion of his mission. Turning eastward, after a tedious journey, he reached New York on the fourteenth of February, 1761.

From New York, there is reason to suppose, that he went this same year as Captain of one of the His Majesty's Independent Companies of Foot to South Carolina, and there aided Colonel Grant in subduing the Cherokees, who had for a year or two been committing depredations upon the Carolinian frontiers.

From this time onward for the next two years we lose sight of Major Rogers, but he re-appears at the siege of Detroit in 1763. Hither he went with twenty Rangers as part of a body of soldiers sent from Fort Niagara under the command of Captain Dalzell for the re-inforcement of the beleagured fort. He arrived on the twenty-ninth of July, and on the thirty-first took an active part in the fierce battle of Bloody Bridge. His valor was as useful as it was conspicuous on that occasion, and but for his daring efforts the retreat of the British troops would have been more disastrous even than it was. Having, for a time, in the house of the Frenchman, Campean, held at bay a throng of savages which surrounded it, his escape with a few followers at one door was hardly achieved ere these burst in at another.

The next glimpse we get of Major Rogers is at Rumford (now Concord) where he had a landed estate of some four or five hundred acres. Good old Parson Walker, who here kept open house, and for more than fifty years watched with solicitude the interests of his parish and his country, says, in his diary for 1764, against date of February 24: "Major Rogers dined with us" and again December 22: "Major Rogers and Mr. Scales, Jr., dined with me."

It is probable that his private affairs now occupied his attention. A year or so after the surrender of Montreal he was married to Elizabeth, daughter of Rev. Arthur Brown, Rector of St. John's Church, in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. He considered this town his residence, and in papers executed this very year (1764) sometimes designates himself "as of Portsmouth," and at others, as "now residing at Portsmouth."

For three or four years, between 1762 and 1765, he trafficked a good deal in lands, buying and selling numerous and some quite extensive tracts. Some twenty-five different conveyances to him are on record in the Recorder's office of Rockingham County, and half as many from him to other parties.

Some of these lands he seems to have purchased and some to have received in consideration of military services. In 1764 Benning Wentworth, as Governor of New Hampshire, conveyed to him as "a reduced officer" a tract of three thousand acres, lying in the southern part of Vermont.

\*One conveyance made by him and

\*The old "Rogers house," so called, is still standing upon the former estate of Major Rogers, on the east side and near the south end of Main Street, in Concord, New Hampshire. It must be at least a hundred years old, and faces the South, being two stories high on the front side and descending by a long sloping roof to one in the rear. It was occupied for many years by Captain and Mrs. Roach, and later by Arthur, son of Major Rogers, who was a lawyer by profession and died at Portsmouth, in 1841.

bearing date December 20, 1762, arrests our attention. By it he transferred to his father-in-law, Rev. Arthur Brown, before mentioned, some five hundred acres of land in Rumford (now Concord, New Hampshire) together with "one negro man, named Castro Dickerson, aged about twenty-eight; one negro woman, named Sylvia; one negro boy named Pomp, aged about twelve and one Indian boy, named Billy, aged about thirteen." For what reason this property was thus transferred I have no means of knowing. If the object of the conveyance was to secure it as a home to his wife and children against any liabilities he might incur in his irregular life, the end sought was subsequently attained, as the land descended even to his grand-children.\*

And I may as well, perhaps, just here and now anticipate a little by saying that Major Rogers did not prove a good husband, and that seventeen years after their marriage his wife felt constrained, February 12, 1778, to petition the General Assembly of New Hampshire for a divorce from him on the ground of desertion and infidelity. An act granting the same passed the Assembly on the twenty-eighth day of February and the Council on the fourth of March following.†

I may, perhaps, here venture the ir-

\*A portion of this estate was subsequently sold by his descendants to the late Governor Isaac Hill, of Concord, New Hampshire.

†"An act to dissolve the marriage between Robert Rogers and Elizabeth, his wife.

"Whereas, Elizabeth Rogers of Portsmouth, in the County of Rockingham, and State aforesaid, hath petitioned the General Assembly for said State, setting forth that she was married to the said Robert Rogers about seventeen years ago; for the greater part of which time he had absented himself from and totally neglected to support and maintain her—and had, in the most flagrant manner, in a variety of ways, violated the marriage contract—but especially by infidelity to her Bed; For which reasons praying that a divorce from said Rogers, a vinculo matrimonii, might be granted. The principal facts contained in said petition being made to appear, upon a full hearing thereof. Therefore,

"Be it enacted by the Council and House of Representatives for said State in General Assembly convened, That the Bonds of Matrimony between the said Robert and Elizabeth be and hereby are dissolved."—[New Hampshire State Papers, vol. 8, p. 776.

relevant remark that "women sometimes do strange things," and cite the subsequent conduct of Mrs. Rogers in evidence of the declaration. After her divorce she married Captain John Roach, master of an English vessel in the fur trade. The tradition is that, having sailed from Quebec for London, he most unaccountably lost his reckoning and found himself in Portsmouth (New Hampshire) harbor. Here for reasons satisfactory to himself, he sold the cargo on his own account and quit sea life.\* After his marriage he lived with his wife and her son by the former marriage on the estate in Concord, previously mentioned as having been conveyed by Rogers to her father. Captain Roach is said to have been most famous for his unholy expletives and his excessive potations.

The venerable Colonel William Kent, now living at Concord in his nineties, says that Captain Roach one day brought into the store where he was a clerk a friend who had offered to treat him and called for spirit. Having drawn from a barrel the usual quantity of two drinks the clerk set the measure containing it upon the counter, expecting the contents to be poured into two tumblers, as was then the custom. Without waiting for this division the thirsty Captain immediately seized the gill cup and drained it. Then, gracefully returning it to the board, he courteously remarked to his astonished friend that when one gentleman asks another to take refreshment the guest should be helped first, and should there be found lacking a sufficiency for both, the host should call for more.

Whether Mrs. Rogers gained by her exchange of husbands it would be hard to say. That in 1812 she went willing from this to a land where "they

\* Bouton's History of Concord, p. 351.



neither marry nor are given in marriage," it is easy to believe.\*

In returning to Major Rogers, we must not forget that he was an author as well as soldier. He seems to have been in England in 1765, and to have there published two respectable volumes of his writings. One is entitled "Journals of Major Robert Rogers; containing an account of the several excursions he made under the Generals who commanded upon the continent of North America, during the late War," and embraces the period from September 24, 1755, to February 14, 1761. It is doubtless quite reliable and valuable as a contribution to the history of our Army of the Lakes during the old French war.†

The other is called "a concise view of North America," and contains much interesting information relative to the country at the time of its publication.‡

\* Captain Roach died at Concord in May, 1811.

† The full title is "Journals of Major Robert Rogers: containing an account of several excursions he made under the Generals who commanded upon the Continent of North America during the late war. From which may be collected the material circumstances of every campaign upon that continent from the commencement to the conclusion of the war. London: Printed for the Author, and sold by J. Millan, bookseller near Whitehall, MDCCLXV." 8vo., Introduction, pp. viii; Journals, pp. 236.

An American edition of Roger's Journals, ably edited by Dr. F. B. Hough, was published at Albany in 1883, by J. Munsell's Sons. Besides a valuable introduction, it contains the whole text of the Journals, an appendix consisting largely of important official papers relating to Rogers, and a good index. It is by far the best edition of the Journals ever published.

‡ The full title of this volume is "A Concise Account of North America; Containing a description of the several British Colonies on that Continent, including the islands of New Foundland, Cape Breton, &c., as to their Situation, Extent, Climate, Soil, Produce, Rise, Government, Religion, Present Boundaries and the number of Inhabitants supposed to be in each. Also of the Interior and Westerly Parts of the Country, upon the rivers St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, Christino and the Great Lakes. To which is subjoined, An account of the several Nations and Tribes of Indians residing in those Parts, as to their Customs, Manners, Government, Numbers, &c., Containing many useful and Entertaining Facts, never before treated of. By Major Robert Rogers. London: Printed for the Author, and sold by J. Millan, bookseller, near Whitehall. MDCCLXV." 8vo., Introduction and Advertisement, pp. viii; Concise Account, pp. 264.

It is less reliable than the former, but is a readable book, and, when the author keeps within the bounds of his personal knowledge, is doubtless authentic.

Both works are a credit to Major Rogers. To the charge that he was an illiterate person and that these works were written by another's hand, it may be urged, as to the "journals," that the correspondence of their matter to the written reports of his expeditions made to his superior officers and now preserved in the New York State Library, convincingly show that this work is undoubtedly his. If revised before publication by a more practiced writer, this revision should not deprive him of the credit of their authorship.

Rogers laid no claims to fine writing, but his own manuscript reports, written mostly in camp and hastily, attest his possession of a fair chirography, a pretty good knowledge of grammar and spelling, together with a style of expression both lucid and simple; in short, these are such compositions as come naturally from a man, who, favored in youth with but a limited common school education, has in mature life mingled much with superiors and been often called upon to draft such writings as fall to the lot of a soldier or man of business. Mr. Parkman also attributes to Rogers a part authorship of a tragedy long forgotten, entitled "Ponteach, or the Savages in America," published in London in 1766. It is a work of little merit and very few copies of it have been preserved.\*

On the tenth of June, 1766, at the King's command, General Gage appointed Major Rogers Captain Commandant of the garrison of Michil-

\* The full title of this book is "Ponteach; or the Savages of America. A Tragedy. London. Printed for the Author, and sold by J. Millan, opposite the Admiralty, Whitehall, MDCCLXVI."

mackinac.\* Sir William Johnson, then Superintendent of Indian Affairs, when apprized of it was filled with astonishment and disgust. He regarded Rogers as a vain man, spoiled by flattery, and inordinately ambitious, dishonest, untruthful, and incompetent to discharge properly the duties of this office.† But as the appointment had been made and could not be revoked, it was determined to accept the inevitable and restrict his power, thereby rendering him as little capable of mismanagement as possible. He was ordered by General Gage to act in all matters pertaining to the Indians under instructions of the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and to report upon all other matters to the Commandant at Detroit, to whom he was made subordinate.‡

Commander Rogers probably reached Michilimackinac in August, 1766. He soon after demonstrated his entire unfitness for his position by clandestinely engaging in the Indian trade,§ and by involving the government in unnecessary expenses, which he sought to meet by drafts upon the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, which that officer was

obliged to dishonor. To still further curtail his power, a Commissary was appointed to reside at the post and regulate the Indian trade. To this Rogers sullenly submitted, but quarrelled with the officer. As time went on matters grew worse. He engaged in foolish speculations; got deeply into debt to the Indian traders; chafed under his limitations; grew first discontented, and then desperate; entered into treasonable correspondence with a French officer;\* and finally conceived a plan of seeking of the home government an independent governorship of Michilimackinac, and in case of failure to rob his post and the traders thereabout, and then desert to the French on the lower Mississippi.†

His mismanagement and plottings having grown insufferable he was arrested and conveyed in irons to Montreal in September, 1768, to be there tried by court-martial for high treason.‡ On some ground, probably a technical one, he escaped conviction, and at some date between May, 1769, and February, 1770, he sailed for England.

And there, strange as it may seem, the stalwart, cheeky, fine-looking, wily ex-Commandant was lionized. His acquittal had vindicated his innocence and established his claim to martyrdom. His books had advertised him as a hero. His creditors, to whom he owed considerable amounts, supported his claims in hopes thereby of getting their dues. He was gazed at by the commonalty. He was feted by the nobility. He was received by the king and allowed to kiss his hand. He claimed payment for arrears of salary and other expenses previously disallowed in England and at home, which was made. Encouraged by his successes he pushed boldly on and

\* Journals, Hough's edition, p. 218.

† Sir William Johnson in a letter to General Thomas Gage, dated January 23, 1766, says of Rogers: "He was a soldier in my army in 1755, and, as we were in great want of active men at that time, his readiness recommended him so far to me that I made him an officer and got him continued in the Ranging service, where he soon became puffed up with pride and folly from the extravagant encomiums and notices of some of the Provinces. This spoiled a good Ranger, for he was fit for nothing else—neither has nature calculated him for a large command in that service."—[Journals, Hough's edition, p. 215.

The same to Captain Cochrane November 17, 1767, says: "I raised him (Rogers) in 1755 from the lowest station on account of his abilities as a Ranger, for which duty he seemed well calculated, but how people at home, or anywhere else, could think him fit for any other purpose must appear surprising to those acquainted with him. I believe he never confined himself within the *disagreeable bounds of truth*, as you mention, but I wonder much they did not see through him in time."—[Journals, p. 247.

‡ Journals, p. 217.

§ Same, p. 242.

\* Journals, pp. 234, 235, 236.

† Same, p. 231.



asked to be made an English Baronet, with £600 a year, and in addition to that, a Major in the army.\* One is in doubt which to wonder at the most, the audacity of the bold adventurer, or the stupidity of the British public. But vaulting ambition had at length overleaped itself. He failed of the coveted knighthood, and sank by degrees to his true level.

We see nothing more of Major Rogers until July, 1775, when he again appears in America as a Major of the British Army retired on half pay. The object of his visit to his native land just at the beginning of our Revolutionary war was not satisfactorily apparent. Some considered him a military adventurer, anxious to sell his services to the highest bidder. Others regarded him as a British spy. He wandered over the country all the way from Pennsylvania to New Hampshire with very little ostensible business. His improbable statements, his associations with persons hostile to the American cause, his visits to places of bad reputation, as well as his whole general conduct, rendered him a suspected person.

He was arrested on the twenty-second of September following his arrival by the Pennsylvania Committee of Safety, but was afterwards paroled upon his solemn declaration and promise that "on the honor of a soldier and a gentleman he would not bear arms against the American United Colonies, in any manner whatever, during the present contest between them and Great-Britain;" † yet, on the twenty-sixth of

the next November, he makes a tender of his services to the British government, in a letter addressed to General Gage, and was encouraged to communicate more definitely his proposals.\*

On the second day of December, a little more than a month later, in shabby garb he calls upon President Wheelock, at Hanover, New Hampshire. After speaking of his absence in Europe, during which, he said, he had fought two battles in Algiers, under the Dey, he officiously tendered his aid in a proposed effort to obtain a grant of land for Dartmouth College. The President distrusted him, but treated him civilly. At the close of the interview he returned to the tavern where he passed the night, and left the next morning without paying his reckoning. ‡

Again, on the nineteenth of the same month, at Medford, Massachusetts, he addresses a letter to General Washington, soliciting an interview, but his reputation was such that the Commander-in-Chief declined to see him. §

Even this did not discourage him. With an effrontery truly wonderful, on the twenty-fifth of June, 1776, after he had been arrested in South Amboy and brought to New York, he expressed to the Commander-in-Chief his desire to pass on to Philadelphia, that he might there make a secret tender of his services to the American Congress. §

However, by this time, his duplicity had become so manifest that a few days after this interview (July 2, 1776) the New Hampshire House of Representatives passed a formal vote recommending his arrest, || which was supplemented two years later (November 19, 1778) by a decree of proscription.

\* Benjamin Roberts in a letter to Sir William Johnston, dated February 19, 1770, says: "Kingston has a most extraordinary letter from London, which says that Major Rogers was presented to his majesty and kissed his hand—that he demanded redress and retaliation for his sufferings. The minister asked what would content him. He desired to be made a Baronet, with a pension of £600 sterling, and to be restored to his government at Michilimackinac, and have all his accounts paid. Mr. Fitzherbert is his particular friend."—[Journals, p. 256.]

† Journals, p. 259.

\* Journals, p. 261.

† Same, p. 118.

‡ Same, p. 263.

§ Same, p. 273.

|| New Hampshire Prov. Papers vol. viii, p. 185.



Finding hypocrisy no longer available, sometime in August, 1776, he accepted a commission of Lieutenant Colonel Commandant, signed by General Howe and empowering him to raise a battalion of Rangers for the British Army. To this work he now applied himself and with success.\*

On the twenty-first of October, 1776, Rogers fought his last battle, so far as I have been able to discover, on American soil. His Regiment was attacked at Mamaronec, New York, and routed by a body of American troops. Contemporary accounts state that he did not display his usual valor in this action and personally withdrew before it was over.

The next year he returned to Eng-

\* Journals, p. 277.

land,\* where, after a disreputable life of some twenty-two or twenty-three years, of which little is known, he is said to have died in the year 1800.

Such are some of the more salient points in the career of Major Robert Rogers, the Ranger. When another century shall have buried in oblivion his frailties, the valor of the partizan commander will shine in undimmed lustre. When the historian gives place to the novelist and the poet, his desperate achievements portrayed by their pens will render as romantic the borders of Lake George, as have the daring deeds of Rob Roy McGregor, rehearsed by Walter Scott, made enchanting the Shores of Lock Lomond.

\* Parker's History of Londonderry, p. 238.

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## ROUSED FROM DREAMS.

By ADELAIDE CILLEY WALDRON.

Through the gorges leaps the pealing thunder ;  
Lurid flashes rend the sky asunder ;  
On my window-pane, making wild refrain,  
Sharply strikes the rain.

Wind in furious gusts with angry railing  
Follows the unhappy restless wailing  
Of the sobbing sea, and drives ships a-lee  
None to save nor see.

Dreaming souls are startled from their slumbers,  
Though sleep still their trembling frames encumbers ;  
Helplessly they wait, fearing portent fate,  
Shrieking prayers too late !

## HISTORICAL SKETCH OF FITCHBURG

By EBENEZER BAILEY.

On the opening of the year 1764 there was in the westerly part of the town of Lunenburg, Massachusetts, a settlement of about forty families, consisting of a number of farms, located mostly on the hills surrounding a narrow valley through which flowed the north branch of the Nashua River, almost screened from view by a dense forest of pines. These people were obliged to go four or five miles to Church and town meeting, over narrow, uneven roads, travelled only on horseback or rough ox carts. Most of them were of an independent, self-reliant type of character, and had a mind to have a little town and parish of their own.

Accordingly they commenced a movement for a division of the town of Lunenburg; and the first petition to have the westerly part of that town set off was presented in town meeting in 1759. At various other town meetings a like petition was presented and always rejected, until January, 1764, when it was granted, and a committee appointed to obtain an act of incorporation from the Legislature; and at last, on the third of February, 1764, the Governor of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay signed the Act, which made Fitchburg an incorporated town, with all the rights and privileges usually granted, except that the two towns of Lunenburg and Fitchburg were to have but one representative to the General Court.

A portion of the territory of Fitchburg was set off a few years later to form a part of the new town of Ashby.

The first town meeting in Fitchburg was held in the tavern of Captain Samuel Hunt, on the fifth of March, 1764,

when selectmen were chosen, and other business necessary to the organization of a town government transacted. The next business after the necessary civil affairs were put in order was to provide for "Sabbath days' preaching," and the Rev. Peter Whitney was hired to preach in the house of Thomas Cowdin for a time. It was also voted to build a meeting-house, which was completed sufficiently for occupancy in the autumn of 1766, and was located between Blossom and Mount Vernon Streets, near Crescent Street. The land was presented to the town by Thomas Cowdin, a new resident, who had purchased the tavern of Captain Samuel Hunt.

In those days the tavern keeper was a man of great importance by virtue of his calling, but Thomas Cowdin was in himself a remarkable man. Energetic and commanding by nature, his varied experience had been of a kind to call out his peculiar characteristics. A soldier in the Provincial army, he served actively in the French and Indian wars, and rose from the ranks to the office of captain. During the war of 1755 he was employed in returning convalescent soldiers to the army and in arresting deserters. At one time he was set on the track of a deserter, whom he found was making his way to New York. He followed him with characteristic celerity and promptness, and at length found him one Sabbath morning attending divine service in a Dutch meeting-house. Cowdin did not hesitate, but entered and seized the culprit at once, much to the surprise and consternation of the congregation. A severe struggle ensued, in which he barely escaped with

his life, but he finally overpowered and secured his prisoner. He then took him to Boston, where he received orders to deliver him at Crown Point. So alone through the woods for that long distance he journeyed with his prisoner, who well knew the fate which awaited him; threading each day the lonely forest, and lying down each night to sleep by the side of the doomed man. He delivered his prisoner safely at Crown Point, from whence he was taken to Montreal, and shot. For many years Cowdin was one of the most influential and prominent men in Fitchburg, and enjoyed to a great degree the confidence of his fellow citizens. He was the first Representative to the General Court under the new State Constitution, and held many town offices. A handsome monument has recently been erected to his memory by his grandson, Honorable John Cowdin, of Boston.

Preaching being provided for, it was also voted to keep two schools, and to appropriate the sum of £8 for that purpose. And now the town of Fitchburg was fairly started out in life. From the towns to the East energetic young men began to come in with their families, to make new homes for themselves, so that in 1771 there were from seventy-five to eighty families, with a total valuation of £2,508, 10s. The highest tax payer was taxed on a valuation of £121, and the rate was over ten per cent.

There were now, from time to time, numerous town meetings and many matters, both grave and trivial, to discuss and settle. Matters civil and matters ecclesiastical were inextricably blended. There was no separation of Church and State, but a community firmly believing in a personal Divine Providence, whose hand interposed daily in all the affairs of life. We may instance an article in the war-

rant for town meeting, January, 1770, which read as follows: "To see if the town will relieve Widow Mary Upton for Distress occasioned by frowns of Divine Providence, and abate her husband's rates on Isaac Gibson's and Ebenezer Bridge's tax lists." The result of the article was that Mr. Upton's poll tax was abated, and the frowns of Divine Providence were doubtless changed to smiles.

Time passed on, the town gaining in wealth and numbers, and a comfortable, prosperous future was the reasonable hope of the inhabitants; but other scenes than those of peace and quiet were preparing; the opening scenes of the Revolution were just at hand, and the curtain was about to rise on the drama of seven long years, so fraught with great results, but so wearisome, painful, and discouraging to the actors, from whom the future was withheld.

As early as September, 1768, the selectmen of Fitchburg received from the selectmen of Boston a letter requesting them to call a town meeting to take into consideration the critical condition of public affairs, and to choose an agent to meet them in Boston and show there the "views, wishes and determinations of the people of Fitchburg upon the subject." A town meeting was accordingly called, and the Honorable Edward Hartwell was sent jointly by Fitchburg and Lunenburg to be their agent in Boston.

In December, 1773 the selectmen received another letter from the town of Boston, requesting them to meet and pass such resolves concerning their rights and privileges, as they were willing to die in maintaining, and send them to the Committee of Correspondence. A town meeting was held accordingly, and a committee appointed to draft resolutions. The report presented by



this committee at an adjourned meeting, after expressing full sympathy in all efforts to resist any encroachments on the rights and liberties of the American people, concluded as follows :

"And with respect to the East India tea, forasmuch as we are now informed that the town of Boston and the neighboring towns have made such noble opposition to said teas being brought into Boston, subject to a duty so directly tending to the enslaving of America, it is our opinion that your opposition is just and equitable, and the people of this town are ready to afford all the assistance in their power to keep off all such infringement."

The time had now come when the talk at the tavern, the town meeting, the Church, and at the daily meeting of neighbor with neighbor, was of the rights of the colonies, and of the tyranny of the English Government. The fires of Liberty were already kindled from the North to the South and from the seaports to the frontier. Fitchburg was not behind in preparation for the coming storm. In the store building of Ephraim Kimball, which was near the corner of Main and Laurel Streets, was the armory of the minute men, about forty of whom were enrolled and regularly drilled ; while by vote of the town fifty dollars was appropriated for powder, lead and flints.

The eventful nineteenth of April, 1775, at last arrived and found the little town ready for action. So rapidly did the news spread that at nine o'clock in the morning the alarm was fired in front of the store of Deacon Kimball. The company had spent the previous day in drill, and at the summons the members promptly assembled, and being joined by a few volunteers, about fifty men took up their line of march for Concord, under the command of Captain Ebenezer Bridge, who afterwards became Colonel, and whose regiment, in the battle of

Bunker Hill, was engaged in the fiercest of the contest. With the minute men was sent a large wagon loaded with provisions, which followed them to Concord, where they arrived in the evening, too late to take any part in the fight.

It was now necessary to organize a permanent army to defend the towns around Boston ; and Fitchburg and Leominster enlisted a company of volunteers to serve for eighteen months. At the battle of Bunker Hill John Gibson of Fitchburg was killed while fighting bravely in the intrenchments.

When the Continental Congress asked the support of the Colonies to the contemplated Declaration of Independence, the Massachusetts General Court sent circulars, asking the opinion of the several towns in regard to the measure. The answer of Fitchburg was as follows :

"Voted in town meeting, that if the Honorable Continental Congress should for the safety of these United Colonies declare them independent of the Kingdom of Great Britain, that we, the inhabitants of the town of Fitchburg, will, with our lives and fortunes, support them in the measure."

In February, 1776, the warrant for town meeting ran thus : "In his Majesty's name." In May the warrant ran as follows : "In the name of the writ to us directed, these are in the name of the Governor and people of Massachusetts Bay." After the declaration of independence the warrant ran thus : "In the name of the State of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay."

For seven long years the little town of Fitchburg bore bravely and unflinchingly the hardships of the war. The burden to the inhabitants of furnishing their quota of men, money, and provisions, was a heavy one, the depreciation of the currency was ruinous ; and they, in common with the rest of the

people, found themselves in serious financial difficulties at the close of the war. Taxes were high and money scarce, and the efforts of the authorities to collect the sums levied on the inhabitants finally led to organized resistance, which has come down to us under the name of Shay's Rebellion. With it the people of Fitchburg deeply sympathized, and in the initiatory proceedings they took an active, though a prudent part. In June, 1786, the town sent Elijah Willard as a delegate to a convention at Worcester to discuss the grievances of the people, and voted to defend his property if he should be taken in person for his attendance, "provided he behaves himself in an orderly and peaceable manner; otherwise he is to risk it himself." Deeply sympathizing with the Shayites, the people of Fitchburg did everything in their power to prevent the collection of taxes by the authorities, short of armed resistance; and the consequence was that a military company was quartered among them, much to their indignation; and had they not soon been prudently withdrawn, bloodshed might have followed.

The population of Fitchburg had not remained stationary during the war, but had increased from 650 to about 1,000. At its close there was the nucleus of a village scattered along the road near the river, now Main Street. One might see Cowdin's tavern, Kimball's saw and grist mill, Fox's store, a baker's shop, and half a dozen houses between the American house and the upper Common. The meeting-house upon the hill back of Main street was a small, shabby, yellow structure; the red store of Joseph Fox was below, and in the rear of his store his house with large projecting eaves. The mill and residence of Deacon Ephraim Kimball were near by. Up the road, and near the present residence

of Ebenezer Torrey, was a bakery and a dwelling-house, and beyond, towards the west, were two or three houses and a blacksmith shop. Pine stumps, hardwood, and grape vines were plentiful by the side of the road. Such was the village of Fitchburg in 1786.

In addition, however, to this little centre of population there was in the westerly part of the town, in the neighborhood of Dean Hill, a village which boasted a tavern, a store, and a blacksmith shop, and boldly sat up a claim of rivalry, and even superiority, to the little cluster of houses in the sandy valley. Its people petitioned to the General Court, to be set off, with a part of Ashburnham and Westminster, into a new town. However, a vigorous opposition from the inhabitants of the remainder of the town prevented its being granted. But, defeated in one point, the Dean Hill people turned to another. The time had now come when a new Church was needed, the little old meeting-house on the hill being too small to accommodate the increased population. So they determined to have the new Church in their vicinity, and this determination was the beginning of a protracted struggle to fix upon its location. A vote was passed in town meeting that the new Church should be located "on the nearest convenientest spot to the centre," but the words *nearest, convenientest*, were a cause of furious contention. Town meeting after town meeting was held — now victory rested with one faction, now with the other. Finally, after ninety-nine town meetings, extending through a period of ten years, the great question was settled, and the spot was chosen near the location of the present Unitarian Church.

But now the leaven of heterodoxy

was creeping into New England society, and the people, to a great extent, turned from the theological doctrines of their forefathers and adopted Unitarian views. In most places there was a final division of the original Church, and the formation of two societies, one of the Unitarian, and the other of Orthodox persuasion.

Fitchburg was agitated in this way for about twenty-four years, during which time many ecclesiastical councils were held, and debate and dispute were almost continuous, both in and out of town meeting, for neighbor was divided against neighbor, and one member of a household against another. The result was the dissolution of the parochial powers of the town, and a division into two societies. The Unitarians remained in the old Church, and the Orthodox built a new building on the corner of Main and Rollstone streets.

But while religious contention went on, worldly growth and prosperity increased. Quite a number of manufacturing establishments had commenced operations, and the value of the little stream that furnished the power was beginning to be appreciated.

In 1830 there were in Fitchburg 235 dwelling-houses, 2 meeting-houses, 1 academy, 12 school-houses, 1 printing office, 2 woolen mills, 4 cotton mills, 1 scythe factory, 2 paper mills, 4 grist mills, 10 saw mills, 3 taverns, 2 hat manufactories, 1 bellows manufactory, 2 tanneries, 2 window blind manufactories, and 1 chair manufactory. There were a number of stone bridges, and a dozen dams on the river; stages communicated daily with Boston, Keene, and Lowell, and left three times a week for Worcester and Springfield, and returned on alternate days.

Energetic, enterprising young men were attracted to Fitchburg as a prom-

ising place for a home, and there was the exhilarating, hopeful atmosphere of a new and growing town, where changes are rapid and opportunities are many. It was about this time that Rufus C. Torrey wrote his history of Fitchburg, in which work he was most substantially aided by his friend, Nathaniel Wood, then a public spirited young lawyer, who had already accumulated quite an amount of material from records and conversations with the older residents. These two men saved from oblivion very many valuable facts in the history of the town.

About this time, also, the Fitchburg High School Association was formed and an academy built, and in 1838 the Fitchburg Library Association was organized, both of which institutions were valuable educational influences.

From 1840 to 1860 the town continued to grow steadily. New paper mills were built in West Fitchburg, the chair business enlarged greatly, the iron business was introduced by the Putnam Brothers, and grew rapidly, and various other branches of industry were begun and prospered. The Fitchburg Railroad was built, followed by the Vermont and Massachusetts, the Fitchburg and Worcester, and the Agricultural Branch Railroads, all centreing in Fitchburg and bringing an increase of business.

At the breaking out of the war of the Rebellion the town contained nearly 8,000 inhabitants, and during the war Fitchburg did her part, answering all calls promptly and sending her best men to the field. Her history in that contest is well told by Henry A. Willis, in his history of "Fitchburg in the War of the Rebellion." Nine companies were organized in the town, and 750 Fitchburg men sent into the field.

The years immediately following the war were years of prosperity and rapid



growth. March 8, 1872, Fitchburg was incorporated as a city. The infant township of 108 years before had grown to a city of 12,000 inhabitants. The little stream which then turned the wheel of the one solitary saw and grist mill had since been harnessed to the work of many mills and manufactories, and on either side were the homes of hundreds, dependent on its power for their daily bread. Railroads carried the products of these establishments to the limits of our own and to foreign

countries, and brought to the busy city from the East and from the West all the necessities and all the luxuries of life. Can it be that the dead of past generations, who sleep on the hillside which overlooks the valley, have seen this transformation, and if so, will they behold all the changes of the future? Then may this and the coming generations prove themselves worthy of those who, during the years that have passed, have been its bone and sinew and life blood.

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## SUNDAY TRAVEL AND THE LAW.

By CHESTER F. SANGER.

The Legislature of 1884 has placed an act upon our statute book which rounds out and completes an act looking in the same direction passed by the Legislature of 1877. Chapter 37 of the Acts of 1884 provides that "The provisions of chapter ninety-eight of the Public Statutes relating to the observance of the Lord's day shall not constitute a defence to an action for a tort or injury suffered by a person on that day."

Chapter 232 of the Acts of 1877 provided that common carriers of passengers should no longer escape liability for their negligence in case of accidents to passengers, by reason of the injury being received on Sunday. This act marked a long step forward in the policy of this Commonwealth, and made it no longer possible for a corporation openly violating the law to escape the consequences of its illegal acts by saying to the injured passenger, "You were breaking the law yourself, and therefore you have no redress against us."

This was a condition of things which worked a confusion of relations, and lent "doubtful aid to morality;" resting on "no principle of justice" or law, and creating a "species of judicial outlawry which ignored alike the principles of humanity and the analogies of the law."

The provisions more particularly referred to in these Acts are those relating to travelling on the Lord's day, found in the Statutes as follows:—

"Whoever travels on the Lord's day, except from necessity or charity, shall be punished by fine not exceeding ten dollars for each offence."—Pub. Stat., Chap. 98, sect. 2. It is an interesting and curious study to follow the changes made in the Sunday law, so called, with the accompanying judicial decisions, as one by one the hindrances to the attainment of simple justice by travellers injured on the Lord's day have been swept away.

The Pilgrims brought many strange ideas with them to their new home, as

we all well know, and we find these reflected in their statute books in the form of many "blue laws," some of which may yet be found in changed garb in the form of constantly disregarded "dead letter" laws in our own Public Statutes. Interesting as a general discussion of this subject is, as showing the character and purposes of the founders of the Republic, we can follow but one division of the Sunday law in its various forms since it was first framed by our "Puritan ancestors who intended that the day should be not merely a day of rest from labor, but also a day devoted to public and private worship and to religious meditation and repose, undisturbed by secular cares or amusements," and among whom were found some who thought death the only fit punishment for those who, as they considered it, "prophaned" the Lord's day.

As early as 1636 it was enacted by the Court of the Plymouth Colony that, "Whereas, complaint is made of great abuses in sundry places of this Government of prophaning the Lord's day by travellers, both horse and foot, by bearing of burdens, carrying of packs, etc., upon the Lord's day to the great offence of the Godly welafected among us. It is, therefore, enacted by the Court and the authoritie thereof that if any person or persons shall be found transgressing in any of the precincts of any township within this Government, he or they shall be forthwith apprehended by the Constable of such a town and fined twenty shillings, to the Collonie's use, or else shall sit in the stocks four hours, except they can give a sufficient reason for their soe doing; but they that 'soe transgresse' must be apprehended on the Lord's day and 'paye their fine or sitt in the stocks as aforesaide' on the second day there-

after." It seems, however, that in spite of the pious sentiments of the framers of the law it was not, or could not be enforced, for in 1662 it was further enacted that "This Court doth desire that the transgression of the foregoing order may be carefully looked into and p'r'vented if by any due course it may be."

But even now it seems that the energies of the law-makers were of no avail in preventing prophanation of the Holy day by "foreigners and others," so that twenty years later, in 1682, we find that "To prevent prophanation of the Lord's day by foreigners or any others unnessary travelling through our Townes on that day. It is enacted by the Court that a fitt man in each Towne be chosen, unto whom whosoever hath nessessity of travell on the Lord's day in case of danger of death, or such necessitous occations shall repaire, and makeing out such occations satisfyingly to him shall receive a Tickett from him to pas on about such like occations;" but, "if he attende not to this," or "if it shall appeare that his plea was falce," the hand of the law was likely to fall upon him while he contributed twenty shillings "to the use of the Collonie."

In the Massachusetts Bay Province it was early enacted that "no traveller . . . shall travel on the Lord's day . . . except by some adversity they are belated and forced to lodge in the woods, wilderness, or highways the night before, and then only to the next inn," under a penalty of twenty shillings.

In 1727 it was found that notwithstanding the many good and wholesome laws made to prevent the "prophanation of the Lord's day," this same "prophanation" was on the increase, and so it was enacted that the penalty for the first offense should be thirty shillings, and for the second, three

pounds, while the offender, presumably a "foreigner," was to be put under a bond to observe the Sabbath day and keep it holy according to the ideas of the straight-laced Puritans.

Even this did not put an end to the good fathers' troubles, for in 1760, "whereas, by reason of different constructions of the several laws now in force relating to the observation of the Lord's day or Christain Sabbath, the said laws have not been duly executed, and notwithstanding the pious intention of the legislators, the Lord's Day hath been greatly and frequently prophaned" all the laws relating to the observance thereof were repealed and a new chapter enacted, one section of which, and the only one in which we are now interested, was the same as the law of 1727, above quoted.

Thirty-one years later all these laws were again erased from the statute book and a new attempt was made to frame a law which should leave no loop-holes for foreigners or others, as follows: "Whereas the observance of the Lord's day is highly promotive of the welfare of a community by affording necessary seasons for relaxation from labor and the cares of business; for moral reflections and conversation on the duties of life, and the frequent errors of human conduct; for public and private worship of the Maker, Governor, and Judge of the world; and for those acts of charity which support and adorn a Christian society. Be it enacted that no person shall travel on the Lord's day except from *necessity* or *charity*, upon penalty of a sum not exceeding twenty shillings and not less than ten. Notice what an interesting and moral tone is given to the otherwise dry statute book by these sermonizing preambles which reflect so well the motives and aims of the men who moulded and

formed the statute laws of the Commonwealth.

In this act appears for the first time that "charity" which since then has truly "covered a multitude of sins," while it has as often been a strong tower of defence to corporations clearly shown to have been careless of their obligations to the public. One of the first cases to arise in which these words "necessity or charity" must be judicially construed was *Commonwealth vs. James Knox*, 6 Mass., 76.

One Josiah Paine had contracted with the Post Master General of the United States to carry the public mail between Portland and Boston on each day of the week for two years from October 1, 1808, and Knox, his servant, was indicted for unlawfully travelling while carrying the mail with a stage carriage through the town of Newburyport on November 20, 1808, the same being Sabbath or Lord's day, and the said travelling not being from necessity or charity. Chief Justice Parsons in delivering the opinion of the Supreme Court, after showing the authority of Congress under the Constitution to establish post-offices and post-roads, and the consequent legality of Paine's contract, the statute of his State notwithstanding, says that "necessity . . cannot be understood as a physical necessity . . and when this travelling is necessary to execute a lawful contract it cannot be considered as unnecessary travelling, against the prohibition of the Statute." But fearing that this decision may open too wide the gate to Sabbath breakers the Chief Justice hastens to add: "But let it be remembered that our opinion does not protect travellers in the stage coach, or the carrier of the mail in driving about any town to discharge or to receive passengers; and much less in blowing his horn to the disturbance of



serious people either at public worship or in their own houses. The carrier may proceed with the mail on the Lord's day to the post-office; he may go to any public house to refresh himself and his horses; and he may take the mail from the post-office and proceed on his route. *Any other liberties on the Lord's day our opinion does not warrant."*

The report naively says, that after this opinion the Attorney General entered a *nolle prosequi*.

In *Pearce vs. Atwood*, 13 Mass., 324, a case which arose in 1816 and which attracted a great deal of notice at the time, Chief Justice Parker says: "It is not necessary to resort to the laws promulgated by Moses, in order to prove that the *Christian Sabbath* ought to be observed by *Christians*, as a day of holy rest and religious worship; and if it were it would be difficult to make out the point contended for from that source;" and then goes into a long disquisition upon the Mosaic law and the precepts of the Saviour and finally says that "cases often arise in which it will be both innocent and laudable for the most exemplary citizen to travel on Sunday. Suppose him suddenly called to visit a child, or other near relative, in a distant town laboring under a dangerous illness; or suppose him to be a physician; or suppose a man's whole fortune and the future comfort of his family to depend upon his being at a remote place early on Monday morning, he not having known the necessity until Saturday evening; these are all cases which would generally be considered as justifying the act of travelling." Certainly a somewhat broader view than that taken by the Court seven years earlier.

The law remained thus and was re-enacted in the Revised Statutes of 1836, the penalty being raised, however, to ten dollars. In civil cases arising out of

damages sustained by travellers upon the Lord's day, corporations defendant were quick to take advantage of the law and to rely upon the illegality of the plaintiff's act of travelling, as a good defence to his action.

In 1843 arose the case of *Bosworth vs. Inhabitants of Swansey*, 10 Metcalf, 363. Bosworth was travelling on the eleventh of June of that year, being Sunday, from Warren, Rhode Island, to Fall River on business connected with a suit in the United States Court, and was injured by reason of a defect in a highway in Swansey.

The defendant town admitted that it was by law required to keep the highway in repair. And plaintiff's counsel argued that as the statute provided a penalty of ten dollars for travelling on Sunday it could not be further maintained that there was the additional penalty that a man could have no legal redress for damages suffered by reason of the neglect or refusal of defendants to do that which the law required them to do. But the court ruled, Chief Justice Shaw delivering the opinion, "that the plaintiff was plainly violating the law and that since he could recover from the town only, if free from all just imputation of negligence or fault," in this case he could recover nothing. In deciding this case, however, the Court was not called upon to construe the terms "necessity or charity," as affecting the liability of corporations plainly shown to be negligent in the performance of their duties to others; but many such cases soon arose.

In *Commonwealth vs. Sampson*, Judge Hoar said, "the definition which has been given of the phrase necessity or charity . . . that it comprehends all acts which it is morally fit and proper should be done on the Sabbath may itself require some explanation." To

save life, or prevent or relieve suffering; to prepare useful food for man and beast, to save property, as in case of fire, flood, or tempest. . unquestionably fall within the exception. . But if fish in the bay, or birds on the shore, happened to be uncommonly abundant on the Lord's day, it is equally clear that it would furnish no excuse for fishing or shooting on that day. How it would be if a whale happened to be stranded on the shore we need not determine." It is needless to remark that this was a decision affecting the interests of a town upon the coast.

In *Feital vs. Middlesex R. R. Co.*, 109 Mass., 398, plaintiff was injured while returning from a Spirirualist meeting in Malden, and counsel for defendant maintained that the meeting was attended for idolatry and jugglery, and while it might be the right of the plaintiff to be an idolater and to attend shows, yet she could not do so in violation of the Statute, which was intended to protect the conscience of the majority of the people from being offended upon the Lord's day. But the Court ruled that it could not be said as matter of law that travelling for such a purpose was not within the exception, and that it must be left to the jury to say if the plaintiff was in attendance in good faith for devotional exercise as matter of conscience.

In *How vs. Meakin*, 115 Mass., 326, the court held that it was not a violation of the law to hire a horse and drive to a neighboring town to attend the funeral of plaintiff's brother.

But it was held in a later case that plaintiff, who had been to a funeral on the Lord's day and was returning therefrom by a somewhat *circuitous* route for the purpose of calling upon a relative, was not entitled to recover for damages sustained by reason of a defect in the highway. This was the opinion of a divided court as has been the case in several decisions where the question of "necessity or charity" has been a close one.

Such are a few of the interesting cases which have arisen in our Courts involving discussion of the law originally framed in 1636, and which still makes it a criminal offence punishable by a fine of ten dollars to walk or ride upon the Lord's day, save from necessity or charity, while our cities furnish free concerts and license all sorts of performances in places of public amusement under the guise of "sacred" concerts, upon the day which our fathers thought and meant should be set apart for moral reflection . . on the duties of life . . and for public and private worship of the Maker, Governor, and Judge of the world.

**ELIZABETH.\***

A ROMANCE OF COLONIAL DAYS.

BY FRANCES C. SPARHAWK, Author of "A Lazy Man's Work."

**CHAPTER VI.****THE STAB IN THE BACK.**

A brighter morning for a wedding never dawned. The house was alive with merry voices and the echo of footsteps hurrying to and fro. The most fashionable society of the city was to be present at the ceremony which was to take place at noon. Then would come the festivities, the feast, the dancing, and after that the drive of the newly-married pair to the beautiful house three miles away, that Stephen Archdale had built and furnished for his bride, and that had never yet been a home.

Before the appointed hour the guests began to arrive and to fill the great drawing-room. There each one on entering walked toward the huge fire-place, in which on an immense bed of coals glowing with a brilliancy that outshone the rich red furniture and hangings of the room lay great logs, which blazed in their fervor of hospitable intent and radiated a small circle of comfort from the heat that did not escape up the chimney. The rich attire of the guests could bear the bright sunlight that streamed in through the numberless little panes of the windows, and the gay colors that they wore showed off well against the dark wainscotting of the room and its antique tapestries. The ladies were gorgeous in silks and velvets which were well displayed over enormous hoops. On their heads, where the well-powdered hair was built up in a tower nearly a foot in height, were flowers or feathers. Precious stones fastened the folds of rich kerchiefs, sparkled on dainty

fingers, or flashed with stray movements of fans that, however discreetly waved, betrayed their trappings once in a while by some coquettish tremulousness. The gentlemen were resplendent also in gold-laced coats and small clothes, gold, or diamond shoe buckles, powdered wigs and queues, and with ruffles of the richest lace about their wrists. These guests, who were among the people that in themselves, or their descendants, were destined to give the world a new nation, strong and free, showed all that regard to the details of fashion said to characterize incipient decay in races. But with them it was only an accessory of position, everything was on a foundation of reality, it all represented a substantial wealth displaying itself without effort. The Sherburnes were there, the Atkinsons, the Pickerings, Governor Wentworth, the first of the Governors after New Hampshire separated from Massachusetts and went into business for itself, and others of the Wentworth family. Conspicuous among the guests was Colonel Pepperrell who had already proved that the heart of a strong man beat under his laced coat. His wife, well-born and fine-looking, was beside him, and his son, fresh from College honors, and sipping eagerly the sparkling draught of life that was to be over for him so soon; his daughter also, last year a bride, and her husband. These were leaders in that brilliant assembly called together to the marriage of Katie and Stephen Archdale.

While waiting for the event of the morning they talked in low tones among themselves of the wedding, or more



audibly, of personal, or of political affairs.

"It wants only ten minutes of the hour," said one lady, "perhaps our good parson may not come this morning."

"What do you mean?" asked her companion.

"Why, this; that his wife, perhaps, will lock his study door upon him as she did one Sabbath when we all went to the house of God and found the pulpit empty. There's no end to all the malicious tricks she plays him. Poor, good man."

"Do you know," said a beruffled gentleman in another part of the room to his next neighbor, "what a preposterous proposal that ragged fellow, Bill Goulding, made to Governor Wentworth last week? He is a good-for-nothing, and the whole scheme is thought to have been merely a plan to talk with the Governor, whom he has wanted to see for a long time. It gave him access to the fine house, and he stalked about there an hour looking at the pictures and the splendid furniture while its owner was taking an airing. The general opinion is that the object of his visit was accomplished before his Excellency's return."

"Poor fellow! One can't blame him so very much," returned the listener with a complacent smile, offering his gold-mounted snuff-box to the speaker before helping himself generously from it. "But what was his scheme?"

"Something the most absurd you ever listened to. He proposed, if other people would furnish the money, to establish a public coach from this city to Boston, to run as often as once a week, and, after the first expense, to support itself from the travellers it carries; each one is to pay a few shillings. Where did he expect the travellers to come from? Gentlemen would never travel in other than private conveyances?" And these

representatives of conservatism threw back their heads and laughed over the absurdity of the lightning express in embryo. Governor Wentworth standing before the fire was commenting on some of Governor Shirley's measures, giving his own judgment on the matter, with a directness more bold than wise, and the circle about him were discussing affairs with the freedom of speech that Americans have always used in political affairs, when a stir of expectation behind them made them take breath, and glance at the person entering the room. It was the minister.

"He has come, you see," whispered the lady to her neighbor of the forebodings. After greeting him, the group about the fire went back to their discussions. It had been the good parson's horse then, which they had heard tearing up the road in hot haste; they had not dreamed that so much speed was in the nag. But Master Shurtleff was probably a little late and had been afraid of keeping the bride and groom waiting for him. Master and Mistress Archdale were there; all the company, indeed, but the four members of it most important that morning, Katie and Stephen, the bridesmaid, Mistress Royal, and the best man, a young friend of Archdale's. After a few moments in which conversation lagged through expectancy, the door opened again.

"Ah! here they are. No, only one, alone. How strange!"

Every eye was turned upon Elizabeth Royal as she came in with a face too concentrated upon the suggestion under which she was acting to see anything about her. Without sign of recognition she glanced from one to another, until her eyes fell upon good Parson Shurtleff watching her with a gentle wonder in his face. It was for him that she had been looking. She went up to him im-

mediately, and laid a tremulous hand upon his arm. She tried to smile, but the effort was so plain and her face so pale that an anxiety diffused itself through the assembly; it was felt that her presence here alone showed that something had happened, and her expression, that it was something bad. She did not seem even to hear the minister's kind greeting, and she was as little moved by the wonder and scrutiny about her as if she had been alone with him. At Mistress Archdale's reiterated question if Katie were ill, she shook her head in silence. Some thought held her in its grasp, some fear that she was struggling to speak.

"It is a cruel jest," she cried at last, "but it must be only a jest. The man's horse is blown, he came so fast. And he insisted on seeing me and would give this only into my own hands; his message was that it was life and death, that I must read it at once before the—" She stopped with a shudder, and held out a paper that she had been grasping; it was crumpled by the tightening of her fingers over it. There was a sound of footsteps and voices in the hall; the minister looked toward the door, and listened. "You must read it now, this instant, before they come in," cried Elizabeth: "it must be done; I don't dare not to have you; and tell me that it has no power, it is only a wicked jest; and throw it into the fire. Oh, quick, be quick."

Parson Shurtleff unfolded the paper with the haste of age, youth's deliberateness, and began to read at last. At the same instant a hand outside was laid on the latch of the door. The room was in a breathless hush. The door was swung slowly open by a servant and the bride and bridegroom came in, stopping just beyond the threshold as Katie caught sight of Elizabeth, and with a wondering

face waited for her to come to her place. But the minister, not glancing up, went sternly on with the paper; and Elizabeth's gaze was fixed on his face; she had drawn a step away from him; and her hands were pressed over one another. All at once he uttered an exclamation of dismay, and turned to her, a dread coming into his face as he met her eyes.

"What does it mean?" he gasped. "Heaven help us, is it true?"

"Oh, it can't be, it can't be," she cried. "Give me the paper. I had to show it to you, but now you've seen that it must be all false. Give it to me. Look, they are coming," she entreated. "Think of her, be ready for them. Oh, burn this. Can't you? Can't you?" and her eyes devoured him in an agony of pleading.

"Stop!" he said, drawing back his hand. Then in a moment, "Is any of it true, this wicked jest at a sacred thing? Was that all so?"

"Yes."

By this time the scene had become very different from the programme so carefully arranged. The bride and groom had indeed gone across the room and were standing before the minister. But the latter, so far from having made any preparations to begin the ceremony, stood with his eyes on the paper, his face more and more pale and perplexed.

"What is it?" cried Master Archdale, laying a hand on his shoulder.

"Yes, what does it all mean?" asked the Colonel, advancing toward the minister, and showing his irritation by his frown, his flush, and the abruptness of his speech usually so suave.

"I hardly know myself," returned Shurtleff looking from one to the other.

"Let us have the ceremony at once, then," said Master Archdale authoritatively. "Why should we delay?"

"I cannot, until I have looked into this," answered the minister in a respectful tone.

"Nonsense," cried the Colonel with an authority that few contested. "Proceed at once."

"I cannot," repeated the minister, and his quiet voice had in it the firmness, almost obstinacy, that often characterizes gentle people. His opposition had seemed so disproportioned and was so gently uttered that the hearers had felt as if a breath must blow it away, and interest heightened to intense excitement when it proved invincible.

"What is all this?" demanded Stephen, holding Katie's arm still more firmly in his own and facing Mr. Shurtleff with eyes of indignant protest. As he received no immediate answer, he turned to Elizabeth. "Mistress Royal," he said, "can you explain this unseemly interruption?"

Then all the company, who for the moment had forgotten her share in the transaction, turned their eyes upon her again.

"That wicked jest that we had all forgotten," she said, looking at him an instant with a wildness of pain in her eyes. Then she turned to Katie's fair, pale face full of wonder and distress at the unguessed obstacle, and with a smothered cry dropped her face in her hands, and stood motionless and unheeded in the greater excitement. For now Mr. Shurtleff had begun to speak.

"You ask me," he said, "why I do not perform the ceremony and marry these two young people whose hearts love has united. I do not dare to do it until I understand the meaning of this strange paper I hold in my hand. What do you remember," he said to Stephen, "of a singular game of a wedding ceremony played one evening last summer?"

The young man looked uncomprehending for a moment, then drew his breath sharply.

"That?" he said, "Why, that was only to give an example of something we were talking about; that was nothing. Mistress," — he stopped and glanced at Elizabeth who, leaning forward, was hanging upon every word of his denial as if it were music — "Mistress Royal knows that was so."

"Yes," cried Elizabeth, "indeed I do."

"Nevertheless," returned Mr. Shurtleff, "it may have been a jest to be eternally remembered, as all light-minded treatment of serious matters must be. I hope with all my heart that a moment's frivolity will not have life-long consequences of sorrow, but I cannot proceed in this happy ceremony that I have been called here to perform until the point is settled beyond dispute."

"See how habit rules him like a second nature," whispered Colonel Pepperrell aside to the Governor. "Nobody but a minister would stop to give a homily with those poor creatures before him in an agony of suspense."

"My dear," said his wife softly in a tone of reproof, laying her hand warningly on his arm.

"Stephen Archdale isn't the man to stand this," retorted the Governor in a higher key than he realized. But the words did not reach their object, for he had already laid hold of the paper in Mr. Shurtleff's hand.

"If this paper explains your conduct, give it to me," he said haughtily.

The other drew back.

"I will read it to you and to the company," he answered. "There can be no wedding this morning. I trust there will be soon. But first it is my personal duty to look into this matter."

Katie, whose face had grown rigid, swung heavily against Stephen.



"She has fainted," her mother cried coming forward.

"Take her away," commanded the Colonel. "This is no place for her." But the girl clung to Stephen.

"I will stay," she said, with a tearless sob. "I must listen. I see it all, and what he meant, too, that evil man."

"Master Shurtleff," cried the Governor, "I command you to make all this clear to us at once. If that paper in your hand tells us the cause of your refusal to marry these young people, I bid you read it to us immediately."

The parson, bowing with respect, cleared his throat and began, premising that Governor Wentworth's commands had been his own intention from the first.

"It is a confession," he said, "made by one whom many of us have welcomed to our homes as a gentleman of blameless character and honorable dealing. Why it was sent to Mistress Royal instead of to Master Archdale, or the bride, I am at a loss to understand."

Elizabeth raised her head with a flash in her eyes, but anger died away into despair, and she stood silent with the others, and listened to the fate that fell upon her with those monotonous tones, each one heavy as lead upon her heart. She wondered if it had been sent to her because it had been feared that Stephen Archdale would keep silence.

## CHAPTER VII.

### CONFESSION.

"I write without knowing to whom I am writing," began the paper, "except that among the readers must be some whom I have wronged. I can scarcely crave forgiveness of them, because they will surely not grant it to me. I don't know even that I can crave it of Heaven, for I have played with sacred things, and used a power given me for good, in an

evil way, to further my own devices, and, after all, I have not furthered them. I am a man loving and unloved, one who has perhaps thrown away his soul on the chance of winning earthly joy,—but such joy,—and has lost it. If any have ever done like me, let them pity and pardon. I appeal to them for compassion. I shall receive it nowhere else, unless it be possible, that the one for love of whom I have done the wrong will out of the kindness of her heart spare me by and by a thought of pity for what was the suggestion of a moment and acted on —"

"Skip all that maundering," interrupted Stephen. "To the point. Who is this man, and what has he done? Let him keep his feelings to himself, or if they concern you, they don't us."

"No, no, Stephen. Fair play," called out Governor Wentworth. "Let us hear every word, then we can judge better of the case, and of the writer's truthfulness."

"Yes, you are right," answered the young man pressing Katie's arm more firmly in his own to give silent vent to his impatience and his defiance.

"And acted on without premeditation," resumed Master Shurtleff. "I left England early in the spring, and coming to this worthy city of Portsmouth with letters of introduction to Master Archdale, and others, I met the beautiful Mistress Archdale. From the first hour my fate was sealed; I loved her as only a man of strong and deep emotions can love, with a very different feeling from the devotion her young admirers gave her, ardent though they considered themselves. I had many rivals, some the young lady herself so disapproved that they ceased troubling me, even with their presence at her side. Among the others were only two worthy of attention, and only one whom I feared. I was ret-

icent and watched ; it was too soon to speak. But as I watched my fear of that one increased, for age, association, a sternness of manner that unbent only to her, many things in him showed me his possibilities of success. With that rival out of my path, my way to victory was clear. There came a day when, without lifting my finger against him, I could effectually remove him. I did it. It was unjustifiable, but the temptation rushed upon me suddenly with overwhelming force, and it was irresistible, for opposite me sat Katie, more beautiful and lovable than ever, and beside her was my rival, her cousin, with an air of security and satisfaction that aroused the evil in me. It was August ; we were on the river in a dead calm, and at Mistress Archdale's suggestion had been telling stories for amusement. Mine happened to be about a runaway match, and interested the young people so much, that when I had finished they asked several questions ; one was in reference to a remark of mine, innocently made, that the marriage ceremony itself, pure and simple, was something unimaginably short. The story I had told illustrated this, and some of the party asked me more particularly as to what the form was. Then I saw my opportunity, and I took it. 'If one of the young ladies will permit Master Archdale to take her hand a moment,' I said, 'I think I can recollect the words ; I will show you how short the formula may be.' Master Archdale was for holding Katie's hand, but happily, as it seemed to me at the moment, she was on the wrong side. I requested him to take the lady on the other hand, who seemed a trifle unready for the jest, but was induced by the entreaties of the others, and especially of Mistress Katie herself. I went through the marriage service over them as rap-

idly as I dared, my voice sounding to myself thick with the beating of my heart. But no one noticed this ; of course, it was all fun. And so that summer evening, all in fun, except on my part, Stephen Archdale and Elizabeth Royal were made man and wife, as fast as marriage vows could make them. Nothing was omitted that would make the ceremony binding and legal, not even its performance by a clergyman of the Church of England."

A cry of rage and despair interrupted the reader. But he went on directly.

"No one in America knew that I had been educated for the Church and had taken orders, though I have never preached except one month ; the work was distasteful to me, and when my brother died and I inherited my grandfather's property, I resigned my pastorate at once. This act shows how unfit for it I was. But whatever my grief may be, my conscience commands me to forbid this present marriage, and to declare with all solemnity, that Stephen Archdale already has a wife, and that she is that lady, who, until she opened my letter, believed herself still Mistress Royal."

A burst of amazement and indignation, that could no longer be repressed, interrupted the reading. Faces and voices expressed consternation. To this confession had been added names and dates, the year of the writer's entrance into the ministry, the time and place of his brief pastorate, everything that was necessary to give his statement a reliable air, and to verify it if one chose to do so. It was evident that there could be no wedding that morning, and as the truth of the story impressed itself, more and more upon the minds of the audience, a fear spread lest there could be no wedding at all, such as they had been called together to witness. For, if this

amusement should turn out to have been a real marriage, what help was there? It was in the days when amusements were viewed seriously and were readily imagined to lead to fatal consequences. Had Stephen Archdale really married? The people in the drawing-room that December morning were able men and women, they were among the best representatives of their time, an age that America will always be proud of, but they held marriage vows so sacred, that even made in jest there seemed to be a weight in them. Proofs must be found, law must speak, yet these people in waiting feared, for their part in life was to be so great in uprightness and self-restraint, that these qualities flowing through mighty channels should conquer physical strength and found a nation. To do a thing because it was pleasant was no part of their creed,—although, even then, there were occasional examples of it in practice.

That winter morning, therefore, the guests were ready to inveigh against the sin of unseemly jesting, to hope that all would be well, and to shake their heads mournfully.

"Harwin!" cried Master Archdale as he heard the name of the writer; "it seems impossible. I liked that man so much, and trusted him so much. I knew he loved my little girl, but I thought it was with an honorable love that would rejoice to see her happy. No, no, it cannot be true. We must wait. But matters will come right at last."

"Yes," assented the Colonel across whose face an incomprehensible expression had passed more than once during the reading; "it will all come right. We must make it so."

A hum of conversation went on in the room, comment, inquiry, sympathy, spoken to the chief actors in this scene, or if not near enough to them for that,

spoken to the first who were patient enough to listen instead of themselves talking.

In the midst of it all Stephen raised his head, for he had been bending over Katie who still clung to him, and asked when the next ship left for England.

"In about three weeks," answered Col. Pepperrell, "and we will send out a person competent to make full inquiries; the matter shall be sifted."

"I shall go," returned Stephen. "I shall make the necessary inquiries myself, it will be doing something, and I may find the man. We need that he should be found, Katie and I."

Elizabeth drew back still more; some flash of feeling made the blood come hotly to her face for a moment, then fade away again.

Katie looked up, turned her eyes slowly from one to another, finding everywhere the sympathy she sought.

"Go, Stephen, since you will feel better," she said, "but it's of no use, I am sure. I understand now something Master Harwin said to me when he left me. I did not know then what he meant. He has taken you away from me forever." And with a sob, again she hid her face upon his shoulder. Then, slowly drawing away from him, she turned to Elizabeth, and in her eyes was something of the fury of a jealous woman mixed with the bitter reproach of friendship betrayed.

"How could you," she said, "how could you consent to do it?"

She had drawn toward Elizabeth every gaze and every thought in the room; she had pointed out the substitute on whom might be emptied those vials of wrath that the proper object of them had taken care to escape. Elizabeth heard on all sides of her the whispered, "Yes, how could she do it, how could she consent to do it?" Suddenly she found herself, and herself alone, as it seemed,



made responsible for this disaster ; for the feeling beginning with Katie seemed to grow, and widen, and widen, like the circles of water into which a stone is thrown, and she was condemned by her friends, by the people who had known her and her father, condemned as false to her friendship, as unwomanly. Katie she could forgive on account of her misery, but the others ! She stood motionless in a world that she had never dreamed of. These whispers that her imagination multiplied seemed to roar in her ears. But innocence and pride kept her erect, and at last made her raise her eyes which had fallen and grown dim under the blow of Katie's words. She swept them slowly around the room, turning her head slightly to do it. Not a look of sympathy met her. Then, in the pain, a power awoke within her.

"It is no less a disaster to me," she said. Her words fell with the weight of truth. She had kept back her pain, no one thought of pitying her as Katie was pitied, but she was vindicated.

"Does she hate him, do you suppose?" asked Madam Pepperrel in a low tone of Governor Wentworth at her elbow.

"It is not probable she loves him much," replied that gentleman studying the girl's haughty face. "I don't envy her, on the whole, I don't envy either of them. "By George, madam, it *is* hard."

"Very hard," assented Colonel Pepperrel, whose glance, having more penetration, had at last brought a look of sympathy to his face. "Let us go up to the poor thing, she stands so alone, and I'm not clear that she has not the worst of it."

"Oh, no, indeed, not that," returned his wife as they moved forward. But before they could reach her, being stopped by several who spoke to them, there was a change in the group in that part of the room. Katie had fallen, and there was a cry that she had fainted. Stephen stooped over her, lifted her tenderly, and carried her from the room. He was followed by Mistress Archdale and his own mother. As he passed Elizabeth their eyes met, his glowed with a sullen rage, born of pain and despair, they seemed to sweep her with a glance of scorn, as she looked at him it seemed to her that every fibre of his being was rejecting her. "You !" he seemed to be saying with contemptuous emphasis. In answer her eyes filled him with their haughtiness, they and the scornful curl of her lip, as she stood motionless waiting for him to pass, haunted him ; it seemed to him as if she felt it an intrusion that he should pass near her at all. He still saw her face as he bent over Katie.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## GOVERNOR CLEVELAND AND THE ROMAN CATHOLIC PROTECTORY.

BY CHARLES COWLEY, LL.D,

It is not often that a Governor's objections to a measure, which his veto has defeated, become, even indirectly, the subject of judicial consideration. Such, however, has been the experience of Governor Cleveland in connection with his veto of the appropriation, which was made in 1883, to the Roman Catholic Protectory of the City of New York. And it must be gratifying to him as a constitutional lawyer, to see the principles of that veto entirely approved by all the judges of the Court of Appeals, as well as by all the judges by whom

those principles were considered, before the case, in which they were involved, reached that august tribunal, the highest in the judicial system of that State.

By an amendment to the Constitution of New York, adopted in 1874, it is provided that, "Neither the credit nor the money of the State shall be given, or loaned to, or in aid of, any association, corporation, or private undertaking."

It would hardly seem possible to mistake the meaning of a prohibition like this ; but this prohibition is accompanied by the following modification : "This

section shall not, however, prevent the Legislature from making such provision for the education and support of the blind, the deaf and dumb, and juvenile delinquents, as to it may seem proper; nor shall it apply to any fund or property, now held by the State for educational purposes."

The question, how far this qualifying clause limits the proceeding prohibition, arose first in the Court of Common Pleas, and afterwards in the Court of Appeals, in the case of the Shepherd's Fold of the Protestant Episcopal Church *vs.* The Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the City of New York.\* The Attorney-General of the State had given an official opinion, tending to the conclusion that the prohibition is almost entirely neutralized by the modification. The Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, and the lawyers who argued this case in either court, differed widely upon the question, whether money raised by local taxation by the City of New York, under the authority of the State law, for the maintenance of the children of the Shepherd's Fold, was, or was not, "money of the State," and therefore included in the terms of this prohibition; and when one sees how much is done in the discussions of the able counsel before the Court of final resort, and by the learned opinion of Judge Rapallo, to reconcile these differences, one can not but wish that the Old Bay State had a similar Court of Appeals, to revise and clarify the decisions of her Supreme Court. About twenty-five per cent. of all the decisions of the General Terms of the Supreme Court, Superior Court, and Court of Common Pleas, which are carried to the Court of Appeals, are there reversed; and can any lawyer doubt that, at least, as large a proportion of the decisions of our Supreme Judicial Court ought also to be revised and reversed?

The Court of Appeals says: "It seems to us that that section [to wit, the prohibition above quoted] had reference to money raised by general taxation throughout the State, or revenues of the State, or money otherwise belong-

ing to the State treasury, or payable out of it."

The money claimed by the Shepherd's Fold being raised by local taxation for a local purpose in the city of New York, and not "by general taxation throughout the State," the Court of Appeals holds that it is not within the terms of the Constitutional prohibition, and therefore reverses the decision of the Court of Common Pleas on that particular point, while agreeing with it on the main question.

As the money, appropriated to the Roman Catholic Protectory, was unquestionably money of the State, "being raised by general taxation throughout the State," that appropriation was unquestionably in conflict with the prohibition of the Constitution, which the Governor was sworn to support.

Of the courage and independence displayed by Governor Cleveland in thus vetoing a measure in which so large a number of his political supporters might be supposed to feel so deep an interest, this is not the place to speak. But it is creditable to him as a lawyer that alone without a single precedent to guide him, relying upon his own judicial sense, and rejecting the opinion of a former Attorney-General, he challenged "the validity of this appropriation under that section of the Constitution." The Protectory, he says, "appears to be local in its purposes and operations." And being a sectarian charity, he adds, "Public funds should not be contributed to its support. A violation of this principle in this case would tend to subject the state treasury to demands in behalf of all sorts of sectarian institutions, which a due care for the money of the State, and a just economy, could not concede."

In the higher and broader field of public service—"the grandest throne on earth"—as the Presidency which he is about to enter, has been grandiloquently called, let us hope that he will display the same honesty, capability, and fidelity to the Constitution. We shall then be assured that the interests of the Republic will suffer no detriment at his hands.

\* See 10 Daly's Reports, 319; and 96 New York Reports, 137.







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Wm. G. Gaston.

# THE BAY STATE MONTHLY.

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WILLIAM GASTON.

BY ARTHUR P. DODGE.

Victor Hugo has written: "The historian of morals and ideas has a mission no less austere than that of the historian of events. The latter has the surface of civilization, the struggles of the crowns, the births of princes, the marriages of Kings, the battles, the assemblies, the great public men, the revolutions in the sunlight, all exterior; the other historian has the interior, the foundation, the people who work, who suffer and who wait . . . Have these historians of hearts and souls lesser duties than the historian of exterior facts?"

There is much unwritten history of the Bay State: of the exterior, much is recorded; of the interior, far less. Both are valuable to posterity. It is believed that succeeding ages will hold of far greater value, and the youth of our day be benefitted more by the study of the underlying principles and causes of those events which are given a conspicuous place in history, rather than by the mere record of the surface facts.

It is profitable to study the habits and methods of individuals who stand out

in bold relief in history. To derive the greatest interest and value from such lives it is well to follow them from early childhood. Indeed it is profitable to trace back the ancestry and lineage from which the man has descended, to study the characteristics peculiar to each generation, and to note the result of racial mixtures tending to the typical and representative American of to-day.

Many prominent men received their first incentive to ambition and industry and perseverance by reading—when their minds were immature, but fresh and retentive—of the life and achievements of Benjamin Franklin and such other grand models for the young.

No history of a country or state is complete without studies of the lives of those men who have made and are making history.

William Gaston comes from an honored and distinguished ancestry on both his paternal and maternal side as will be seen by the succeeding genealogical notes.

He was born at Killingly, Connecticut, October 3, 1820.

## GENEALOGY.

JEAN GASTON was born in France, probably about the year 1600. There are traditions about the particular family to which he belonged, but only little is definitely known. He was a Huguenot, and is said to have been banished from France on account of his religion. His property was confiscated. His brothers and family, although Catholics, sent money to him in Scotland for his support. He is said to have been forty years of age and unmarried when he went to Scotland. Between 1662 and 1668, during a season of persecution in Scotland, his sons, John, William, and Alexander, went over into the north of Ireland, whither many of their friends were fleeing for safety and religious freedom. There is some uncertainty as to which of these three brothers was the founder of this branch of the family, but numerous facts point almost conclusively to John as such founder. One generation was born in Ireland.

JOHN GASTON had three sons born in Ireland: William, born about 1680; lived at Caranleigh Clough Water; John, born 1703-4, died in America 1783; Alexander, born 1714, died in America.

The former lived all his days in Caranleigh Clough Water, Ireland, where he died about 1770. John and Alexander came to New England during or shortly prior to 1730. Tradition has it that they landed at Marblehead. From this place they went soon, if not immediately, to Connecticut. As their ancestors had done, so did they, seek religious liberty in a foreign land. They were Separatists and probably were drawn to Voluntown because a Church holding that faith was there established. Alexander returned to Massachusetts a few years later, residing in Richmond, where some of his descendants now reside; but most of that branch of the family are living in the western states.

JOHN GASTON was made a freeman of Voluntown at the organization of its town government in 1736-7. He was a prominent member of the Separatists Church in that town, the meeting for the settlement of Reverend Alexander Miller, their pastor, being held at his house. He was the great-grandfather of the subject of this sketch. His three children were born in America: Margaret, born 1737, died 1810; Alexander, born 1739, was a commissioned officer in the French and Indian War; John, born 1750, died 1805.

JOHN GASTON married Ruth Miller, daughter of Reverend Alexander Miller. Their children were Alexander, born in Voluntown, August 2,

1772; Margaret, born December 13, 1781. The latter died in early childhood.

ALEXANDER GASTON married Olive Dunlap, a daughter of Joshua Dunlap, of Plainfield, Connecticut, who was born 1769, died in Killingly, September 7, 1814. He married for his second wife in Killingly, in April, 1816, Kezia Arnold, daughter of Aaron Arnold, born in Burrillville, Rhode Island, November, 1779, died in Roxbury, Massachusetts, January 30, 1856. His death occurred in Roxbury, February 11, 1856. The children of first marriage: Esther, born 1804, died 1860; John, born 1806, died 1824. William Gaston, of whom this sketch is written, was the sole issue of the second marriage. He was born at Killingly October 3, 1820. With his parents he moved to Roxbury in the summer of 1838. On December 27, 1830, was born at Boston, Louisa A. Beecher to whom Mr. Gaston was married May 27, 1852. Mrs. Gaston is a daughter of Laban S. and Frances A. (Lines) Beecher, both of whom were natives of New Haven, Connecticut, and were direct descendants of the very first settlers of Connecticut in 1638. The children of Governor and Mrs. Gaston were: Sarah Howard, William Alexander, and Theodore Beecher. The latter was born February 8, 1861; died July 16, 1869.

The death of Theodore was a severe blow to his family. He was a beautiful and promising boy. This sad calamity seemed like the withdrawal of sunlight from the household, causing his loving parents the keenest anguish.

Of this branch of the family there are but very few relatives of Governor Gaston. His son William is the only male representative of his generation. It is, singularly enough, true that in his family line of descent there have been three generations where each had but one male representative, and two generations having but one representative of either sex. Thus the Carolina Gastons are of the nearest kindred to Governor Gaston's particular branch.

Kezia (Arnold) Gaston, the mother of Governor Gaston, was a daughter of Aaron Arnold and Rhoda (Hunt) Arnold, and a lineal descendant of Thomas Arnold, who, with his brother William, came to New England in 1636. William Arnold went to Rhode Island with Roger Williams, being one of the fifty-four proprietors of that Plantation. His brother Thomas followed him there in 1654. The latter was born in England in 1599, probably in Leamington, that being the birth-



place of his brother William. His second wife was Phoebe Parkhurst, daughter of George Parkhurst of Watertown, Massachusetts. The family record is carried back to 1100, being undoubtedly accurate to about the year 1570, when the name Arnold was first used as a surname; possibly accurate throughout.

The arms of the Family; Gules, a chevron ermine between three Pheons, or; appear on the tombstone of Oliver Arnold, and of William Arnold, the original settler. The same arms are on a tablet in the Parish Church of Churcham in Gloucestershire, England, placed there in memory of his ancestor John Arnold of Lanthony, Monmouthshire, afterwards of Hingham, who acquired the manor of Churcham in 1541.

#### TRADITIONS.

The most ancient written record of the family which the writer has consulted was written by John Roseborough, late Clerk of the Circuit Court, Chester District, South Carolina. He was the son of Alexander Roseborough and Martha Gaston, whose father, William Gaston of Caranleigh Clough Water, Ireland, was grandson of Jean Gaston, the Huguenot ancestor of the family.

The statement is as follows, the words enclosed in parenthesis being supplied by way of information.

"Jean Gaston emigrated from France to Scotland on account of his religion, as a persecution then raged against the Protestants. He had two sons who emigrated from Scotland to Ireland between 1662 and 1668 during a time of persecution in Scotland. There was a John and a William, but which of them was the ancestor of our grandfather is not known. William Gaston, my grandfather, lived at Caranleigh Clough Water. He married Miss Lemmon and had four sons and as many daughters: John Gaston (King's Justice) died on Fishing Creek, near Cedar Shoal, Chester District, South Carolina; Rev. Hugh Gaston, author of 'Concordance and Collections'; Dr. Alexander Gaston, killed by the British at Newbern, South Carolina (father of Judge William Gaston); Robert Gaston, and William Gaston."

One fact is established, that many of Jean Gaston's descendants had settled in America before the Revolution and were actively engaged in that contest for liberty.

Springing from such ancestry in which

are joined the characteristics of the French Huguenot, the Scotch Presbyterian, the Scotch-Irish patriot, the follower of Roger Williams, the May Flower Pilgrim, one is not surprised to find in William Gaston a strong man; a man who inherited as a birthright the qualities of leadership.

His father was a well known merchant of Connecticut, of sterling integrity, and of remarkably strong force of character. He was commissioned a Captain at the early age of twenty-two, and was for many years in the Legislature. The father of the latter was also in the Connecticut Legislature for many years.

In early youth William gave promise of a superb manhood by displaying those qualities which have since distinguished him. He was a studious boy, eager for knowledge. He attended the Academy in Brooklyn, Connecticut, and subsequently fitted for College at the Plainfield Academy. At the age of fifteen he left his quiet village home for Brown University, where his intellect was trained in a routine sanctioned by the experience of centuries, and where contact with his fellows soon roused his ambition and gave him confidence in his own ability to enter the struggle with the world for place and honor. William, having a married sister, who was many years his senior, residing in Providence, his father decided to send him, then scarcely more than a lad, to Brown University where he would be surrounded by family influences and enjoy the social advantages offered by his sister's home. He maintained a high rank, graduating with honors in 1840.

For his life work he decided upon the legal profession—a wise choice as subsequent time has shown his peculiar fitness therefor. He first entered the office of Judge Francis Hilliard of Roxbury, remaining for a time and then continued

his legal studies with the distinguished lawyers and jurists Charles P. and Benjamin R. Curtis of Boston, with whom he remained until his admission to the Bar in 1844.

At Roxbury in 1846 he opened his first law office, taking comparatively soon a leading position at the Bar. He there continued his practice until 1865 when he formed with the late Hon. Harvey Jewell and the since associate justice of the Supreme Judicial Court, the Hon. Walbridge A. Field, the famous and successful law firm, having offices at number 5 Tremont street, of Jewell, Gaston and Field. This firm continued until the election of Mr. Gaston to the gubernatorial chair of Massachusetts in 1874. He was the Democratic candidate the year previous for this office, his competitor being Mr. Washburn, who was elected but did not long retain the chair of State, being elected to the United States Senate. At the convention nominating William B. Washburn for Governor there were four other candidates for the honor: Alexander H. Rice, George B. Loring, Harvey Jewell and Benjamin F. Butler. The latter created no little unquiet by the zeal and strength of his support. The upshot was that there was a harmonious combination of the forces of the four contestants of Butler upon Mr. Washburn. It is remembered that some of the party organs were upon nettles, fearing that General Butler would bolt the nomination, but he came out squarely and declared that as he had staked his issues with the convention he would abide the result.

In the canvass of 1874 Mr. Gaston was opposed by Hon. Thomas Talbot, who, by reason of Governor Washburn's election to the Senate as stated, was acting as Governor, having been elected Lieutenant Governor on the ticket with

Mr. Washburn. Governor Gaston's majority over Mr. Talbot was 7,033. In the following canvass of 1875, Mr. Gaston having been re-nominated by the Democracy, his competitor was Hon. Alexander H. Rice. By this time, that part of the country represented by the strongly-intrenched Republican party, was fully aroused to the exigency of the hour. The edict came from the political centre at Washington to the effect that the Republican party could not stand another defeat in Massachusetts, especially on the eve of a presidential campaign. The national organization concentrated a wonderfully *efficient* auxiliary force in aid of the intense activity already exerted by the local managers, who so well understood the popularity of Mr. Gaston and of the strong hold he had upon the people. It seems now that the Democratic managers accepted or anticipated failure as a foregone conclusion, and no great fight was made; otherwise they would probably have won the election, as Mr. Rice was elected by only the small plurality of 5,306 votes. This is very significant, taken in connection with the fact that General Grant carried Massachusetts in 1872 by 74,212 majority.

In 1876, that memorable year—memorable as the year of the electoral commission—Governor Gaston magnanimously declined the re-nomination, which a large majority of the convention was undoubtedly eager to confer. The nomination of Charles Francis Adams was to the rank and file and to the party managers a disappointment, and the enthusiasm that he was expected to arouse was not materialized.

The press of the State justly commended Mr. Gaston's conduct in not forcing his own nomination, a course so completely in accord with his character, and his entire devotion to the party

welfare. He did not display the least semblance of self-seeking.

He has seen not a little of public life, but with the exception of five years, has succeeded in conducting his large and important professional practice the entire period from his early beginning to this day. The five years referred to were: two years, 1861 and 1862, while he was Mayor of the city of Roxbury; the two years, 1871 and 1872, as Mayor of Boston (this being after the annexation of Roxbury), and the year 1875 when Governor.

His mayoralty term of Roxbury antedated the years he was Mayor of Boston by just ten years. While such Mayor of Roxbury in 1861-2 he was very active in speechmaking and raising troops in preservation of the American Union. He went to the front several times, and was enthusiastically patriotic during the entire critical period.

He was five years City Solicitor of Roxbury. In 1853 and 1854 he was elected to the Legislature as a Whig, and in 1856 was re-elected by a fusion of Whigs and Democrats in opposition to the Know-Nothing candidate. In 1868, although the district was strongly Republican, he was elected as a Democrat to the State Senate.

In the fall of 1872 Mr. Gaston positively declined the further use of his name in the Mayoralty election in Boston that year. He concluded to be a candidate, however, upon the earnest solicitation of so many of the best citizens, and of the press, and in consideration of the perfectly unanimous action of the ward and city committee, in reporting in favor of his re-nomination and speaking of him as a man pre-eminently qualified for the duties which required "wisdom, discretion, firmness and courage when needed, combined with the most exalted integrity and unselfish de-

votion to the honor, welfare, and prosperity of the city."

In commenting on this subject the *Post* in an editorial, November 26, 1872, said in commendation of the above words of the committee: "The language employed is none too strong or emphatic. The history of Mayor Gaston's two administrations is an eminently successful one, so far as he is personally responsible for them, and there is not the least room to question that if he were to be re-elected and supported by a board of aldermen of similar character and purpose the city would at once find the uttermost requirements of its government satisfied." In that election in December, 1872, for the year 1873 his opponent, Hon. Henry L. Pierce, was declared elected Mayor by only seventy-nine plurality. This fact indicates Mr. Gaston's popularity, as General Grant had carried Boston the year previous by about 5,500 majority. As her Representative, her presiding officer, her head of affairs, Mayor Gaston was a success; an honor to the great city which honored him.

In 1870 he was a candidate for Congress, but failed of an election. Hon. Ginery Twitchell receiving a majority of the votes.

In 1875 Harvard College and also his Alma Mater, Brown University, conferred upon him the degree of LL.D.

While he was Governor the somewhat notorious Jesse Pomeroy case was the occasion of more or less criticism; the Governor himself receiving *pro* and *con* his full share thereof. He was in some instances charged with a lack of firmness, but time has completely vindicated his course. Many of those alleging at the time the Governor's want of "back-bone" have lived long enough to fully realize that his firmness consisted in adhering with an honest persist-



ency to his convictions, indicating the identical course he pursued in that as in all other matters of public import.

Among those who know him best there exists the consciousness that Mr. Gaston is not only an exceedingly cautious man, but consistently conscientious. Bringing such lofty principles, together with a discerning mind and sound judgement, into activity in the discharge of his duty, his administration was, it was generally conceded, a wise one. It should be borne in mind that he occupied a somewhat novel position, there having been no Democratic Governor of the State for many years. The scrutiny directed to him and his acts was intense. His success in bringing his official relations as executive to such a happy termination is abundant proof of his being the man this paper endeavors to picture him.

It was during his term of office that the lamented Henry Wilson died. At the State House, in Doric Hall, in November, 1875, Governor Gaston, on receiving the sacred remains in behalf of the Commonwealth, said in his address to the committee: "Massachusetts receives from you her illustrious dead. She will see to it that he whose dead body you bear to us, but whose spirit has entered upon its higher service, shall receive honors befitting the great office which in life he held, and I need not assure you that her people, with hearts full of respect, of love, and of veneration, will not only guard and protect the body, the coffin, and the grave, but will also ever cherish his name and fame. Gentlemen, for the pious service which you have so kindly and tenderly rendered, accept the thanks of a grateful Commonwealth."

Among the appointments made by Governor Gaston were the following: that of the late Hon. Otis P. Lord

to be Associate Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court; Honorable Waldo Colburn and Honorable William S. Gardner to Associate Justiceships of the Superior Court.

The writer has preserved in his scrap books various selections from Mr. Gaston's public utterances, so excellent and so numerous that it would be difficult to single out any of them for insertion here, even would space permit so doing.

It is incomparable, the duties he has performed, the labors he has accomplished. His life is, and ever has been, a busy life. One marvels to know how he accomplishes so much.

In the political world, in literature, in the legal profession, monuments have arisen in testimony of his toil.

As a lawyer his successes have been such as have been vouchsafed to but few. The word success is applied both where it ought to be applied and where not deserved. Gaining great wealth, distinguished professional standing, extensive political renown, pre-eminence in other avenues may be, or may not be, in the highest sense, success. Most men of strong points are sadly deficient in other and essential traits needed to constitute a well-biased, grandly-rounded life. It is rare, indeed, that a person is encountered possessing such well-proportioned, evenly-balanced, distinguishing characteristics as it has been Mr. Gaston's lot to enjoy.

His steady, onward march over the rough places and up the hill in his learned profession abundantly attest his greatness. No being can occupy, nor even approach, the very foremost rank in the legal arena save he be great. Of all representatives of human experiences the lawyer, and more particularly the advocate, has the least opportunity to occupy falsely a position of real prominence. Advocacy is the

most jealous of mistresses. Undoubtedly it is true that nowhere else must there be ever present and ever ready to respond at a moment's notice such a happy combination of those qualities already noted.

It is not long ago that one of the most worthy of Boston's Judges remarked to the writer: "You can count the really excellent advocates at the Suffolk Bar upon the fingers of both hands." He began by naming the subject of this sketch, following with the names of Honorable A. A. Ranney, Honorable William G. Russell, Honorable Robert M. Morse, Jr., and others. The learned Judge must, it seems, have had in mind a very high standard of advocacy, for there are not a few among the something like two thousand Boston lawyers who have well earned, and justly, the right to be called able and eloquent.

In his historical article entitled "The Bench and Bar," by Erastus Worthington, and contained in the "History of Norfolk County, Massachusetts," after writing of those eminent advocates, Ezra Wilkinson and John J. Clarke, he refers to Governor Gaston and Judge Colburn in the following words: "The successors to the leadership of the bar, after the retirement of Mr. Wilkinson and Mr. Clarke, were William Gaston of Roxbury, and Waldo Colburn of Dedham. Mr. Gaston was not admitted to practice in this county, but he studied law with Mr. Clarke, and practiced in this county for many years, and considered himself a Norfolk lawyer. He was an eloquent and successful advocate and had an excellent practice. He had removed to Boston prior to the annexation of Roxbury.

"Mr. Colburn practiced in Dedham until he was appointed an Associate Justice of the Superior Court in 1875. He attained a high position in

his profession as a wise counsellor, an able trier of causes, and a lawyer in whose hands the interests of his clients were always safe."

On his election to the Governorship Mr. Gaston absolutely relinquished his practice and gave his undivided attention to the duties of his office. He had been quite unable to devote his customary labor to the benefit of his law partnership and the good of their clientage during the two years that he was Mayor of Boston.

When he retired from the executive chair it is said that he had neither a "case" nor a client.

He took offices in Sears Building and it was not long before he was again enjoying a large and lucrative practice. In 1879 he took into partnership C. L. B. Whitney, Esq.; and last year William A. Gaston, Esq., was admitted to the firm.

An imperishable chain binds Ex-Governor Gaston to the bright side of the history of the Commonwealth. His life and its renown are one and inseparable. Such is the inevitable result of a life that has ever been linked to honorable endeavors and principles. So thoroughly identified with, and endeared to, her best interests, it is difficult to believe that Massachusetts can claim him by adoption only. In private life Mr. Gaston is all that can be desired. He is quiet, and remarkably modest and unassuming.

He enjoys the delightful home quietness away from his labors. But what little time he has for such enjoyment! He seems to love work. How he has performed so much of it is a wonder, although it is well known that he inherits and enjoys remarkable powers of endurance. Among his favorite authors are Scott and Burke. He is temperate, refined in his habits, has the manners of a perfect gentleman, and deserves the blessed fruits of a well directed life.

## REMINISCENCES OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

BY HON. GEORGE W. NESMITH, LL.D.

The following is a copy of a letter originally addressed to Rev. Mr. Savage of Franklin, N. H. The original is dated October 10, 1852, fourteen days before the decease of Mr. Webster. It was dictated to his Clerk, C. J. Abbott, Esq. It was the same letter that gave rise to the humorous anecdote, so well related by Mr. Curtice in his Biography of Mr. Webster, vol. 2, page 683.

We now present this letter to the public to show how worthily one of the last days of Mr. Webster was employed. In this case he presented a *Peace Offering* to old friends, which proved effectual in preventing a severe litigation and consequent loss of money and friendship :

"MARSHFIELD, Oct. 10, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR: I learn that there is likely to be a lawsuit between Mr. Horace Noyes and his Mother respecting his father's will.

This gives me great pain. Mr. Parker Noyes and myself have been fast friends for near a half century. I have known his wife also from a time before her marriage, and have always felt a warm regard for her, and much respect for her connexions in Newburyport. Mr. Horace Noyes and his wife I have long known. Her grandfather, Major Nathan Taylor, late of Sanbornton, was an especial friend of my father, and I learned to love everybody upon whom he set his *Stamp*.

These families during many years have been my most intimate friends and neighbors whenever I have been in Franklin. It would wound me exceedingly if any thing as a Lawsuit should now occur between Mother and Son. It would very much destroy my interest in the families, and whatever might be the result, it could not but cast some degree of reflection upon the memory of Parker Noyes. I know nothing of the circumstances except what I learn from Mr. John Taylor, and I do not wish to express any judgement of my own as to what ought to be done, at least without more full information,

but I do think it a case for Christian Intercession. And the particular object of this Letter is to invite your attention, and that of the members of the Church, to it in this aspect. Mr. Noyes is understood to have left a very pretty property, but a controversy about his Will would very likely absorb one half of it. My end is accomplished, my dear Sir, when I have made these Suggestions to you. You will give them such consideration, as you think they deserve. It has given me pleasure to hope that I might write half a dozen pages respecting Mr. Parker Noyes, and our long friendship, but I could have no heart for this if a family feud after his death was to come in, and overwhelm all pleasant recollections.

I dictate this letter to my clerk, as the state of my eyes preclude me from writing much with my own hand.

Yours with sincere regard,

DAN'L. WEBSTER.

REV. MR. SAVAGE

FRANKLIN, N. H."

This interesting letter produced the happy effect of reconciling the contending parties, and bringing about an honorable and satisfactory settlement of all difficulties between them. The letter was timely, bringing healing in its wings. Here were "words fitly spoken, like apples of gold in pictures of silver;" to the parties it soon was the *voice* from the *dead*, "proclaiming peace on earth, and good will towards men." As adviser and counsel of the mother, my own exertions for peace had proved impotent, but the letter of the eminent dying statesman, containing the salutary advice of an old friend, proved irresistible in its influence, and brought to the troubled waters immediate quiet, without resort to the Church or other legal tribunal.

Mr. Webster made allusion to the honored name of Taylor, then of San-



Sanbornton. Both father, and son were brave officers of Revolutionary stock. The father, Captain Chase Taylor, commanded a company composed chiefly of Sanbornton and Meredith men, at the battle of Bennington, on the sixteenth of August, 1777, and was there severely wounded — his left leg being broken, which disabled him for life. He died in 1805. In 1786 he received a small pension from the State. His surgeon, Josiah Chase of Canterbury, and his Colonel, Stickney of Concord, each furnishing their certificates in his behalf. Early in the history of the Revolutionary war the son, Nathan Taylor, was commissioned as a Lieutenant in the Corps of Rangers, commanded by Colonel Whitcomb. Lieutenant Taylor had the command of a small detachment of fourteen men. On the sixteenth day of June, 1777, being stationed on the western bank of Lake Champlain, at a place which has ever since been called *Taylor's Creek*, he was surprised by a superior force of Indians. Taylor bravely resisted this attack, and was successful in driving the enemy off, though at the expense of a severe wound in his right shoulder. Three others of his band were also wounded. Both father and son were confined at home in the same house several months before recovery from their wounds. Lieutenant Taylor returned to active service in the army. He afterwards received the military title of Major, and occupied many civil offices after the war in his own town, as well as in behalf of the State. He was member of the House of Representatives, also of the Senate and Council, for a number of years. He died in March, A. D. 1840, aged 85, much lamented.

Then there was John Taylor of Revolutionary fame. He and many of his

descendants have occupied high and enviable stations in Sanbornton, and their biography and good deeds have been ably commemorated by the historian, Rev. M. T. Runnels. In adhering to the Taylor families Mr. Webster obeyed the injunction of Solomon who said, "Thine own friend, and thy *father's friend* forsake not." Mr. Webster's letter furnishes strong evidence, that he did not forsake "his own friend," *Parker Noyes*. The friendship between these men commenced when Mr. Noyes entered the *Law* office of Thomas W. Thompson as early as 1798, and continued intimate, cordial, unabated, "*fast*" during their lives. The earthly existence of both terminated in the same year, Mr. Noyes having deceased August, 19, 1852, and Mr. Webster on the twenty-fourth of the succeeding October.

The dwelling houses of both in Franklin were within the distance of twenty rods; their intercourse was frequent during the last fifty-four years of their lives.

During the time Mr. Webster practiced law in New Hampshire they often met at the same bar, and measured intellectual lances in various legal contests. These meetings were most frequent when Mr. Webster first settled in Boscawen in 1805, and for the next two years, before his removal to Portsmouth.

We were present in A. D. 1848, when these two friends met and recited many of the interesting and humorous events that occurred in their early practice. In those days, they often had for a veteran client a man who then resided in West Boscawen, now Webster, by the name of Corser. He was represented as one who loved the law, not for its pecuniary profits, but for its exciting, stimulating effects. It was said of him, that at the end of a term of the Court, once held at Hopkinton, he was found

near the Court House by a friend, shedding tears. The friend inquired the cause of his great sorrow. His answer was, "I have *no longer a case in court.*" The same Corser had been a Revolutionary soldier, and belonged to the army when discharged by Washington at Newburg, at the termination of the war. He had but little money to bear his expenses home. When he reached Springfield, Massachusetts, his money was exhausted, and he was obliged to resort to his talent at begging. Accordingly he called at a farm house, and requested the good loyal lady of the establishment to give him a pie, adding at the same time, that he wanted *another* for his *Brother Jonathan*. The lady well supposing that his Brother Jonathan was then his compan-

ion in arms, and in the street suffering with hunger, readily granted his request, when in truth and in fact Jonathan was then at home cultivating his farm in Boscawen.

Brother Jonathan, upon learning the conduct of his brother, rebuked him for using his name, instead of his own, thereby deceiving the good woman. In justification of his conduct, the brother answered, "My hunger was great. I contrived to satisfy it. The kind woman had my thanks; you was not injured. At most, by strict morals, I committed only a *pious fraud* in getting two pies, instead of one." Mr. Webster remarked, that he was once present when this case was stated, and argued by the two brothers, and was much interested in the discussion of the celebrated pie case.

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## THE DARK DAY.

By ELBIDGE H. GOSS.

The Spragues of Melrose, formerly North Malden, were one of the old families. They descended from Ralph Sprague, who settled in Charlestown in 1629. The first one, who came to Melrose about the year 1700, was named Phineas. His grandson, also named Phineas, served during the Revolutionary War, and a number of interesting anecdotes are told about him. He was a slaveholder, and Artemas Barrett, Esq., a native of Melrose, owns an original bill of sale of "a negro woman named Pidge, with one negro boy;" also other documents, among which is Mr. Sprague's diary, wherein he gives the following account of the wonderfully dark day in 1780, a good reminder of which we experienced September 6, 1881, a century later:

FRIDA May the 19th 1780.

This day was the most Remarkable day that ever my eyes beheld the air had bin full of smoak to an uncommon degree so that wee could scairce see a mountain at two miles distance for 3 or 4 days Past till this day after Noon the smoak all went off to the South at sunset a very black bank of a cloud appeared in the south and west the Nex morning cloudey and thundered in the west about ten oclock it began to Rain and grew vere dark and at 12 it was almost as dark as Nite so that wee was obliged to lite our candels and Eate our dinner by candel lite at noon day but between 1 and 2 oclock it grew lite again but in the evening the cloud came, over us again, the moon was about the full it was the darkest Nite that ever was seen by us in the world.\*

\* This was printed in the sketch of Melrose in "History of Middlesex County," vol. II.

## NAMES AND NICKNAMES.

BY GILBERT NASH.

To the antiquarian, the historian, or the general scholar, there are few more interesting studies than that of names. It is a pursuit of rare delight to trace out the derivation of those with which we have been long familiar, and to follow up the associations that have rendered them dear, curious or ridiculous, as the case may be. The names themselves may be of no value, but the spot or circumstance that gave them birth cannot fail to throw around them an atmosphere of peculiar interest. The subject is a broad one and may be, with time and inclination, extensively cultivated; and, even in the limits of a short article, many phases of it of general importance and interest may be satisfactorily treated, and it is proposed in the following paragraphs to present only a few of them.

In the present rage for nicknames, pet names, diminutives and contractions there is fair prospect of an abundant harvest of trouble and perplexity to the genealogist and historian of the future. In fact, the students of the present day are already beginning to realize, in no small degree, the annoyance that arises from the custom. The changes are so many and intricate that to understand them fully requires much valuable time and the patience that could better be employed in more important work.

The difficulty arises, of course, from indifference, inadvertence or carelessness, rather than from set purpose; yet the result is the same in its evil effects. It is true there are some of these nicknames that have been so long in use, and have become so common that no one is disturbed by them and their em-

ployment, and they are readily understood. Many of these, however, have served their turn and are gradually going out of use, and will, in a short time, be only "dead words" to the community.

Of this class are the familiar favorites of our grandparents, such as Sally, for Sarah; Polly or Molly, for Mary; Patty, for Martha, and Peggy, for Margaret, representative names of the class. Some of these, with perhaps slight changes, have become legitimized, and their origin has been nearly, or quite, forgotten. Of such we recognize Betsy, or its modern equivalent, Bettie or Bessie, as a very proper name. Few, perhaps, of our present generation would recognize in "Nancy," the features of its parent, "Ann" or "Nan."

Some of these old nicknames have already gone nearly or quite out of use, so much so that many of our young people will be surprised to learn that Patty was, not long ago, the vernacular for Martha, and would never imagine that "Margaret" could ever have responded to the call of "Peggy;" "Hitty" and "Kitty," for the staid and sober "Mehitable," and the volatile Katherine, are more easily recognized, while it might require several guesses to establish the relationship between "Milly" and "Amelia," or "Emily."

Stranger than either, perhaps because both the proper name and its diminutive have become so uncommon, is that transformation which reduced "Tabitha," to "Bertha," with the accent upon the first syllable, and its vowel long. A curious instance of the change in this name, and the further variation



made in it in consequence of its forgotten derivation, has recently occurred in the record of the death of an old lady who was baptized "Tabitha," called in her youth "Bitha," and now in her obituary styled Mrs. "Bertha," probably from the similarity of sound to her youthful nickname. Her relatives of the present generation had forgotten her real name and knew her only under that of an imitation of her diminutive. The transition from "Bitha" to "Bertha" is easy, but how is the perplexed genealogist to ascertain the original when he has only the records for his guide?

Such illustrations might be multiplied almost indefinitely, but those already given are enough to show what an infinite amount of trouble has come and must still come from their continued usage. They also serve well to show with how much care and watchfulness the historian must pursue his work; how constantly he must be upon his guard, and how closely and critically he must scrutinize the names that pass under his eye.

Nor was this custom of nicknames confined to the daughters of the family, but the boys, also, were among its subjects, perhaps in not so great a variety, yet very general. Among the more common we only need mention such as Bill, Ned, Jack, and Frank, to illustrate this. Nor were there wanting among the masculine nicknames those whose derivations seem very remote and far-fetched, as "El" for "Alphus;" "Hal" for "Henry;" "Jot" for "Jonathan;" "Seph" for "Josephus;" "Nol" for "Oliver;" "Dick" for "Richard," and a multitude of others equally well known.

The instances named are old and have been in general use so long that those who are called upon to deal with them are upon their guard and not

likely to be led astray by them, but the class of pet names, now, for a few years in use, will necessarily be more misleading because they are new, and in many cases very blind; in many instances the same nickname being used to represent perhaps a dozen different proper names, so that it is impossible to tell, from the nickname, what the real name is. Among the most annoying of this class are those that not only represent several names each, but are masculine or feminine, as occasion calls.

Of the latter class are "Allie" for Alice, Albert or Alexander, and "Bertie," used in place of so many that it is needless to specify, the latter being the worst of its species, since it is wholly indefinite, applying equally to boy or girl, and for a multitude of either sex, some of which are so far-fetched that all possible connection is lost in the journey of transmission. Most of the old fashioned nicknames indicate the sex quite distinctly, and in this they have much the advantage of some of their modern competitors. They were also much more expressive if not so euphonious. A person need but glance at any of our town records for the past few years to see how the use of these pet names has increased, and it requires no prophet to foresee what confusion must naturally arise from the continuance of the custom, and how difficult it will be in the near future to follow the record accurately.

Another and very different class of nicknames are those derived from accident or local circumstance, and have no other connection with the real name of the person to whom they are attached, and to whom they cling as a foul excrescence long after the circumstances that called them forth is forgotten. These sometimes originate at home in childhood, at school among

playmates, or after the arrival of the person at mature age, and are oftentimes ridiculous in the extreme. They are nearly always a source of great mortification to those who so unwillingly bear them, who would give almost anything to rid themselves of the nuisance; yet these, once fixed, seldom lose their hold, but must be borne with the best grace possible.

It will not be necessary to cite instances of this class, as every one will recall many such that it might be highly improper to mention publicly as being personal or taken to be so. Some are simply indicative of temperament; some of a peculiarity of manner, or a locality in which they happened to have first seen the light; and others, perhaps the most unfortunate of all and the most mischievous, are derived from an ill-timed word or act, said or done in a moment of passion or thoughtlessness, which the individual would like to recall at almost any price, but cannot. The saddest of all are those unfortunates, for there are such, to whom their parents, they knew not why, gave such names.

Another class are those given at first as a term of reproach or disgrace, accepted without protest, and afterwards borne as a title of honor. The name "Old Hickory" will at once suggest itself as such an instance. Truly fortunate is the person who has the tact and is in circumstances to do this, and thus turn the weapons of his enemies against themselves. There are others, again, whose character and position are such that they permit no familiarity, and every name of reproach or ridicule rolls off like shot from the iron shell of the monitor. The name of our Washington suggests such an individual. Whoever for an instant thought of approaching him with familiarity, or of applying to him a nick-

name as a term of reproach or ridicule, or even as an expression of good nature.

As will be readily seen, the evil resulting from this custom is wide spread and alarming. It would also seem to be almost without remedy, since it is the result of irresponsible action, committed by persons who are not fully aware of what they are doing, by those who are indifferent, as to what may follow, or by those who are actuated by malice; against these there is no law except the steady, persistent movement of the thinking public setting its face squarely against the practice, with the passage of time, which usually brings about, we know not always how, the remedy for such evils; but we are seldom willing to wait for such a cure.

As before intimated parents are sometimes guilty of this offence, and thus place upon a child a stigma that will follow it through life. A little care on their part will remedy the evil, to that extent, and they surely should be willing to do their share in the work. Teachers and those who have the charge of the young are sometimes thoughtless enough to commit the same fault. Should it not be crime? For they have no right to be thus inconsiderate, when a little restraint upon their part will prevent the wrong as far as they are concerned. With these two influences setting in the right direction, added to that of the thinking community, a current may very likely be formed that shall obliterate wholly the custom and deliver us from its attendant difficulties.

Another practice now quite common, and one which bids fair to create much confusion, is that which permits the wife to take the Christian name of her husband: for instance, Mrs. Mary, wife of John Smith, signs her name Mrs. John Smith, a name which has no legal existence, which she is entitled to use

only by courtesy, and which should be allowed in none but necessary cases to distinguish her from some other bearing the same name, or to address her when her own Christian name is not known. Mrs. is but a general title to designate the class of persons to which she belongs, and not a name, any more than Mr. or Esq. Who ever knew a man to sign his name Mr. so and so, or so and so, Esq. ?

To show the absurdity and impropriety of this misuse of the name it will be needful to mention but a single illustration. Suppose a note or check is made payable to Mrs. John Smith. Mrs. being only a title, and no part of the name, the endorsement would be plain John Smith, and nobody, not even his wife, has any right to forge his signature. An instrument thus drawn is a mistake, since no one can be authorized to execute it.

The trouble to the genealogist and historian is of a somewhat different nature, since he merely desires to identify the individual and cares nothing about the money value of the document. Much the safer and better way is for the wife always to sign and use her proper name and to add, if she thinks it necessary to be more explicit, "wife of," using her husband's name. By doing this a vast deal of perplexity would be avoided, and sometimes a serious legal difficulty.

Another custom, as common, and quite a favorite one with many married ladies, is that which changes her middle name by substituting her maiden surname ; for example, Mary Jane Smith marries James Gray, and immediately her name is assumed to be Mary Smith Gray, instead of Mary Jane Gray, her legal name. The wife, if she so chooses, has the right by general consent, if not by law, to retain her full name, adding

her husband's surname ; but she has no right to use her own maiden surname in place of her discarded middle name. Much confusion might arise from this practice, as the following illustration will show. Mary Jane Gray receives a check payable to her order, and she, being in the habit of signing her name Mary Smith Gray, thus endorses it, and forwards it by mail or otherwise for collection, and is surprised when it comes back to her to be properly executed.

Again, Mary Jane Gray has a little money which she deposits in the savings bank, and, for the reason already given, takes out her book in the name of Mary S. Gray. She dies and her administrator finding the book tries to collect the money, but he being the administrator of Mary Jane Gray and not of Mary S. Gray may find the Treasurer of the bank unwilling to pay over the money until he is satisfied as to the identity of the apparently two Mary Grays, which, under some circumstances, might be a difficult process.

These changes are usually made thoughtlessly, but the result is none the less serious than though it were done with the intent to deceive or mislead, and the mischief that often arises in consequence is very great. These changes that have been noted from the nature of the case can only occur with women, since men have no occasion to make them, and in point of fact cannot ; but there are those, quite analagous in character, that are common to both sexes and should be avoided unless the necessity is very apparent. Double names are sometimes very convenient for purposes of identification, but they may also prove fruitful sources of difficulty and trouble. As an illustration, Mary Jane Smith is known at home by her family and to her acquaintances as Mary. For some fanciful reason or



local circumstance she wearies of that name and becomes Jane. Both are equally hers, but her acquaintances who knew her as Mary might well plead ignorance when asked about Jane Smith; and the acquaintances of the latter might never surmise that Mary Smith had ever existed.

Again, James Henry Gray is known at home in his youth as James H. Gray, and the name is very satisfactory to him; but as he arrives at manhood he enters a new business and finds a new residence. For some reason he thinks that a change of name also may be of benefit to him, and therefore he signs himself J. Henry Gray, and henceforth is a stranger to his former acquaintances. He has some money in bank at his old home which he draws for under his new name, and wonders when his check comes back to him dishonored, forgetting that he has never notified the officers of his change of name.

He finds it necessary, upon some occasion, to write to one of his former friends for information of importance, and is surprised that his old associate declines to give it to a stranger, for he does not remember, that, while he may easily retain his own identity, under any change of name, it may not be so easy to assure it to another at a distance. It can thus be seen how easily, and at times, how unavoidably, a great deal of vexation may be produced by this practice, and yet it is extensively followed.

Looking at the subject in another aspect, we find a grievance that has borne and is now bearing with intolerable weight upon many an individual, who would, at almost any sacrifice, relieve himself of it, but it is saddled upon him in such a manner, and is surrounded by such circumstances as to render it quite impossible for him to do so. It is a practice, all too common, but none the

less reprehensible, to give to children legitimate names of such a character as to render them veritable "old men of the sea," so graphically described by Sindbad.

They are given for various reasons, sometimes simply for their oddity, sometimes because the name has been borne by a relative or friend, or it may have been borrowed from the pages of some favorite author, or suggested by accidental circumstance. A boy whose Christian name was Baring Folly, and we should not have far to go to find its counterpart in real life, could hardly be expected to get through the world without feeling severely the burden and ridicule of such a name, each part proper and well enough in its place as a surname, but particularly unfortunate when united and required to do duty as a Christian name.

We ridicule, and it may be wisely, the old-fashioned custom of giving a child a name merely because it happened to be found in the Scriptures, where with its special meaning it was singularly appropriate, yet, when used as a name without that special signification, it would be equally inappropriate. But are we wholly free from the same fault in another direction? How many children have been so burdened with a name that had been made illustrious by the life and services of its original bearer that they were always ashamed to hear it spoken; that very name of honor becoming in its present position a reproach and a hindrance, rather than a stimulus, because the bearers feel that they cannot sustain its ancient renown, and therefore they become mere nothings, simply from the fact of having been borne down to the dust under the burden of a great name.

Who can tell how many have become notorious, or have committed vagaries

which have rendered them ridiculous, and destroyed their usefulness, from a sincere desire to bear worthily an honored name? Who shall say that the eccentricities of a certain celebrity of acknowledged talent, whose name would be quickly recognized, were not the result of the same cause, the length, and weight of the name given him at his birth proving too great an incumbrance for him to overcome.

How many ignoble George Washingtons, Henry Clays, Patrick Henrys, and other equally illustrious names, are wandering aimlessly about our streets, shiftless, worthless, utterly unworthy the names they bear, simply because they bear them, when, had they been given plain, honest, common names, they might have been held in respect and esteem. The burden is too great for them. A ship with a drag attached to her cannot make progress, be she ever so swift without it. Even the eagle will refuse his flight when burdened with excessive weight.

A little lack of consideration or want of thought in this matter on the part of parents often entail an immense amount of suffering upon those who are wholly innocent as to its cause. Let the boy or girl be given such a name, as shall be his or hers, worthy or unworthy, as the bearer shall make. Give them all a fair show. We may not be able to tell in all cases, perhaps not in many, how this affair of names has affected the lives of their owners. Give a child a silly or ridiculous name and the chances are that the child's character will correspond with that name. Give a child a name already illustrious and the chances are also fair that the burden will prove its ruin.

It is unnecessary to extend the subject, the present purpose being merely

to call attention to those practices, and so to present them that more natural and healthy customs will be sought after and followed, that a true æsthetic taste may be cultivated, and thus alleviate or remove a part, at least, of the burden under which society groans.

It is also intended to illustrate some of the trials and perplexities that beset the genealogist and historian in their researches, arising from these unfortunate habits that pervade society. It would seem that the evils produced by the practices, only need exposure to result in reformation, and that no parent, with the full knowledge of the possible, yes probable, and almost inevitable effect, would so thrust upon his offspring an annoyance, to use the mildest possible term, which should subject them to such disagreeable consequences all through life.

It would seem, also, that no guardian, teacher, or other individual having the care and oversight of children, could be so thoughtless and inconsiderate, or allow a personal or private reason so to influence him, as to assume for the child any name that would be liable to cause it future shame or sorrow. Too much care cannot be taken in this regard, and it is a duty owing to the child that its rights in this respect shall be strictly guarded.

It is the object of this paper simply to call attention to a few of the more prominent points suggested by this subject in order that it may be examined and discussed, and, if it may be, more judicious and wiser practices introduced, that nature, art, and taste may combine to produce a system of names that shall be at the same time, convenient, useful and beautiful, and that shall carry no burden with them.

## JOHN PRESCOTT, THE FOUNDER OF LANCASTER.

1603 TO 1682.

By HON. HENRY S. NOURSE.

The facts that have come down to us whereupon to build a biography of John Prescott are scanty indeed, but enough to prove that he was that rare type of man, the ideal pioneer. Not one of those famous frontiersmen, whose figures stand out so prominently in early American history, was better equipped with the manly qualities that win hero worship in a new country, than was the father of the Nashaway Plantation. Had Prescott like Daniel Boone been fortunate in the favor of contemporary historians, to perpetuate anecdotes of his daily prowess and fertility of resource, or had he had grateful successors withal to keep his memory green, his name and romantic adventures would in like manner adorn Colonial annals. Persecuted for his honest opinions, he went out into the wilderness with his family to found a home, and for forty years thought, fought and wrought to make that home the centre of a prosperous community. Loaded from his first step with discouragements, that soon appalled every other of the original co-partners in the purchase of Nashaway from Showanon, Prescott alone, *tenax propositi*, held to his purpose, and death found him at his post. His grave is in the old "burial field" at Lancaster, yet not ten citizens can point it out. Over it stands a rude fragment from some ledge of slate rock, faintly incised with characters which few eyes can trace :

### JOHN PRESCOTT DESASED

No date ! no comment ! That is his only memorial stone ; his only epitaph in the town of which, for its first forty

years, he was the very heart and soul, and for which he furnished a large share of the brains. This fair township—now divided among nine towns—and all it has been and is and is to be may be justly called his monument. The house of Deputies in 1652 voted it to be rightly his, and marked it by incorporative enactment with his honored and honorable name, *Prescott*. Unfortunately, however, some years before he had said something that seemed to favor Doctor Robert Child's criticisms of the Provincial system of taxation without representation ; criticisms that grew and bore good fruitage when the times were riper for individual freedom ; when Samuel Adams and James Otis took up the peoples' cause where Sir Henry Vane and Robert Child had left it. Therefore when, in 1652, what had been known as the Nashaway Plantation was fairly named for its founder in accordance with the petition of its inhabitants, some one of influence, whether magistrate or higher official, perhaps bethought himself that no Governor of the Colony even had been so honored, and that it might be well, before dignifying this busy blacksmith so much as to name a town for him, to see if he could pass examination in the catechism deemed orthodox at that date in Massachusetts Bay. Alas ! John Prescott was not a freeman. Having a conscience of his own, he had never given public adhesion to the established church covenant and was therefore debarred from holding any civil office, and even from the privilege of voting for the magistrates. There was a year's delay, and,



in 1653, "Prescott" was expunged and *Lancaster* began its history.

As in the broad area of the township various centres of population grew into villages and were one by one excised and made towns, it would be supposed that each of them would have been eager to honor itself by adopting so euphonious and appropriate a name as *Prescott*. But no ! The first candidate for a new designation, in 1732, chose the name of the generous Charlestown clergyman, *Harvard*, for no appropriate local reason now discoverable. Six years later another body corporate imported the name — *Bolton*. Two years passed and a third district sought across the ocean for its title *Leominster*. Then Woonksechocksett forgetful of its benefactors and of the grand Indian names of its hills and waters borrowed the title of a putative Scotch lord, who bravely fought for our Independence, and, in adopting, paid him the poor compliment of misspelling it — *Sterling*. The next seceder ambitiously chose the name of a Prussian city — *Berlin*. The sixth perpetuated its early admiration of the great small-pox inoculator, *Boylston* ; and the last was named — for a hotel. None so poor as to do Prescott reverence. But surely, it would be thought, banks and manufactories, halls or at least a fire engine, might with tardy respect have paid cheap tribute to his name by bearing it. Is there any example ! Yes, at last a short street having little connection sentimental or real with the pioneer, bears his name — this only in the aspiring town, almost a city, of which John Prescott's old millstone is the visible foundation ! *Clinton*.

I have stated that Prescott was an ideal pioneer. Not that there was in him anything of kinship to that race of frontiersmen now deployed along the outer verge of American civilization, like

the thread of froth stranded along a beach outlining the extreme advance made by the last wave of the tide. The frontiersmen of to-day, bibulous gamblers, reckless duelists, blasphemous savages of mixed blood, had no prototype in Colonial days, for even the human harvest then gathered to the stocks, the whipping-post and the gallows, was of a far less obtrusive class of offenders against morals and social decency. Prescott was a Puritan soldier, a seeker of liberty not license ; fiercely rebellious against tyranny, but no contemner of moral law. It was no accident that put him in the advance guard of Anglo-Saxon civilization, then just starting on its westward march from the shores of Massachusetts Bay. The position had awaited the man. When he set up his anvil and with skilful blows hammered out the first plough-shares to compel the virgin soil of the Nashaway valley to its proper fruitfulness, he was all unwittingly helping to forge the destinies of this great republic ; — was in his humble sphere a true builder of the nation. His neighbors and friends, John Tinker, Ralph Houghton, and Major Simon Willard, doubtless excelled him in culture, but no neighbor surpassed him in natural personal force, whether physical, mental or moral. Not only was he of commanding stature, stern of mien and strong of limb, but he had a heart devoid of fear, great physical endurance and an unbending will. These qualities his savage neighbors early recognized and bowed before in deep respect, and because of these no Lancaster enterprise but claimed him as its leader. His manual skill and dexterity must have been great, his mental capacity and business energy remarkable, for we find him not only a farmer, trader, blacksmith and hunter, but a surveyor and builder of roads, bridges and mills. The re-

cords of the town show that he was seldom free from the conduct of some public labor. The greatest of his benefactions to his neighbors were: His corn-mill erected in 1654, and his saw-mill in 1659. The arrival of the first mill-stone in Lancaster must have been an event of matchless interest to every man, woman and child in the plantation. Till that began its tireless turning, the grain for every loaf of bread had to be carried to Watertown mill, or ground laboriously in a hand quern, or parched and brayed in a mortar, Indian fashion. Before the starting of his saw-mill, the rude houses must have been of logs, stone, and clay, for it was an impossibility to bring from the lower towns on the existing "Bay road" and with the primitive tumbril any large amount of sawn lumber.

Of Prescott's wife we know only her name: Mary Platts. But her daughters were sought for in marriage by men of whom we learn nothing that is not praise-worthy, and her sons all honored their mother's memory, by useful and unblemished lives. John Prescott was the youngest son of Ralph and Ellen of Shevington, Lancashire, England. He was baptized in the Parish of Standish in 1604-5 and married Mary Platts at Wigan, Lancashire, January 21, 1629. He was a land owner in Shevington, but sold his possessions there and took up his residence in Halifax Parish, Sowerby, in Yorkshire. Leaving England to avoid religious persecutions, his first haven was Barbadoes, where he is found a land owner in 1638. In 1640 he landed in Boston, and immediately selected his home in Watertown, where he became the possessor of six lots of land, aggregating one hundred and twenty-six acres. In 1643, his name is found in association with Thomas King of Watertown, Henry Symonds of Boston, and others,

the first proprietors of the Nashaway purchase. His children were eight in number and all were married in due season. They were as follows:

1. Mary, baptized at Halifax Parish February 24, 1630, married Thomas Sawyer in 1648. The young couple selected their home lot adjoining Prescott's in Lancaster and there eleven sons and daughters were born to them.

2. Martha, baptized at Halifax Parish March 11, 1632, married John Rugg in 1655; and these twain began life together in sight of her paternal home in Lancaster. She died with her twin babes in January 1656.

3. John, baptized at Halifax Parish April 1, 1635, married Sarah Hayward at Lancaster, November 11, 1668, and had five children. He was a farmer and blacksmith, lived with his father, and succeeded him at the mills.

4. Sarah, baptized in 1637, at Halifax Parish, married Richard Wheeler at Lancaster, August 2, 1658, and lived in the immediate vicinity of those before named. Wheeler was killed in the massacre of February 10, 1676, and the widowed Sarah married Joseph Rice of Marlborough. By her first husband she had five children.

5. Hannah, was probably born at Barbadoes in 1639. She became the second wife of John Rugg May 4, 1660, and had eight children. She became a widow in 1696, and was slain by the Indians in the massacre of September 11, 1697.

6. Lydia, born at Watertown August 15, 1641, married Jonas Fairbank at Lancaster, May 28, 1658. He owned the lands next south of Prescott's home. Fairbank had seven children. In the massacre of February 10, 1676, he and his son Joshua were victims. The widowed Lydia married Elias Barron.

7. Jonathan—if twenty three years

old in 1670, as an unknown authority has noted, or "about 38," November 6, 1683, as stated in a deposition of that date—was probably born in Lancaster between 1645 and 1647. He was a blacksmith and farmer, and married first Dorothy, August 3, 1670, in Lancaster. She died in 1674, leaving a son Samuel, noted in the town history as the unfortunate sentinel who, on November 6, 1704, killed by mistake his neighbor, the beloved minister of Lancaster, Reverend Andrew Gardner. Jonathan Prescott married second, Elizabeth, daughter of John Hoar of Concord, who died in 1687 leaving six children. Jonathan's third wife was Rebecca Bulkeley and his fourth Ruth, widow of Thomas Brown. He did not reside in Lancaster after the massacre of 1676, but became an influential citizen of Concord, which he served as representative for nine years. He died December 5, 1721.

8. Jonas, born June, 1648, in Lancaster, married Mary Loker of Sudbury, December 14, 1672. The marriage took place in Lancaster and here their first child was born, (they had twelve children in all), but later they removed to Groton, where Jonas became Captain, Selectman and Justice. He died in Groton, December 31, 1723. Of his more illustrious descendants were Colonel William, and the historian William H. Prescott.

In May 1644, John Winthrop records that "Many of Watertown and other towns joined in a plantation at Nashaway"—and Reverend Timothy Harrington in his Century Sermon states that the organization of this company of planters was due to Thomas King. The immediate and final disappearance of this original proprietor has seemed to previous writers good warrant for charging that King and his partner Henry Symonds were but land speculators, who

bought the Indian's inheritance to retail by the acre to adventurers. I believe this an unjust assumption. At the date when Winthrop noted down the inception of the Nashaway Company, Henry Symonds had already been dead seven months. He was that energetic contractor of Boston noted as the leader in the project for establishing tide mills at the Cove, and was no doubt the capitalist of the trading firm of Symonds & King, who set up their "trucking house" as early as 1643 on the sunny slope of George Hill. Symond's widow a few months after his death married Isaac Walker, who in 1645 was prominent among the Nashaway proprietors. If King really sold his share of the Indian purchase, may it not have been therefore because, his senior partner being dead, he had no means to continue the enterprise? He too died before the end of the year 1644, not yet thirty years of age. The inventory of his estate sums but one hundred and fifty-eight pounds, including his house and land in Watertown, his stock in trade, and seventy-three pounds of debts due him from the Indians, John Prescott, and sundry others. King's widow made haste to be consoled, and her second husband, James Cutler, soon appears in the role of a Nashaway proprietor.

The direction of the company was at the outset in the hands of men whose names were, or soon became, of some note throughout the Colony. Doctor Robert Child, a scholar who had won the degrees of A. M. and M. D. at Cambridge and Padua, a man of scientific acquirements, but inclined to somewhat sanguine expectations of mineral treasure to be discovered in the New England hills, seems to have been a leading spirit in the adventure; and unfortunately so, since his political views about certain inalienable rights of man, which



now live and are honored in the Constitution of the Commonwealth, seemed vicious republicanism to the ecclesiastical aristocracy then governing the Colony of the Massachusetts Bay; and the odium that drove Child across the ocean, attached also to his companion planters, and perhaps through the prejudice of those in authority unfavorably affected for several years the progress of the settlement on the Nashaway. Certainly such prejudices found expression in all action or record of the government respecting the proprietors and their petitions. The ecclesiastical figure head—without which no body corporate could have grace within the colony—was Nathaniel Norcross. Of him, if we can surmise aught from his early return to England, it may be said, he was not imbued with the martyr's spirit, and his defection was, some time later, more than made good by the accession of the beloved Rowlandson. But far more important to the enterprise than these two graduates from the English University—Child the radical, and Norcross the preacher,—were two mechanics, the restless planners and busy promoters of the company, both workers in iron—Steven Day the locksmith and John Prescott the blacksmith. Steven Day was the first in America, north of Mexico, to set up a printing-press. The Colony had wisely recognized in him a public benefactor, and sealed this recognition by substantial grant of lands. He entered upon the Nashaway scheme with characteristic zeal and energy, if we may believe his own manuscript testimony: but Day's zeal outran his discretion, and his energy devoured his limited means, for in 1644 we find him in jail for debt remonstrating piteously against the injustice of a hard hearted creditor. He parted with all rights at Nashaway before many years and finally delved as

a journey man at the press he had founded.

John Prescott deserted of all his original co-partners was sufficient for the emergency, a host in himself. He sells his one hundred and twenty six acres and house at Watertown, puts his all into the venture, prepares a rude dwelling in the wilderness, moves thither his cattle, and chattels, and finally, mounting wife and children and his few remaining goods upon horses' backs, bids his old neighbors good bye, and threads the narrow Indian trail through the forest westward. The scorn of men high in authority is to follow him, but now the most formidable enemy in his path is the swollen Sudbury River and its bordering marsh. We find the aristocratic scorn mingling with the story of Prescott's dearly bought victory over this natural obstacle, told in Winthrop's History of New England among what the author classes as remarkable "special providences."

"Prescott another favorer of the Petitioners lost a horse and his loading in Sudbury river, and a week after his wife and children being upon another horse were hardly saved from drowning." That the kindly hearted Winthrop could coolly attribute the pitiable disaster of the brave pioneer to the wrath of God towards the political philosophy of Robert Child, pictures vividly the bigotry natural to the age and race, a bigotry which culminated in the horrors of the persecution for witchcraft. This Sudbury swamp was the lion in the path from the bay westward during many a decade. In 1645, an earnest petition went up to the council from Prescott and his associates, complaining that much time and means had been spent in discovering Nashaway and preparing for the settlement there, and that on account of the lack of bridge and causeway

at the Sudbury River, the proprietors could not pass to and from the bay towns—"without exposing our persons to perill and our cattell and goods to losse and spoyle ; as yo<sup>r</sup> petitioners are able to make, prooffe of by sad experience of what wee suffered there within these few dayes." The General Court ordered the bridge and way to be made, "passable for loaden horse," and allowed twenty pounds to Sudbury, "so it be donne wthin a twelve monthe." The twelve month passed and no bridge spanned the stream. That the dangers and difficulties of the crossing were not over-stated by the petitioners is proven by the fact that more than one hundred years afterwards, the bridge and causeway at this place "half a mile long"—were represented to the General Court as dangerous and in time of floods impassable. Between 1759 and 1761, the proceeds of special lotteries amounting to twelve hundred and twenty seven pounds were expended in the improvement of the crossing.

John Winthrop, writing of the Nashaway planters, tells us that "he whom they had called to be their minister, [Norcross] left them for their delays," but omits mention of the fact recorded by the planters themselves in their petition, that the chief and sufficient cause of their slow progress was in the inability or unwillingness of the Governor and magistrates to afford effective aid in providing a passable crossing over a small river.

Prescott, at least, was chargeable with no delay. By June 1645, he and his family had become permanent residents on the Nashaway. Richard Linton, Lawrence Waters the carpenter, and John Ball the tailor, were his only neighbors ; these three men having been sent up to build, plant, and prepare for the coming of other proprietors. But two

houses had been built. Linton probably lived with his son-in-law Waters, in his home near the fording place in the North Branch of the Nashaway, contiguous to the lot of intervale land which Harmon Garrett and others of the first proprietors had fenced in to serve as a "night pasture" for their cattle. Ball had left his children and their mother in Watertown ; she being at times insane. Prescott's first lot embraced part of the grounds upon which the public buildings in Lancaster now stand, but this he soon parted with, and took up his abode a mile to the south west, on the sunny slope of George Hill, where, beside a little brooklet of pure cool water, which then doubtless came rollicking down over its gravelly bed with twice the flow it has to-day, there had been built, two years at least before, the trucking house of Symonds & King. This trading post was the extreme outpost of civilization ; beyond was interminable forest, traversed only by the Indian trails, which were but narrow paths, hard to find and easy to lose, unless the traveller had been bred to the arts of wood-craft. Here passed the united trails from Washacum, Wachusett, Quaboag, and other Indian villages of the west, leading to the wading place of the Nashaway River near the present Atherton Bridge, and so down the "Bay Path" over Wataquaddock to Concord. The little plateau half way down the sheltering hill, with fertile fields sloping to the southeast and its never failing springs, was and is an attractive spot ; but its material advantages to the pioneer of 1645 were far greater than those apparent to the Lancastrian of this nineteenth century in the changed conditions of life. With the privilege of first choice therefore, it is not strange that Prescott and his sturdy sons-in-law grasped the rich intervales, and warm easily tilled slopes,

stretching along the Nashaway south branch from the "meeting of the waters" to "John's jump" on the east, and extending west to the crown of George Hill; lands now covered by the village of South Lancaster.

In 1650 John Prescott found himself the only member of the company resident at Nashaway. Of the co-partners Symonds, King, and John Hill were dead; Norcross and Child had gone to England; Cowdall had sold his rights to Prescott; Chandler, Davis, Walker, and others had formally abandoned their claims; Garrett, Shawe, Day, Adams, and perhaps two or three others, retained their claims to allotments, making no improvements, and contributing nothing by their presence or tithes to the growth of the settlement, thus becoming effectual stumbling blocks in the way of progress. Prescott, very reasonably, held this a grievance, and having no other means of redress asked equitable judgment in the matter from the magistrates, in a petition which cannot be found. His answer was the following official snub:

"Whereas John Prescot & others, the inhabitants of Nashaway p'ferd a petition to this Courte desiringe power to recover all common charges of all such as had land there, not residinge w<sup>th</sup> them, for answer whereunto this Court, understandinge that the place before mentioned is not fit to make a plantation, (so a ministry to be erected and mayntayned there,) which if the petitioners, before the end of the next session of this Courte, shall not sufficiently make the sey'd place appeare to be capable to answer the ends above mentioned doth order that the p'ties inhabitinge there shalbe called there hence, & suffered to live without the meanes, as they have done no longer." This dire threat of the closing sentence

may have been simply "sound and fury, signifying nothing," or Prescott may have been able to prove to the authorities that Nashaway was fit and waiting for its St. John, but found none willing for the service. In fact, its St. John was then a junior at Harvard College, writing a pasquinade to post upon the Ipswich meeting-house, and Nashaway was "suffered to live without the meanes," waiting for him until 1654.

John Prescott retained possession of his early home,—the site of the "trucking house," which he had purchased of John Cowdall,—as long as he lived, but did not reside there many years. No sooner had the plantation attained the dignity of a township under the classic name of Lancaster, than its founder bent all his energies towards those enterprises best calculated to promote the comfort and prosperity of its then inhabitants, and to attract by material advantages, a desirable and permanent immigration. His practical eye had doubtless long before marked the best site for a mill in all the region round about, and on the slope, scarce a gun shot away, he set up a new home, afterwards well known to friend and savage foe as Prescott's Garrison. Those who remain of the generation familiar with this region before the invention of the power loom made such towns as Clinton possible, remember the depression that told where Prescott dug his cellar. The oldest water mill in New England was scarce twenty years old when Prescott contracted to grind the corn of the Nashaway planters. His "Covenant to build a Corne mill" has been preserved through a copy made by Ralph Houghton, Lancaster's first Clerk of the Writs, and is as follows:

"Know all men by these presents that I John Prescott blacksmith, hath Covenanted and bargained with Jno. founell of Charles-



towne for the building of a Corne mill, within the said Towne of Lanchaster. This witnesseth that wee the Inhabitants of Lanchaster for his encouragement in so good a worke for the behoofe of our Towne, vpon condition that the said intended worke by him or his assignes be finished, do freely and fully giue, grant, enfeoffe, & confirme vnto the said John Prescott, thirty acres of intervale Land lying on the north riuer, lying north west of Henry Kerly, and ten acres of Land adjoyneing to the mill; and forty acres of Land on the south east of the mill brooke, lying between the mill brooke and Nashaway Riuer in such place as the said John Prescott shall choose with all the priuiledges and appurtenances thereto apperteyneing. To haue and to hold the said land and eurie parcell thereof to the said John Prescott his heyres & assignes for euer, to his and their only proper vse and behoofe. Also wee do covenant & promise to lend the said John Prescott five pounds in current money one yeare for the buying of Irons for the mill. And also wee do covenant and grant to and with the said John Prescott his heyres and assignes that the said mill, with all the aboue named Land thereto apperteyneing shall be freed from all com'on charges for seauen yeares next ensueing, after the first finishing and setting the said mill to worke.

In witnes whereof wee haue herevnto put our hands this 20th day of the 9mo. In the yeare of our Lord God one thousand six hundred fifty and three.

|                                          |                                          |
|------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------|
| WILL <sup>m</sup> KERLY SEN <sup>r</sup> | LAWRENCE WATERS                          |
| JNO PRESCOTT                             | EDMUND PARKER                            |
| JNO WHITE                                | RICHARD LINTON                           |
| RALPH HOUGHTON                           | RICHARD SMITH                            |
| JNO LEWIS                                | JAMES ATHERTON                           |
| JACOB FARRER                             | WILL <sup>m</sup> KERLY JUN <sup>r</sup> |

In six months from that date the mill was done, and Prescott "began to grind corne the 23d day of the 3 mo, 1654."

The commissioners, appointed by the General Court to oversee the prudential management of the town, met at John Prescott's in 1657 and confirmed "the imunities provided for" in the above covenant specifying that they "should continue and remayne to him the said Jno. Prescott his heyres and assignes

vntil the 23d of May, in the yeare of our Lord sixteen hundred sixty and two."

The corn mill was located a little lower upon the brook than the extensive factory buildings now utilizing its water power. The half used force of the rapid stream, and the giant pines of the virgin forest then shadowed all the region about, were full of reproach to the restless miller. His busy brain was soon planning a new benefaction to his fellow citizens, and when his means grew sufficiently to warrant the enterprise, his busy hands wrought its consummation. As before, a formal agreement preceded the work :

"Know all men by these presents that for as much as the Inhabitants of Lanchaster, or the most part of them being gathered together on a trayneing day, the 15th of the 9thmo, 1658, a motion was made by Jno. Prescott blacksmith of the same town, about the setting vp of a saw mill for the good of the Towne, and yt he the said Jno Prescott, would by the help of God set vp the saw mill, and to supply the said Inhabitants with boords and other sawne worke, as is afforded at other saw mills in the cuntry. In case the Towne would giue, grant, and confirme vnto the said John Prescott, a certeine tract of Land, lying Eastward of his water mill, be it more or less, bounded by the riuer east, the mill west the stake of the mill land and the east end of a ledge of Iron Stone Rocks southards, and forty acres of his owne land north, the said land to be to him his heyres and assignes for euer, and all the said land and eurie part thereof to be rate free vntill it be improued, or any pt of it, and that his saws, & saw mill should be free from any rates by the Towne, therefore know ye that the pytes abouesaid did mutually agree and consent each with other concerning the aforementioned propositions as followeth :

The towne on their part did giue, grant & confirme, vnto the said John Prescott his heyres and assignes for euer, all the aforementioned tract of land butted & bounded as aforesaid, to be to him his heyres and assignes for euer with all the priuiledges and appurtenances thereon, and therevnto belonging to be to his and their owne proper vse and behoofe

as aforesaid, and the land and eurie part of it to be free from all rates vntil it or any pt of it be improued, and also his saw, sawes, and saw-mill to be free from all town rates, or ministers rates, prouided the aforementioned worke be finished & compleated as abouesaid for the good of the towne, in some convenient time after this present contract covenant and agrement.

And the said John Prescott did and doth by these prsents bynd himself, his heyres and assigns to set vp a saw-mill as aforesaid within the bounds of the aforesaid Towne, and to supply the Towne with boords and other sawne worke as aforesaid and truly and faithfully to performe, fullfill, & accomplish, all the aforementioned p'misses for the good of the Towne as aforesaid.

Therefore the Selectmen conceiving this saw-mill to be of great vse to the Towne, and the after good of the place, Haue and do hereby act to rattifie and confirme all the aforementioned acts, covenants, gifts, grants, & im'unities, in respect of rates, and what euer is aforementioned, on their owne pt, and in behalfe of the Towne, and to the true performance hereof, both parties haue and do bynd themselves by subscribing their hands, this twenty-fifth day of February, one thousand six hundred and fifty nine.

JOHN PRESCOTT.

The worke above menconed was finished according to this covenant as witnesseth.

RALPH HOUGHTON.

Signed & Delivrd THOMAS WILDER

In presence of, THOMAS SAWYER  
RALPH HOUGHTON

Monday, the seventeenth of February, 1659, "the Company granted him to fall pines on the Com'ons to supply his saw-mill."

In April 1659, Ensign Noyes came to make accurate survey of the eighty square miles granted to the town, and John Prescott was deputed by the townsmen at their March meeting to aid in the survey and "mark the bounds." Among his varied accomplishments, natural and acquired, Prescott seems to have had some practical skill in surveying, the laying out of highways and the construction of bridges. In 1648 John Winthrop records: "This year a new

way was found out to Connecticut by Nashua which avoided much of the hilly way." As appears by a later petition Prescott was the pioneer of this new path. In 1657 he was appointed by the government a member of a committee upon the building of bridges "at Billirriky and Misticke." In 1658 he with his son-in-law Jonas Fairbank was appointed to survey a farm of six hundred and fifty acres for Captain Richard Davenport, upon which farm the chief part of West Boylston now stands.

To the General Court which met October 18, 1659, the following petition was presented:

"The humble petition of John Prescot of Lancaster humblye Sheweth, That whereas yr petitioner about nine or ten yeares since, was desired by the late hon'rd Governour Mr. Winthrop, wth other Magistrates, as also by Mr. Wilson of Boston, Mr. Shephard of Cambridge with many others, did lay & marke out a way at ye north side of the great pond & soe by Lancaster, which then was taken by Mr. Hopkins & many others to bee of great vse; This I did meerly vpon the request of these honored gentlemen, to my great detrimt, by being vpon it part of two summers not only myselfe but hiring others alsoe to helpe mee, whereby my family suffered much: I doe not question but many of ye Court remember the same, as alsoe that this hath not laine dead all this while, but I haue formerly mentioned it, but yet haue noe recompence for the same; the charge whereof came at 2s p day to about 10l; it is therefore the desire of yr petitioner yt you would bee pleased to graut him a farme in some place vndisposed of which will engage him to you and encourage him and others in publicque occasions & yr petitioner shall pray etc."

One hundred acres of land were granted him, and speedily laid out near the Washacum ponds, where now stand the railroad buildings at Sterling Junction.

We get very few glimpses of Prescott from the meagre records of succeeding years, but those serve to indicate that he was busy, prosperous and annually

honored by his neighbors with the public duties for which his sturdy integrity, shrewd business tact, and wisely directed energy peculiarly fitted him. He had taken the oath of fidelity in 1652. Such owning of allegiance was by law prerequisite to the holding of real estate. Refusing such oath he might better have been a Nipmuck so far as civil rights or privileges were concerned. He was not yet a member of the recognized church however, and therefore lacked the political dignities of a freeman; although his intimate relations with Master Joseph Rowlandson, and his personal connection with the earlier cases of church discipline in Lancaster, sufficiently attest the austerity of his puritanism. Doubtless Governor John Winthrop in his hasty and harsh dictum respecting the Nashaway planters, classed John Prescott among those "corrupt in judgment." But it must be remembered that in Winthrop's visionary commonwealth there was no room for liberty of conscience. All were esteemed corrupt in judgment or even profane whose religious beliefs, when tested all about by the ecclesiastic callipers, proved not to have been cast in the doctrinal mould prescribed by the self-sanctified founders of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. No known fact in any way warrants even the conjecture that Prescott was not a sincere christian earnestly pursuing his own convictions of duty, without fear and without reproach.

Prescott's mechanical skill and business ability had more than a local reputation. In 1667, we find him contracting with the authorities of Groton, to erect "a good and sufficient corne mill or mills, and the same to finish so as may be fitting to grind the corne of the said Towne." . . . For the fulfillment of this agreement he received five hundred and twenty acres of land, and mill

and lands were exempted from taxation for twenty years. Assistance towards the building of the mill were also promised to the amount of "two days worke of a man for every house lott or family within the limitts of the said Towne, and at such time or times to be done or performed, as the said John Prescott shall see meete to call for the same, vpon reasonable notice given." The covenant was fulfilled by the completion of a mill at Nonacoiacus, then in the southern part of Groton. The mill site is now in Harvard. Prescott's youngest son, Jonas, was the first miller. The history of the old mill is obscured by the shadows of two hundred years, but a bright gleam of romantic tradition concerning the first miller is warm with human interest now. Perhaps at points the romantic may infringe upon the historic, but :

*Se non e vero,  
E ben trovato.*

Down by the green meadows of Sudbury there dwelt a bewitchingly fair maiden, the musical dissyllables of whose name were often upon the lips of the young men in all the country round about, and whose smile could awaken voiceless poetry in the heart of the most prosaic Puritan swain. There is little of aristocratic sound in Mary Loker's name, but her parents sat on Sunday at the meeting house in a "dignified" pew, and were rich in fields and cattle. Whether pushed by pride of land or pride of birth, in their plans and aspirations, this daughter was predestinated to enhance the family dignity by an aristocratic alliance. In Colonial days a maiden who added a handsome prospective dowry to her personal witchery was rare indeed, and Mary Loker had, coming from far and near, inflammable suitors perpetually burning at her shrine. From among these the father and



mother soon made their choice upon strictly business principles, and shortly announced to Mary that a certain ambitious gentleman of the legal profession had furnished the most satisfactory credentials, and that nothing remained but for her to name the day. Now the fourth commandment was very far from being the dead letter in 1670 that it is in 1885, and it was matter for grave surprise to the elders that their usually obedient daughter, when the lawyer proceeded to plead, refused to hear, and peremptorily adjourned his cause without day. Maternal expostulation and paternal threats availed nothing. The because of Mary's contumacy was not far to seek. A stalwart Vulcan in the guise of an Antinous, known as Jonas Prescott, had wandered from his father's forge in Lancaster down the Bay Path to Sudbury. Mary and he had met, and the lingering of their parting boded ill for any predestination not stamped with their joint seal of consent. With that lack of astuteness proverbially exhibited by parents disappointed in match-making designs upon their children, the vexed father and mother began a course of vigorous repression, and thereby riveted more firmly than ever the chains which the errant young blacksmith and his apprentice Cupid had forged. In due time, they perforce learned that love's flame burns the brighter fed upon a bread and water diet; and that confinement to an attic may be quite endurable when Cupid's messages fly in and out of its lattice at pleasure.

Finally Mary was secretly sent to an out-of-the-way neighborhood in the vain hope that the chill of absence might hinder what home rule had only served to help. But one day Jonas on a hunting excursion made the acquaintance of some youth, who, among other chitchat, happened to break into ecstatic praise of

the graces of a certain fair damsel who had recently come to live in a farm-house near their home. Of course the anvil missed Jonas for the next day, and the next, and the next, while he experienced the hospitalities of his new-found friends — and their neighbors. It was time for a recognition of the inevitable by all concerned, but when, and with what grace Mary's stubborn parents yielded, if at all, is not recorded. But what mattered that? Old John Prescott installed Jonas at the Nonacoicus Mill, and endowed him with all his Groton lands, and in Lancaster, December 14, 1672, Jonas and Mary were married. For over fifty years fortune smiled upon their union. Four sons and eight daughters graced their fireside, and the father was trusted and clothed with local dignities. In after time the memory of Jonas and Mary has been honored by many worthy descendants, and especially by the gallant services of Colonel William Prescott at Bunker Hill, and the literary renown of William Hickling Prescott, the historian.

In 1669, John Prescott was proclaimed a Freeman. He may have been long a Church member, or may not even at this date have yielded the conscientious scruples that had a quarter of a century earlier subjected him to the reproach of an ecclesiastical oligarchy. The laws concerning Freemen, in reluctant obedience to the letter of Charles II., were so changed in 1665 that those not Church members could become Freemen, if freeholders of a sufficient estate, and guaranteed by the local minister "to be Orthodox and not vicious in their lives." Prescott had the true Englishman's love of landed possessions, and about this time added a large tract to his acreage by purchase from his Indian neighbors. This transaction gave cause for the following petition:

*"To the honorable the Govr the Deputy Govr magts & Deputyes assembled in the generall Court:*

The Petition of Jno Prescott of Lanchaster, In most humble wise sheweth. Whereas ye Petition<sup>r</sup> hath purchased an Indian right to a small parcell of Land, occasioned and circumstanced for quantity & quality according to the deed of sale herevnto annexed and a pt. thereof not being legally settled vpon mee vnlesse I may obteyne the favor of this Court for the Confirmation thereof, These are humbly to request the Court's favor for that end, the Lord hauing dealt graciously with mee in giueing mee many children I account it my duty to endeaour their provision & settling and do hope that this may be of some vse in yt kind. I know not any claime made to the said land by any towne, or any legall right yt any other persons haue therein, and therefore are free for mee to occupy & subdue as any other, may I obteyne the Court's approbation. I shall not vse further motiues, my condition in other respects & wt my trouble & expenses haue been according to my poor ability in my place being not altogether vnknowne to some of ye Court. That ye Lord's prsence may be with & his blessing accompany all yo<sup>r</sup> psons, Counsells, & endeaours for his honor & ye weale of his poor people is ye pray<sup>r</sup> of

Yo<sup>r</sup> suppliant

JOHN PRESCOTT SEN<sup>R</sup>.

This request was referred to a special committee, composed of Edward Tyng, George Corwin and Humphrey Davie, who reported as follows :

"In Refference to this Petition the Comittee being well informed that the Petr is an ancient Planter and hath bin a vself helpfull and publique spirited man doinge many good offices ffor the Country, Relatinge to the Road to Conecticott, marking trees, directinge of Passengers &c, and that the Land Petitioned for beinge but about 107 Acres & Lyinge not very Convenient for any other Plantation, and only accomodable for the Petr, we judge it reasonable to Confirme the Indian Grant to him & his heyers if ye honored Court see meete."

This report was approved. James Wisner *alias* Quanapaug, the Christian Nashaway Chief, who appears as grantor of the land, was a warrior whose brav-

ery had been tested in the contest between the Nipmucks and the Mohawks ; and was so firm a friend of his white neighbors at Lancaster, that when Philip persuaded the tribe with its Sagamore Sam, to go upon the war path, James refused to join them. He even served as a spy and betrayed Philip's plans to the English at imminent risk of his life, doing his utmost to save Lancaster from destruction. General Daniel Gookin acknowledged that Quanapaug's information would have averted the horrible massacre of February 10, 1676, had it been duly heeded. The fact of the friendly relations existing between Prescott and the tribe whose fortified residence stood between the two Washacum ponds is interesting and confirms tradition. It is related that at his first coming he speedily won the respect of the savages, not only by his fearlessness and great physical strength, but by the power of his eye and his dignity of mien. They soon learned to stand in awe of his long musket and unerring skill as a marksman. He had brought with him from England a suit of mail, helmet and cuirass such as were worn by the soldiers of Cromwell. Clothed with these, his stately figure seemed to the sons of the forest something almost supernatural. One day some Indians, having taken away a horse of his, he put on his armor, pursued them alone, and soon overtook them. The chief of the party seeing him approach unsupported, advanced menacingly with uplifted tomahawk. Prescott dared him to strike, and was immediately taken at his word, but the rude weapon glanced harmless from the helmet, to the amazement of the red men. Naturally the Indian desired to try upon his own head so wonderful a hat, and the owner obligingly gratified him claiming the privilege, however, of using the tomahawk in return. The

helmet proving a scant fit, or its wearer neglecting to bring it down to its proper bearings, Prescott's vengeful blow not only astounded him but left very little cuticle on either side of his head, and nearly deprived him of ears. Prescott was permitted to jog home in peace upon his horse.

After hostilities began, it is said that at one time the savages set fire to his barn, but fled when he sallied out clad in armor with his dreaded gun; and thus he was enabled to save his stock, though the building was consumed. More than once attempts were made to destroy the mill, but a sight of the man in mail with the far reaching gun was enough to send them to a safe distance and rescue the property. Many stories have been told of Prescott's prowess, but some bear so close a resemblance to those credibly historic in other localities and of other heroes, that there attaches to them some suspicions of adaptation at least. Such perhaps is the story that in an assault upon the town "he had several muskets but no one in the house save his wife to assist him. She loaded the guns and he discharged them with fatal effect. The contest continued for nearly half an hour, Mr. Prescott all the while giving orders as if to soldiers, so loud that the Indians could hear him, to load their muskets though he had no soldiers but his wife. At length they withdrew carrying off several of their dead and wounded."

In 1673 Prescott had nearly attained the age of three score and ten. The weight of years that had been full of exposure, anxiety and toil rested heavily upon even his rugged frame, and some sharp touch of bodily ailment warning him of his mortality, he made his will. It is signed with "his mark," although he evidently tried to force his unwilling hand to its accustomed work, his pecul-

iar J being plainly written and followed by characters meant for the remaining letters of his first name. To earlier documents he was wont to affix a simple neat signature, and although not a clerkly penman like his friends John Tinker, Master Joseph Rowlandson and Ralph Houghton, his writing is superior to that of Major Simon Willard.

#### JOHN PRESCOTT'S WILL.

Theis presents witneseth that John Prescott of Lancaster in the Countie of Midlesex in New England Blaksmith being vnder the sensible decayes of nature and infirmities of old age and at present vnder a great deale of anguish and paine but of a good and sound memorie at the writing hereof being moved vpon considerations aforesaid together with advis of Christian friends to set his house in order in Reference to the dispose of those outward good things the lord in mercie hath bestrusted him with, theirowe the said John Prescott doth hereby declare his last will and testament to be as followeth, first and cheifly Comiting and Comending his soule to almightie god that gaue it him and his bodie to the comon burying place here in Lancaster, and after his bodie being orderly and decently buried and the Charge theirowe defrayed together with all due debts discharged, the Rest of his Lands and estate to be disposed of as followeth: first in Reference to the Comfortable being of his louing wife during the time of her naturall Life, it is his will that his said wife haue that end of the house where he and shee now dwelleth together with halfe the pasture and halfe the fruit of the aple trees and all the goods in the house, together with two cowes which shee shall Chuse and medow sufisiant for wintering of them, out of the medowes where she shall Chuse, the said winter pvision for the two cowes to be equally and seasonably pvided by his two sons John and Jonathan. And what this may fall short in Reference to convenient food and cloathing and other nesesaries for her comfort in sicknes and in health, to be equally pvided by the aforesaid John and Jonathan out of the estate. And at the death of his aforesaid louing wife it is his will that the said cowes and household goods be equally deuided betwene his two sons aforesaid, and the other part of the dwelling house, out housing, pasture and



orchard together with the tenn acres of house lott lying on Georges hill which was purchased of daniell gains to be equally deuided betwene the said John and Jonathan and alsoe that part of the house and outhousing what is Convenient for the two Cowes and their winter pvision pasture and orchard willed to his louing wife during her life, at her death to be equally deuided alsoe betwene the said John and Jonathan. And furthermore it is his will that John Prescott his eldest son haue the Intervalle land at John's Jumpe, the lower Mille and the land belonging to it and halfe the saw mille and halfe the land belonging to it and all the house and barne there erected, and alsoe the house and farme at Washacomb pond, and all the land their purchased from the indians and halfe the medowes in all deuisions in the towne accept sum litle part at bar hill wh. is after willed to James Sawyer and one halfe of the Comon Right in the towne, and in Reference to second deuision land, that part of it which lyeth at dan-forths farme both vpland and interuaille is willed to Jonathan and sixtie acres of that part at Washacom litle pond to James Sawyer and halfe of sum brushie land Capable of being made medow at the side of the great pine plain to be within the said James Sawyers sixtie acres and all the Rest of the second deuision land both vpland and Intervaille to be equally deuided betwene John Prescott and Jonathan aforementioned. And Jonathan Prescott his second son to haue the Ryefield and all the interuaille lott at Nashaway Riuer that part which he hath in posession and the other part joyneing to the highway and alsoe his part of second deuision land aforementioned and alsoe one halfe of all the medowes in all deuisions in the towne not willed to John Prescott and James Sawyer aforementioned, and alsoe the other halfe of the saw mille and land belonging to it, and it is to be vnderstood that all timber on the land belonging to both Corne Mille and Saw Mille be Comon to the vse of the Saw Mille. And in Reference to his third son Jonas Prescott it is herby declared that he hath Received a full childs portion at nonecoicus in a Corne mille and Lands and other goods. And James Sawyer his granchild and Servant it is his will that he haue the sixtie acres of vpland aforementioned and the two peices of medow at bare hill one being part of his second deuision the upermost peic on the brook and the other being part of his third deuision lying vpon Nashaway River purchased of godman Allin.

Prouided the said James Sawyer carie it beter then he did to his said granfather in his time and carie so as becoms an aprentic & vntil he be one and twentie years of age vnto the executors of this will namely John Prescott and Jonathan Prescott who are alsoe herby engaged to pforme vnto the said James what was pmised by his said granfather, which was to endeour to learne him the art and trade of a blaksmith. And in Case the said James doe not pforme on his part as is afor exprest to the satisfaction of the overseers of this will, or otherwise, If he doe not accept of the land aforementioned, then the said land and medow to be equally deuided betwene the aforesaid John and Jonathan. And in Reference to his three daughters, namely Marie, Sara and Lydia they to haue and Receive eurie of them fue pounds to be paid to them by the executors to eurie of them fiftie shillings by the yeare two years after the death of their father to be paid out of the mouables and Martha Ruge his granchild to haue a cow at the choic of her granmother, And it is the express will and charge of the testator to his wife and all his Children that they labor and endeour to preserue loue and unitie among themselves and the vpholding of Church and Comonwealth. And to the end that this his last will and testament may be truly pformed in all the parts of it, the said testator hath and herby doth constitut and apoynt his two sons namely John Prescott and Jonathan Prescott Joynt executors of this his last will. And for the preuention of after trouble among those that suruiue about the dispose of the estate according to this his will he hath hereby Chosen desired and apoynted the Reuerend Mr. Joseph Rowlandson, deacon Sumner and Ralph Houghton overseers of this his will; vnto whom all the parties concerned in this his will in all difficult Cases are to Repaire, and that nothing be done without their Consent and aprobaton. And furthermore in Reference to the mouables it is his will that his son John haue his anvill and after the debts and legacies aforementioned be truly paid and fully discharged by the executors and the speciall trust pformed vnto my wife during her life and at her death, in Respect of, sicknes funerall expences, the Remainder of the movables to be equally deuided betwene my two sons John and Jonathan aforementioned. And for a further and fuller declaration and confirmation of this will to be the last will and testament of the afoarnamed John Prescott he hath herevnto

put his hand and seale this 8 of 2 month one thousand six hundred seaventie three.

JOHN PRESCOTT.  
his *John* mark.

Sealed signed owned to be the Last will and testament of the testator aforesaid In the presence of

JOSEPH ROWLANDSON,  
ROGER SUMNER,  
RALPH HOUGHTON.

April 4: 82.

ROGER SUMNER,  
RALPH HOUGHTON, } Appearing in Court  
made oath to the above sd will,

JONATHAN REMINGTON, *Cleric.*"

But John Prescott's pilgrimage was far from ended, and severer chastenings than any yet experienced awaited him. He had survived to see the settlement that called him father, struggle upward from discouraging beginnings, to become a thriving and happy community of over fifty families. Where at his coming all had been pathless woods, now fenced fields and orchards yielded annually their golden and ruddy harvests; gardens bloomed; mechanic's plied their various crafts; herds wandered in lush meadows; bridges spanned the rivers, and roads wound through the landscape from cottage to cottage and away to neighboring towns. All this fair scene of industry and rural content, of which he might in modest truth say "*Magna pars fui*," he lived to see in a single day made more desolate than the howling wilderness from which it had been laboriously conquered. He was spared to see dear neighbors and kindred massacred in every method of revolting atrocity, and their wives and children carried into loathsome captivity by foes more relentlessly cruel than wolves. When now weighed down with age and bodily infirmities, the rest he had thought won was to be denied him, and he and his were driven from the ashes of pleasant homes — about which clustered the memories of thirty years' joys and sorrows — to beg shelter from

the charity of strangers. For more than three years his enforced banishment endured. In October 1679, John Prescott with his sons John and Jonathan, his sons-in-law Thomas Sawyer and John Rugg, his grand-son Thomas Sawyer, Jr. and his neighbor's John Moore, Thomas Wilder, and Josiah White, petitioned the Middlesex Court for permission to resettle the town, and their prayer was granted. Soon most of the inhabitants who had survived the massacre and exile, were busily building new homes, some upon the cinders of the old, others upon their second division lands east of the rivers where they were less exposed to the stealthy incursions of their savage enemies. The two John Prescotts rebuilt the mills and dwelt there. Whether the pioneer's life long helpmate died before their settlement, in exile, or shortly after the return, has not been ascertained, but it would seem that he survived her. Jonathan having married a second wife remained in Concord. For two years the old man lived with his eldest son, seeing the Nashaway Valley blooming with the fruits of civilized labor; seeing new families filling the woeful gaps made in the old by Philip's warriors; seeing children and grandchildren grasping the implements that had fallen from the nerveless hold of the earliest bread-winners, with hopeful and pertinacious purpose to extend the paternal domain; seeing too, may we not trust, from the Pisgah height of prophetic vision the glorious promise awaiting this his Canaan; these softly rounded hills and broad valleys dotted with the winsome homes of thousands of freemen; churches and schools, shops of artisans, and busy marts of trade clustered about his mill site; and, above all, seeing the assertion of political freedom and liberty of conscience which Governor John Winthrop had re-

proached him for favoring in the petition of Robert Child, become the corner stone of a giant republic.

No record of John Prescott's death is found; but when upon his death bed, feeling that the changed condition of his own and his son Jonathan's affairs required some modification of the will made in 1673, he summoned two of his townsmen to hear his nuncupative codicil to that document. From the affidavit, here appended, it is certain that his death occurred about the middle of December, 1681.

"The Deposition of Thos: Wilder aged 37 years sworn sayth that being with Jno: Prescott Senr About six hours before he died he ye<sup>s</sup>d Jno. Prescott gaue to his eldest sonn Jno: Prescott his house lott with all belonging

to ye same & ye two mills, corn mill & saw mill with ye land belonging thereto & three scor Acors of land nere South medow and fourty Acors of land nere Wonchesix & a pece of enteruile caled Johns Jump & Bridge medow on both sids ye Brook. Cyprian Steevens Testifieth to all ye truth Aboue writen.

DECEM. 20. 81.

Sworn in Court. J. R. C."

Though two or more years short of fourscore at the time of his death he was Lancaster's oldest inhabitant. His fellow pioneer, Lawrence Waters, who was the elder by perhaps a years, till survived, though blind and helpless; but he dwelt with a son in Charlestown, after the destruction of his home, and never returned to Lancaster. John and Ralph Houghton, much younger men, were now the veterans of the town.

## A GLIMPSE.

BY MARY H. WHEELER.

We met but once; 'twas many years ago.

I walked, with others, idly through the grounds

Where thou did'st minister in daily rounds.

I knew thee by thy garb, all I might know,

Sister of Charity, in hood like snow.

My heart was weary with the sight and sounds  
Of sick and suffering soldiers in the wards below.

Disgusted with my thoughts of war and wounds.

'Twas then, by sudden chance, I met thine eyes.

What saw I there? A light from heaven above,

A gleam of calm, self-sacrificing love,

A smile that fill'd my heart with glad surprise,

Reflected in my breast an answering glow,

And haunts me still, wherever I may go.



## EARLY HISTORY OF THE BERMUDA ISLANDS.

By JAMES H. STARK.

The singular collection of islands known as the Bermudas are situated about seven hundred miles from Boston, in a southeast direction, and about the same distance from Halifax, or Florida. The nearest land to Bermuda is Cape Hatteras, distant 625 miles.

Within sixty-five hours' sail from New York it is hardly possible to find so complete a change in government, climate, scenery and vegetation, as Bermuda offers; and yet these islands are strangely unfamiliar to most well-informed Americans.

Speaking our own language, having the same origin, with manners, which in many ways illustrate those prevalent in New England a century ago, the people are bound to us by many natural ties; and it is only now that these islands, having come to the front as a winter resort, have led us to inquire into their history and resources. Settled in 1612, Virginia only of the English colonies

outdating it, life in Bermuda has been as placid as its lovely waters on a summer day; no agitation of sufficient occurrence having occurred to attract the attention of the outside world, from which it is so absolutely isolated.

The only communication with the mainland is by the Quebec Steamship Company, who dispatch a steamer every alternate Thursday between New York and Hamilton, Bermuda, the fare for the round trip, including meals and state-

room, is fifty dollars. During the crop season, in the months of April, May and June, steamers are run weekly.

The Cunard Company also have a monthly service between Halifax, Bermuda, Turks Island and Jamaica, under contract with the Admiralty.

The Bermudas were first discovered in 1515 by a Spanish vessel, called *La Garza*, on a voyage from Spain to Cuba, with a cargo of hogs, and commanded by Juan Bermudez, and having on board Gonzalez Oviedo, the historian of the Indies, to whom we are indebted for the first account of these islands. They approached near to the islands, and from the appearance of the place

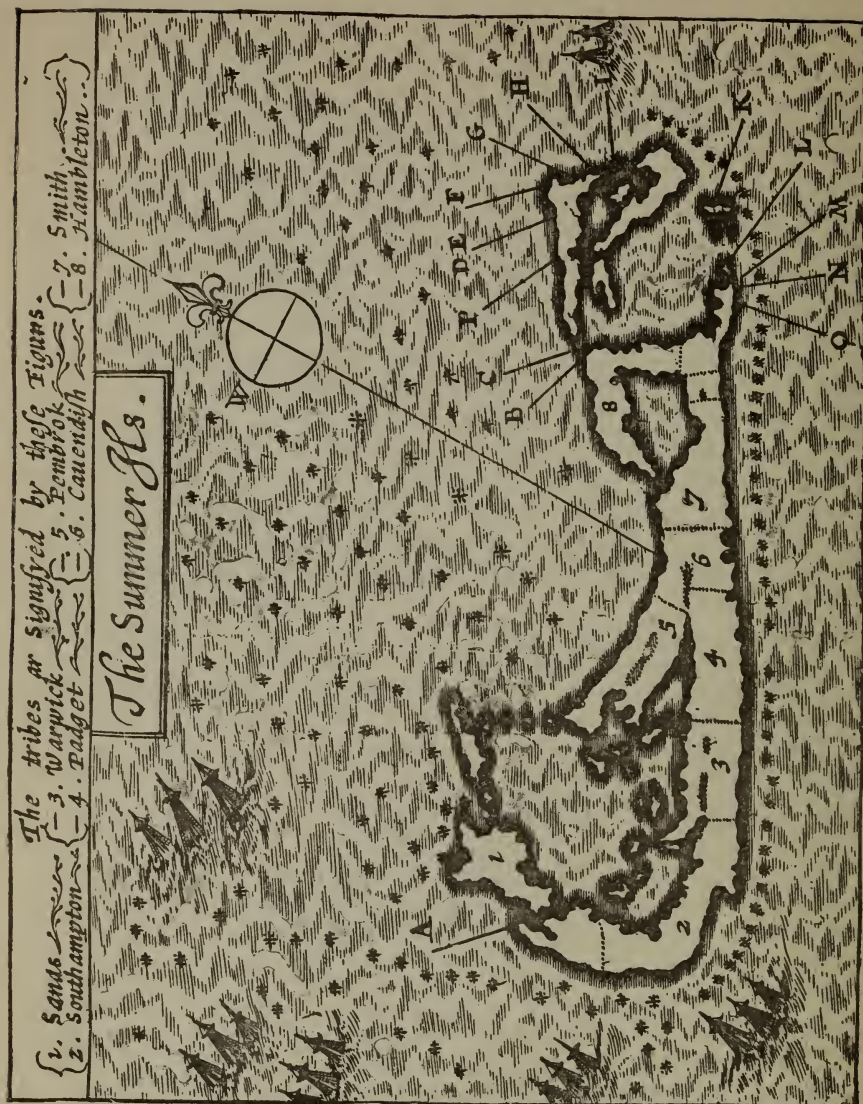
concluded that it was uninhabited. They resolved to send a boat ashore to make observations, and leave a few hogs, which might breed and be afterwards useful. When, however, they were preparing to debark a strong contrary gale arose, which obliged them to sheer off and be



INSCRIPTION ON SPANISH ROCK.

content with the view already obtained. The islands were named by the Spaniards indifferently, *La Garza* from the ship and *Bermuda* from the captain, but the former term is long since disused.

It does not appear that the Spaniards made any attempt to settle there, although Philip II. granted the islands to one Ferdinand Camelo, a Portuguese, who never improved his gift, beyond taking possession by the form of landing in 1543, and carving on a promi-



Fac-simile reproduction of a Map of Bermuda made in 1614 by Captain John Smith.

ment cliff on the southern shore of the island\* the initials of his name and the year, to which, in conformity with the practical zeal of the times, he super-added a cross, to protect his acquisition from the encroachments of roving heretics and the devil, for the stormy seas and dangerous reefs gave rise to so

\* This inscription is still in existence, the engraving shown herewith is a good representation of it, as it appears at the present time.

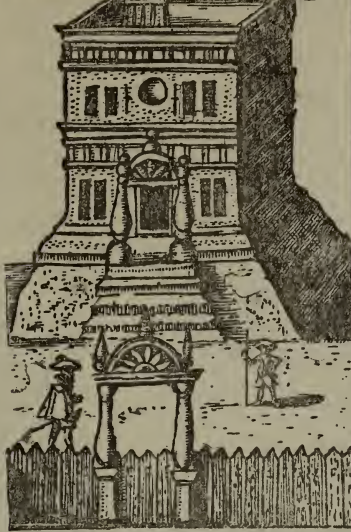
many disasters as to render the group exceedingly formidable in the eyes of the most experienced navigators. It was even invested in their imagination with superstitious terrors, being considered as unapproachable by man, and given up in full dominion to the spirits of darkness. The Spaniards therefore called them "Los Diabolos," the Devil's Islands.

These islands were first introduced to



the notice of the English by a dreadful shipwreck. In 1591 Henry May sailed to the East Indies, along with Captain Lancaster, on a buccaneering expedition. Having reached the coast of Sumatra and Malacca, they scoured the adjacent seas, and made some valuable captures. In 1593 they again doubled the Cape of Good Hope and returned to the West Indies for supplies, which they much needed. They first came in sight of Trinidad, but did not dare to approach a coast which was in possession of the Spaniards, and their distress became so great that it was with the utmost difficulty that the men could be prevented from leaving the ship. They shortly afterwards fell in with a French buccaneer, commanded by La Barbotiere, who kindly relieved their wants by a gift of bread and provisions. Their stores were soon again exhausted, and, coming across the French ship the second

## State house

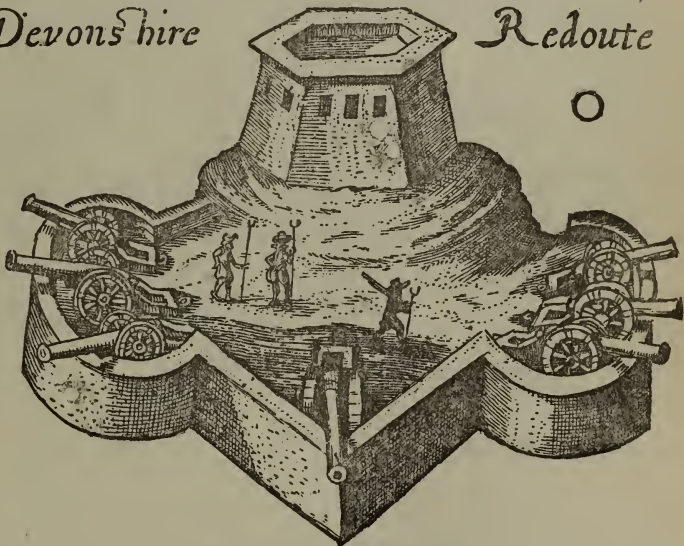


View of the State House and reference as to location of the fort, bridges, etc., shown herewith on Smith's map of 1614. (Fac-simile reproduction).

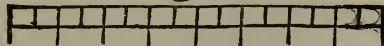
Thes Letters  
A.B.C. shew  
the sittuation of  
the 3 bridges P  
the Mount.D.E.  
F.G.H.I.K.L.M.  
N.O. y<sup>e</sup> forts how  
and by whom they  
wer made the histo:  
ry will shew you.  
The discription of y<sup>e</sup> land  
by M<sup>r</sup> Norwood \*  
All contracted into this order  
by Captaine John Smith.

## Devonshire

## Redoute



## A Scale of 8 Miles



time, application was made to the French Captain for more supplies, but he declared that his own stock was so much reduced that he could spare but little, but the sailors persuaded themselves

time, application was made to the French Captain for more supplies, but he declared that his own stock was so much reduced that he could spare but little, but the sailors persuaded themselves



that the Frenchman's scarcity was feigned, and also that May, who conducted the negotiations, was regailing himself with good cheer on board without any trouble about their distress. Among these men, inured to bold and desperate deeds, a company was formed to seize the French pinnacle, and then to capture the large vessel with its aid.

they approached Bermuda strict watch was kept while they supposed themselves to be near that dreaded spot, but when the pilot declared that they were twelve leagues south of it they threw aside all care and gave themselves up to carousing. Amid their jollity, about midnight, the ship struck with such violence that she immediately filled and



St. George's and Warwick Fort in 1614. (Fac-simile of Smith's engraving.)

They succeeded in their first object, but the French Captain, who observed their actions, sailed away at full speed, and May, who was dining with him on board at the time, requested that he might stay and return home on the vessel so that he could inform his employers of the events of the voyage and the unruly behavior of the crew. As

sank. They had only a small boat, to which they attached a hastily-constructed raft to be towed along with it; room, however, was made for only twenty-six, while the crew exceeded fifty. In the wild and desperate struggle for existence that ensued May fortunately got into the boat. They had to beat about nearly all the next day, dragging the raft

after them, and it was almost dark before they reached the shore ; they were tormented with thirst, and had nearly despaired of finding a drop of water when some was discovered in a rock where the rain waters had collected.

The land was covered with one unbroken forest of cedar. Here they would have to remain for life unless a vessel could be constructed. They made a voyage to the wreck and secured the shrouds, tackles and carpenters' tools, and then began to cut down the cedars, with which they constructed a vessel of eighteen tons. For pitch they took lime, rendered adhesive by a mixture of turtle oil, and forced it into the seams, where it became hard as stone.

During a residence of five months here May had observed that Bermuda, hitherto supposed to be a single island, was broken up into a number of islands of different sizes, enclosing many fine bays, and forming good harbors. The vessel being finished they set sail for Newfoundland, expecting to meet fishing vessels there, on which they could obtain passage to Europe. On the eleventh of May they found themselves with joy clear of the islands. They had a very favorable voyage, and on the twentieth arrived at Cape Breton. May arrived in England in August, 1594, where he gave a description of the islands ; he stated that they found hogs running wild all over the islands, which proves that this was not the first landing made there.

It was owing to a shipwreck that Bermuda again came under the view of the English, and that led England to appropriate these islands.

In 1609, during the most active period of the colonization of Virginia, an expedition of nine ships, commanded by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers and Captain Newport, bound for Virginia, was dispersed by a great storm.

One of the vessels, the *Sea Adventure*, in which were Gates, Somers and Newport, seems to have been involved in the thickest of the tempest. The vessel sprung a leak, which it was found impossible to stop. All hands labored at the pumps for life, even the Governor and Admiral took their turns, and gentlemen who had never had an hour's hard work in their life toiled with the rest. The water continued to gain on them, and when about to give up in despair, Sir George Somers, who had been watching at the poop deck day and night, cried out land, and there in the early dawn of morning could be seen the welcome sight of land. Fortunately they lighted on the only secure entrance through the reefs. The vessel was run ashore and wedged between two rocks, and thereby was preserved from sinking, till by means of a boat and skiff the whole crew of one hundred and fifty, with provisions, tackle and stores, reached the land. At that time the hogs still abounded, and these, with the turtle, birds and fish which they caught, afforded excellent food for the castaways. The Isle of Devils Sir George Somers and party found "the richest, healthfullest and pleasantest" they ever saw.

Robert Walsingham and Henry Shelly discovered two bays abounding in excellent fish ; these bays are still called by their names. Gates and Somers caused the long boat to be decked over, and sent Raven, the mate, with eight men, to Virginia to bring assistance to them, but nothing was ever heard of them afterwards, and after waiting six months all hopes were then given up. The chiefs of the expedition then determined to build two vessels of cedar, one of eighty tons and one of thirty. Their utmost exertions, however, did not prevent disturbances, which nearly baffled the enterprise. These were fomented by pe-





Entrance to St. Georges Harbor, between Smith's and Paget's Islands. (Fac-simile re-production of Smith's engraving, 1614.)

sons noted for their religious zeal, of Puritan principles and the accompanying spirit of independence. They represented that the recent disaster had dissolved the authority of the Gov-

be hanged, but, on the plea of being a gentleman, his sentence was commuted into that of being shot, which was immediately done. This had a salutary effect, and prevented any further trouble.

ernor, and their business was now to provide, as they best could, for themselves and their families. They had come out in search of an easy and plentiful subsistence, which could nowhere be found in greater perfection and security than here, while in Virginia its attainment was not only doubtful, but attended with many hardships. These arguments were so convincing with the larger number of the men that, had it rested with them, they would have lived and died on the islands.

Two successive conspiracies were formed by large parties to separate from the rest and form a colony. Both were defeated by the vigilance of Gates, who allowed the ringleaders to escape with a slight punishment. This lenity only emboldened the malcontents, and a third plot was formed to seize the stores and take entire possession of the islands. It was determined to make an example of one of the leaders named Payne; he was condemned to



Two children, a boy and girl, were born during this period; the former was christened Bermudas and the latter Bermuda; they were probably the first human beings born on these islands.

Before leaving the islands Gates caused a cross to be made of the wood saved from the wreck of his ship, which he secured to a large cedar; a silver coin with the king's head was placed in the middle of it, together with an inscription on a copper plate describing what had happened — That the cross was the remains of a ship of three hundred tons, called the Sea Venture, bound with eight more to Virginia; that she contained two knights, Sir Thomas Gates, governor of the colony, and Sir George Summers, admiral of the seas, who, together with her captain, Christopher Newport, and one hundred and fifty mariners and passengers besides, had got safe ashore, when she was lost, July 28, 1609.

On the tenth of May, 1610, they sailed with a fair wind, and, before reaching the open sea, they struck on a rock and were nearly wrecked the second time. On the twenty-third they

arrived safely at Jamestown. This settlement they found in a most destitute condition on their arrival, and it was determined to abandon the place, but Sir George Summers, "whose noble mind ever regarded the general good more than his own ends," offered to undertake a voyage to the Bermudas for the purpose of forming a settlement, from



View of ancient forts. (Re-produced from Smith's engraving, 1614.)



Entrance to Castle Harbor, between Castle and Southampton Islands. (Fac-simile re-production of Smith's engraving, 1614.)

which supplies might be obtained for the Jamestown colony. He accordingly sailed June 19, in his cedar vessel, and his name was then given to the islands, though Bermuda has since prevailed.

possession. They at length resolved to build a boat and sail for Newfoundland with their prize, but, happily for them, they were prevented by the arrival of a ship from Europe. An

Contrary winds and storms carried him to the northward, to the vicinity of Cape Cod. Somers persevered and reached the islands, but age, anxiety and exertion contributed to produce his end. Perceiving the approach of death he exhorted his companions to continue their exertions for the benefit of the plantations, and to return to Virginia. Alarmed at the untimely fate of their leader, the colonists embalmed his body, and disregarding his dying injunction, sailed for England. Three only of the men volunteered to remain, and for some time after their companions left they continued to cultivate the soil, but unfortunately they found some ambergris, and they fell into innumerable quarrels respecting its



extraordinary interest was excited in England by the relation of Captain Mathew Somers, the nephew and heir of Sir George. The usual exaggerations were published, and public impressions were heightened by contrast with the dark ideas formerly prevalent concerning these islands. A charter was obtained of King James I., and one hundred and twenty gentlemen detached themselves from the Virginia company and formed a company under the name and style of the Governor and Company of the City of London, for the plantation of the Somer Islands.

On the twenty-eighth of April, 1612, the first ship was sent out with sixty emigrants, under the charge of Richard Moore, who was appointed the Governor of the colony. They met the boat containing the three men left on the island, who were overjoyed at seeing the ship, and conducted her into the harbor. It was not long before intelligence of the discovery of the ambergris reached the Governor; he promptly deprived the three men of it. One of them named Chard, who denied all knowledge of it, and caused considerable disturbance, which at one time seemed likely to result in a sanguinary encounter, was condemned to be hanged, and was only reprieved when on the ladder.

The Governor now applied himself actively to his duties. He had originally landed on Smith's Island, but he soon removed to the spot where St. George's now stands, and built the town which was named after Sir George Somers, and which became, and remained for two centuries, the capital of Bermuda. He laid the foundation of eight or nine forts for the defence of the harbor, and also trained the men to arms in order that they might defend the infant colony from attack. This proved necessary, for, in 1614, two Spanish ships at-

tempted to enter the harbor; the forts were promptly manned and two shots fired at the enemy, who, finding them better prepared than they imagined, bore away.

Before the close of 1615 six vessels had arrived with three hundred and forty passengers, among whom were a Marshall and one Bartlett, who were sent out expressly to divide the colony into tribes or shares; but the Governor finding no mention of any shares for himself, and the persons with him, as had been agreed on, forbade his proceeding with his survey. The survey was afterward made by Richard Norwood, which divided the land into tribes, now parishes; these shares form the foundation of the land tenure of the islands, even to this day, the divisional lines in many cases yet remaining intact. Moore, whose time had expired, went back to England in 1615, leaving the administration of the government to six persons, who were to rule, each in turn, one month. They proceeded to elect by lot their first ruler, the choice falling upon Charles Caldicot, who then went, with a crew of thirty-two men, in a vessel to the West Indies for the purpose of procuring plants, goats and young cattle for the islands. The vessel was wrecked there, and the crew were indebted to an English pirate for being rescued from a desert island on which they had been cast.

For a time the colony was torn by contention and discord, as well as by scarcity of food. The news of these dissensions having reached England the company sent out Daniel Tucker as Governor. Tucker was a stern, hard master, and he enforced vigorous measures to compel the people to work for the company. The provisions and stores he issued in certain quantities, and paid each laborer a stated sum in brass coin,



struck by the proprietor for the purpose, having a hog on one side, in commemoration of the abundance of those animals found by the first settlers, and on the reverse a ship. Pieces of this curious hog money, as it is called, is frequently found, and it brings a high price.

Shortly after Governor Tucker arrived he sent to the West Indies for plants and fruit trees. The vessel returned with figs, pine-apples, sugar-cane, plantain and paw-paw, which were all planted and rapidly multiplied. This vessel also brought the first slaves into the colony, an Indaian and a negro.

The company dispatched a small bark, called the Hopewell, with supplies for the colony, under the command of Captain Powell. On his way he met a Portuguese vessel homeward bound from Brazil, with a cargo of sugar, and, as Smith adds, "liked the sugar and passengers so well" he made a prize of her. Fearing to face Governor Tucker after this piratical act he directed his course to the West Indies. On his arrival there he met a French pirate, who pretended to have a warm regard for him, and invited him, with his officers, to an entertainment. Suspecting nothing he accepted the invitation, but

no sooner had they been well seated at the table than they were all seized and threatened with instant death, unless they surrendered their prize. This Powell was, of course, compelled to do, and finding his provisions failing him he put the Portuguese crew on shore and sailed for Bermuda, where he managed to excuse himself to the Governor. Powell again went to the West Indies pirating, and in May he arrived with three prizes, laden with meal, hides, and ammunition. Tucker received him kindly and

treated him with consideration, until he had the goods in his own possession, when he reproached the Captain with his piratical conduct and called him to account for his proceedings. The unlucky buccaneer was, in the end, glad to escape to England, leaving his prizes in the hands of the Governor.

The discipline and hard labor required of the people reduced them to a condition but little better than that of slaves, and caused many to make desperate efforts to escape from the islands. Five persons, neither of whom were sailors, built a fishing boat for the Governor, and when completed they borrowed a compass from their preacher, for whom they left a farewell epistle. In this they reminded him how often



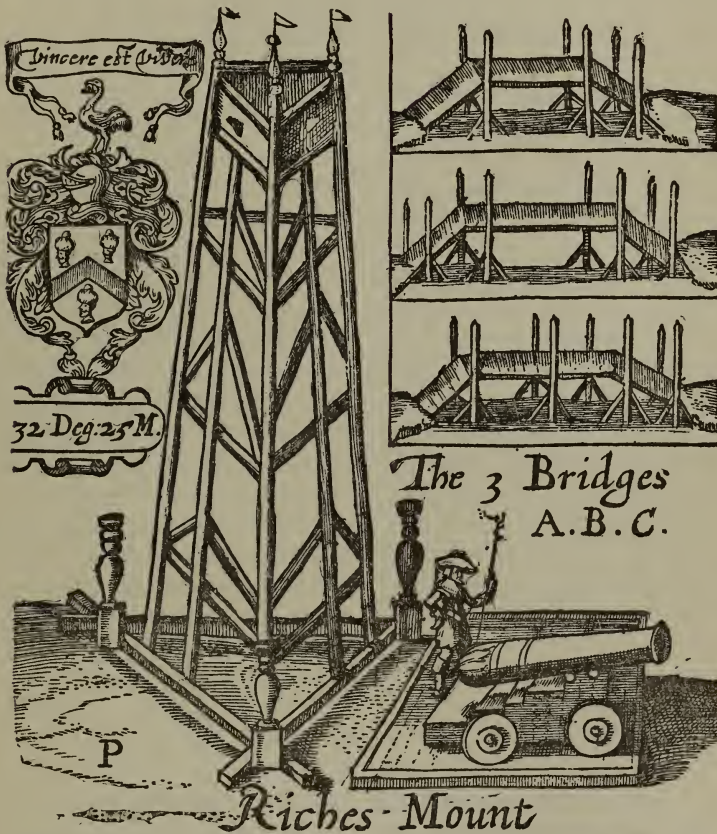
HOG MONEY.

he had exhorted them to patience under ill-treatment, and had told them how Providence would pay them, if man did not. They trusted, therefore, that he would now practice what he had so often preached.

These brave men endured great hardships in their boat of three tons during their rash voyage; but at the end of

ened to hang the whole of them if they returned.

Another party of three, one of whom was a lady, attempted in a like manner to reach Virginia, but were never afterwards heard of. Six others were discovered before they effected their departure, and one was executed. John Wood, who was found guilty of speak-



Reproduction of Smith's engraving, 1614, showing his coat of arms with the three Turk heads.

about forty-two days they arrived at Ireland, where their exploit was considered so wonderful that the Earl of Thomond caused them to be received and entertained, and hung up their boat as a monument of this extraordinary voyage. The Governor was greatly exasperated at their escape, and threat-

ing "many distasteful and mutinous speeches against the Governor," was also condemned and executed.

As there were at that time only about five hundred inhabitants on these islands, it would appear from Captain Smith's History that Tucker hanged a good percentage of them. Many were



the complaints that were forwarded to England concerning the tyrannical government of Tucker, and he, fearing to be recalled, at last returned to England of his own accord, having appointed a person named Kendall as his deputy.

Kendall was disposed to be attentive to his office, but wanted energy, and the company took an early opportunity to relieve him; this was not very agreeable to the people, but they did not offer any resistance.

Governor Butler arrived with four ships and five hundred men on the twentieth of October, 1619, which raised the number of the colonists to 1000, and at his departure three years later, it had increased to 1500.

On the first of August, 1620, in conformity with instructions sent out by the company, the Governor summoned the first general assembly at St. George's for the dispatch of public business. It consisted of the Governor, Council, Bailiffs, Burgesses, Secretary, and Clerk. It appears that they all sat in one house, which was probably the "State House" shown on Smith's engraving. Most of the Acts passed on this occasion were creditable to the new legislators.

Governor Butler, as Moore had done before him, turned his chief attention to the building of forts and magazines; he also finished the cedar Church at St. George's, and caused the assembly to pass an Act for the building of three bridges, and then initiated the useful project of connecting together the principal islands. When Governor Butler returned to England he left the islands in a greatly improved condition. But in his time, also, there were such frequent mutinies and discontent, that at last "he longed for deliverance from his thankless and troublesome employment." It was probably during Gov-

ernor Butler's administration that \*Captain John Smith had a map and illustrations of the "Summer Ils" made, for in it we find the three bridges, numerous well-constructed forts, and the State House at St. George's. The map and illustrations were published in "Smith's General Historie of Virginia, New England and the Summer Ils" 1624; they are of the greatest value and importance, as they show accurately the class of buildings and forts erected on these islands at that early period; such details even are entered into as the showing of the stocks in the market place of St. George's, and the architecture and the substantial manner in which the buildings were constructed is remarkable, especially so when it is considered that previous to 1620 the Puritans had not settled at Plymouth, and it was ten years from that date before the settlement of Boston; in fact, with the exception of Jamestown in Virginia, the English had not secured a foot-hold in North America at the time these buildings and forts were constructed. There are very few copies of this rare print in existence, even in Smith's history it is usually found wanting, and it was only after considerable trouble and expense that the writer succeeded in obtaining a reproduction of it.

The early history of Bermuda is in many important points similar to that of New England. Like motives had in most instances induced emigration, and the distinguished characteristics of those people were repeated here.

Like the Salem and Boston colonists they had their witchcraft delusions, an-

\* Captain John Smith was never in Bermuda. He derived all his information from his opportunities as a member of the Virginia Company, and from correspondence or personal narratives of returned planters. This was his habitual way, as is shown by the number of authorities that he quotes. He probably obtained the sketches, from which these illustrations were made, from Richard Norwood, the schoolmaster.



ticipating that, however, some twenty years, Christian North was tried for it in 1668, but was acquitted. Somewhat later a negro woman, Sarah Basset, was burned at Paget for the same offence.

The Quakers were persecuted by fines, imprisonment, and banishment, by the stern and dark-souled Puritans, who had emigrated to this place to escape oppression, and to enjoy religious toleration, but were not willing to grant to others who differed from them in their religious belief the same privileges as they themselves enjoyed.

The company discovered by degrees that the Bermudas were not the Eldorado which they had fondly imagined them to be. The colonists were now numerous, and every day showed a strong disposition to break away from the control of the company. The company had issued an order forbidding the inhabitants to receive any ships but such as were commissioned by them. The company complained against the quality of tobacco shipped to London, as well as the quantity.

The people were forbidden to cut cedar without a special license, and as they were in the habit of exporting oranges in chests made of this wood, the regulation operated very materially to the injury of the place. Previous to this order many homeward-bound West Indiamen arrived at Castle Harbor to load with this fruit for the English market. Whaling was claimed as an exclusive privilege, and was conducted for the sole benefit of the proprietors. Numerous attempts were made to boil sugar, but the company directed the Governor to prevent it, as it would require too much wood for fuel.

In consequence of instructions from England Governor Turner called upon all the inhabitants of the islands to take the oath of supremacy and allegiance to

his majesty, but as the Puritans had left their native country on account of their republican sentiments, they refused to comply, and the prisons were soon filled to overflowing.

The rapid change of affairs in England during the civil war, in which the Puritans were victorious, and Cromwell was elevated to the Protectorship, opened the doors of the prisons, and stopped all further persecutions, both political and religious.

It must be said in favor of the company that they had, at an early period, established schools throughout the colony, and appropriated lands in most of the tribes or parishes, for the maintenance of the teachers.

From 1630 to 1680 many negro and Indian slaves were brought to the colony; the negroes from Africa and the West Indies, and a large number of Indians from Massachusetts, prisoners taken in the Pequot and King Philip's wars. The traces of their Indian ancestry can readily be seen in many of the colored people of these islands at the present time.

In October, 1661, the Protestant inhabitants were alarmed by rumors of a proposed combination between the negroes and the Irish. The plan was to arm themselves and massacre the whites who were not Catholics. Fortunately the plot was discovered in time, and measures adopted to disarm the slaves and the disaffected.

The proprietary form of government continued until 1685, with a long succession of good, bad, and indifferent Governors.

Many acts of piracy were perpetrated at different times by the inhabitants of these islands. In 1665 Captain John Wentworth made a descent upon the island of Tortola and brought off about ninety slaves, the property of the Gov-

error of the place. Governor Seymour received a letter from him in which he stated that "upon the ninth day of July there came hither against me a pirate or sea robber, named John Wentworth, the which over-run my lands, and that against the will of mine owne inhabits, and shewed himself a tyrant, in robbing and firing, and took my negroes from my Isle, belonging to no man but myself. And likewise I doe understand that this said John Wentworth, a sea robber, is an indweller with you, soe I desire that you would punish this rogue, according to your good law. I desire you, soe soon as you have this truth of mine, if you don't of yourself, restore all my negroes againe, whereof I shall stay here three months, and in default of this, soe be assured, that wee shall speake together very shortly, and then I shall be my owne judge."

This threatening letter caused great consternation, and immediately steps were taken to place the colony in the best posture for defence, reliance being had on the impregnability of the islands, instead of delivering up the plunder, especially as Captain Wentworth held a commission from the Governor and Council, and acted under their instructions.

Isaac Richier, who became Governor of the colony in 1691, was another celebrated freebooter. The account of his reign reads like a romance. The love of gold, and the determination to possess it, was the one idea of his statesmanship. He was a pirate at sea and a brigand on land. Nevertheless, it does not appear that any of his misdeeds, such as hanging innocent people, and robbing British ships, as well as others, led to his recall, or caused any degree of indignation which such conduct usually arouses. The fact appears to

be that, although Governor Richier was a bold, bad man, yet few of his subjects were entitled to throw the first stone at his excellency.

Benjamin Bennett became Governor of the colony in 1701. At this time the Bahama Islands had become a rendezvous for pirates, and a few years later, King George the First issued a proclamation for their dislodgment. Governor Bennett accordingly dispatched a sloop, ordering the marauders to surrender. Those who were on shore on his arrival gladly accepted the opportunity to escape, and declared that they did not doubt but that their companions who were at sea would follow their example. Captain Henry Jennings and fifteen others sailed for Bermuda, and were soon followed by four other Captains — Leslie, Nichols, Hornigold, and Burges, with one hundred men, who all surrendered.

In 1710 the Spaniards made a descent on Turk's Island, which had been settled by the Bermudians for the purpose of gathering salt, and took possession of the island, making prisoners of the people. The Bermudians, at their own expense and own accord, dispatched a force under Captain Lewis Middleton to regain possession of the Bahama Cays. The expedition was successful, and a victory gained over the Spaniards, and they were driven from the islands; they still, however, continued to make predatory attacks on the salt-rakers at the ponds, and on the vessels going for and carrying away salt. To repel these aggressions and afford security to their trade, the Bermudians went to the expense of arming their vessels.

In 1775 the discontent in the American provinces had broken out into open opposition to the crown, and the people were forbidden to trade with their

late fellow subjects. Bermuda suffered great want in consequence, for at this period, instead of exporting provisions the island had become dependent on the continent for the means of subsistence. This, together with the fact that many of the people possessed near relatives engaged in the struggle with the crown, tended to destroy good feelings towards the British government. These circumstances must be considered in order to judge fairly of the following transaction, which has always been regarded to have cast a stain upon the patriotism and loyalty of the Bermudians.

At the outbreak of the American Revolution, two battles were fought in the vicinity of Boston — Lexington and Bunker Hill, after which all intercourse with the surrounding country ceased, and Boston was reduced to a state of siege. Civil war commenced in all its horrors; the sundering of social ties; the burning of peaceful homes; the butchery of kindred and friends.

Washington was appointed by the Continental Congress, Commander-in-Chief of the American forces, and on July 3, 1775, two weeks after the battle of Bunker Hill, he took formal command of the army at Cambridge. In a letter to the President of Congress notifying him of his safe arrival there, he made the following statement. "Upon the article of ammunition, I must re-echo the former complaints on this subject. We are so exceedingly destitute that our artillery will be of little use without a supply both large and seasonable. What we have must be reserved for the small arms, and that well managed with the utmost frugality." A few weeks later General Washington wrote the following letter on the same subject.\*

TO GOVERNOR COOKE, OF RHODE ISLAND.

Camp at Cambridge, 4 August, 1775.

Sir,

\* \* \* \* \*

I am now, Sir, in strict confidence, to acquaint you, that our necessities in the articles of powder and lead are so great, as to require an immediate supply. I must earnestly entreat that you will fall upon some measure to forward every pound of each in your colony that can possibly be spared. It is not within the propriety or safety of such a correspondence to say what I might on this subject. It is sufficient that the case calls loudly for the most strenuous exertions of every friend of his country, and does not admit of the least delay. No quantity, however small, is beneath notice, and, should any arrive, I beg it may be forwarded as soon as possible.

But a supply of this kind is so precarious, not only from the danger of the enemy, but the opportunity of purchasing, that I have revolved in my mind every other possible chance, and listened to every proposition on the subject which could give the smallest hope. Among others I have had one mentioned which has some weight with me, as well as the other officers to whom I have proposed it. A Mr. Harris has lately come from Bermuda, where there is a very considerable magazine of powder in a remote part of the island; and the inhabitants are well disposed, not only to our cause in general, but to assist in this enterprise in particular. We understand there are two armed vessels in your province, commanded by men of known activity and spirit; one of which, it is proposed to despatch on this errand with such assistance as may be requisite. Harris is to go along, as the conductor of the enterprise, that we may avail ourselves of his knowledge of the island; but without any command. I am very sensible, that at first view the project may appear hazardous; and its success must depend on the concurrence of many circumstances; but we are in a situation, which requires us to run all risks. No danger is to be considered, when put in competition with the magnitude of the cause, and the absolute necessity we are under of increasing our stock. Enterprises, which appear chimerical, often prove successful from that very circumstance. Common sense and prudence will suggest vigilance and care, where the danger is plain and obvious; but where little danger is apprehended, the more the enemy

\* Writings of George Washington, by J. Sparks, vol. iii, page 47.



will be unprepared; and consequently there is the fairest prospect of success.

Mr. Brown has been mentioned to me as a very proper person to be consulted upon this occasion. You will judge of the propriety of communicating it to him in part or the whole, and as soon as possible favor me with your sentiments, and the steps you may have taken to forward it. If no immediate and safe opportunity offers, you will please to do it by express. Should it be inconvenient to part with one of the armed vessels, perhaps some other might be fitted out, or you could devise some other mode of executing this plan; so that, in case of a disappointment, the vessel might proceed to some other island to purchase.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

G. Washington.

This plan was approved by the Governor and Committee of Rhode Island, and Captain Abraham Whipple agreed to engage in the affair, provided General Washington would give him a certificate under his own hand, that in case the Bermudians would assist the undertaking, he would recommend to the Continental Congress to permit the exportation of provisions to those islands from the colonies.

General Washington accordingly sent the following address to the Bermudians.\*

TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE ISLAND  
OF BERMUDA.

Camp at Cambridge, 6 September, 1775.

Gentlemen:

In the great conflict, which agitates this continent, I cannot doubt but the assertors of freedom and the rights of the constitution are possessed of your most favorable regards and wishes for success. As descendants of free-men, and heirs with us of the same glorious inheritance, we flatter ourselves, that, though divided by our situation, we are firmly united in sentiment. The cause of virtue and liberty is confined to no continent or climate. It comprehends, within its capacious limits, the wise and good, how-

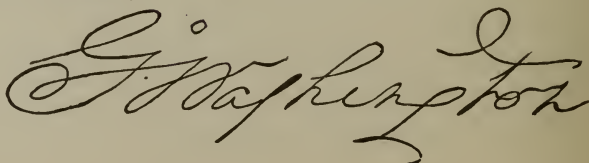
ever dispersed and separated in space or distance.

You need not be informed that the violence and rapacity of a tyrannic ministry have forced the citizens of America, your brother colonist, into arms. We equally detest and lament the prevalence of those counsels, which have led to the effusion of so much human blood, and left us no alternative but a civil war, or a base submission. The wise Disposer of all events has hitherto smiled upon our virtuous efforts. Those mercenary troops, a few of whom lately boasted of subjugating this vast continent, have been checked in their earliest ravages, and now actually encircled within a small space; their arms disgraced, and themselves suffering all the calamities of a siege. The virtue, spirit, and union of the provinces leave them nothing to fear, but the want of ammunition. The application of our enemies to foreign states, and their vigilance upon our coasts, are the only efforts they have made against us with success.

Under these circumstances, and with these sentiments, we have turned our eyes to you, Gentlemen, for relief. We are informed, that there is a very large magazine in your island under a very feeble guard. We would not wish to involve you in an opposition, in which, from your situation, we should be unable to support you; we knew not, therefore, to what extent to solicit your assistance, in availing ourselves of this supply; but, if your favor and friendship to North America and its liberties have not been misrepresented, I persuade myself you may, consistently with your own safety, promote and further this scheme, so as to give it the fairest prospect of success. Be assured, that, in this case, the whole power and exertion of my influence will be made with the honorable Continental Congress, that your island may not only be supplied with provisions, but experience every other mark of affection and friendship, which the grateful citizens of a free country can bestow on its brethren and benefactors. I am, Gentlemen,

With much esteem,

Your humble servant,



\* Writings of George Washington, by J. Sparks, vol. iii., page 77.

Captain Whipple had scarcely sailed from Providence before an account appeared in the newspapers of one hundred barrels of powder having been taken from Bermuda by a vessel supposed to be from Philadelphia, and another from South Carolina. This was the same powder that Captain Whipple had gone to procure. General Washington and Governor Cooke were both of the opinion it was best to countermand his instructions. The other armed vessel of Rhode Island was immediately dispatched in search of the Captain with orders to return.

But it was too late ; he reached Bermuda and put in at the west end of the island. The inhabitants were at first alarmed, supposing him to command a king's armed vessel, and the women and children fled from that vicinity ; but when he showed them his commission and instructions they treated him with much cordiality and friendship, and informed him that they had assisted in removing the powder, which was made known to General Gage, and he had sent a sloop of war to the island. They professed themselves hearty friends to the American cause. Captain Whipple being defeated in the object of his voyage returned to Providence.

Soon after the inhabitants of Bermuda petitioned Congress for relief, representing their great distress in consequence of being deprived of the supplies that usually came from the colonies. In consideration of their being friendly to the cause of America, it was resolved by Congress that provisions in certain quantities might be exported to them.\*

The powder procured from the Bermudians led to the first great victory gained by Washington in the Revolutionary war, the evacuation of Boston by the British army. After the arrival of

the powder Washington caused numerous batteries to be erected in the immediate vicinity of the town. On the night of March 4, 1776, Dorchester Heights were taken possession of and works erected there, which commanded Boston, and the British Fleet lying at anchor in the harbor. This caused the town to be evacuated, and General Howe with his army and about one thousand loyalists went aboard of the fleet and sailed for Halifax, March 17, 1776.

Nothing could exceed the indignation of Governor Bruere when he received intelligence of the plundering of the magazine ; he promptly called upon the legislature to take active measures for bringing the delinquents to justice. No evidence could ever be obtained, and the whole transaction is still enveloped in mystery. The Governor let no opportunity escape him to accuse the Bermudians of disloyalty, and no doubt severe punishment would have been inflicted on the delinquents could they have been discovered.

Two American brigs under Republican colors arrived shortly after this and remained some weeks at the west end of the islands unmolested, and Governor Bruere complained bitterly of this to the assembly.\*

Governor George James Bruere died in 1780, and the administration devolved on the Honorable Thomas Jones, who was relieved by George Bruere as Lieutenant Governor, in October, 1780.

Governor Bruere was soon openly at variance with the assembly, and did not hesitate to accuse the people of treason in supplying the revolted provinces with salt, exchanging it for provisions. Mr. Bruere extremely exasperated at their trading, which he considered to be trea-

\* Journal of Congress, November 22, 1775.

\* These were probably the vessels sent out from Rhode Island under the command of Captain Whipple.

sonable conduct, commented on it in his message to the assembly in no measured terms. Some intercepted correspondence with the rebels added fuel to the flame, and on the fifteenth of August, 1781, he addressed them in a speech which could not fail to be offensive, although it contained much sound argument. This was followed by a message more bitter and acrimonious, all of which they treated with silent contempt, until the twenty-eight of September, when they discharged their wrath in an address, in which the Governor was handled most roughly for his attacks on the inhabitants of these islands. In return he addressed a message, equally uncourteous in its tone, and dissolved the house.

The arrival of William Browne, whose administration commenced the fourth of January, 1782, put an end to Mr. Bruere's rule.

The high character of the new Governor had preceded him in the colony, and he was joyfully received on his arrival. He was a native of Salem, Massachusetts, and was high in office previous to the Revolution, was Colonel of the Essex regiment, judge of the Supreme Court, and Mandamus Counselor. After the passage of the Boston Port bill, he was waited on by a committee of the Essex delegates, to inform him, that "it was with grief that the country had viewed his exertions for carrying into execution certain acts of parliament calculated to enslave and ruin his native land; that while the country would continue the respect for several years paid him, it resolved to detach, from every future connection, all such as shall persist in supporting or in any way countenancing the late arbitrary acts of Parliament; that the delegates in the name of the country requested him to excuse them from the painful necessity of consider-

ing and treating him as an enemy to his country, unless he resigned his office as Counsellor and Judge." Colonel Browne replied as follows:

"As a judge and in every other capacity, I intend to act with honor and integrity and to exert my best abilities; and be assured that neither persuasion can allure me, nor menaces compel me, to do anything derogatory to the character of a Counselor of his Majesty's province of Massachusetts." — William Browne.

Colonel Browne was esteemed among the most opulent and benevolent individuals of that province prior to the Revolution; and so great was his popularity that the gubernatorial chair of Massachusetts was offered him by the "committee of safety," as an inducement for him to remain and join the "sons of liberty." But he felt it a duty to adhere to government; even at the expense of his great landed estate, both in Massachusetts and Connecticut, the latter comprising fourteen valuable farms, all of which were afterwards confiscated.

By preferring to remain on the side representing law and authority, and unwilling to adopt the course of the revolutionists, this courtly representative of an ancient and honorable family, this sincere lover of his country, this skilled man of affairs, this upright and merciful judge, once so beloved by his fellow townsmen, drew upon himself their wrath, and he fled from his native country never to return again. First he sought refuge in Boston in 1774, then in Halifax, and from there he went to England in 1776, where he remained till 1781, when he was appointed Governor of Bermuda, as a slight return for his great sacrifices and important services in behalf of the Crown. Colonel Browne married his cousin, the daughter



of Governor Wanton, of Rhode Island, and was doubly connected with the Winthrop family; the wives of the elder Browne and Governor Wanton being daughters of John Winthrop, great grandson of the first Governor of Massachusetts. Colonel Browne's son William was an officer in the British service at the siege of Gibraltar in 1784.

Under the judicious management of Governor Browne the colony continued to steadily flourish; he conducted the business of the colony in the greatest harmony with the different branches of the legislature. He found the financial affairs of the islands in a confused and ruinous state, and left them flourishing. In 1778 he left for England, deeply and sincerely regretted by the people, and was succeeded by Henry Hamilton as Lieutenant Governor, during whose administration the town of Hamilton was built and named in compliment of him.

Near the close of the American Revolution a plan was on foot to take Bermuda, in order to make it "a nest of hornets" for the annoyance of British trade, but the war closed, and it was abandoned. It, however, proved a nest of hornets to the United States during

the late civil war. At that time St. George's was a busy town, and was one of the hot-beds of secession. Being a great resort for blockade runners, which were hospitably welcomed here, immense quantities of goods were purchased in England, and brought here on large ocean steamers, and then transferred to swift-sailing blockade runners, waiting to receive it. These ran the blockade into Charleston, Wilmington and Savannah.

It was a risky business, but one that was well followed, and many made large fortunes there during the first year of the war, but many were bankrupt, or nearly so at its close.

Here, too, was concocted the fiendish plot of Dr. Blackburn, a Kentuckian, for introducing yellow fever into northern cities, by sending thither boxes of infected clothing.

[The foregoing article on the history of Bermuda was compiled by the author of "Stark's Illustrated Bermuda Guide," published by the Photo-Electrotype Company, of 63 Oliver Street, Boston. The work contains about two hundred pages and is embellished with sixteen photo-prints, numerous engravings, and a new map of Bermuda made from the latest surveys.—ED.]

## HEART AND I.

BY MARY HELEN BOODEY.

Singing, singing through the valleys;  
Singing, singing up the hills;  
Peace that comes, and Love that tarries,  
Hope that cheers, and Faith that thrills,  
Heart and I, are we not blest  
At the thought of coming rest?

Singing, singing 'neath the shadow;  
Singing, singing in the light;  
Plucking flowerets from the meadow,  
Seeing beauty up the height,  
Heart and I, are we not gay  
Thinking of unclouded day?

Singing, singing through the summer;  
Singing, singing in the snow;  
Glad to hear the brooklets murmur,  
Patient when the wild winds blow,  
Heart and I, can we do this?  
Yes, because of future bliss.

Singing, singing up to Heaven;  
Singing, singing down to earth;  
Unto all some good is given.  
Unto all there cometh worth;  
Heart and I, we sing to know  
That the good God loves us so.

## ELIZABTEH.

A ROMANCE OF COLONIAL DAYS.

BY FRANCES C. SPARHAWK, Author of "A Lazy Man's Work."

## CHAPTER VIII.

## DEPARTURE.

With suppressed ejaculations and outspoken condolences the party broke up. It was not until the last one had gone that Mrs. Eveleigh, leaving her post of observation in the corner, swept out to find Elizabeth who disappeared after Stephen Archdale had gone with Katie. She found her in her bed-room trying to put her things into her box. Her face was flushed, and her hands cold and trembling.

"Why have you waited so long?" she began. "We must go at once. Have you sent for a carriage? We shall meet ours on the way."

"My dear," answered the other seating herself, "that is impossible. They will not turn you out, if you have made a mistake. You can not go until to-morrow, of course; nobody will expect it. I am very sorry for poor Archdale and the young lady, but I dare say it will turn out all right."

Elizabeth raised herself from the box over which she had been stooping throwing in her things in an agony of haste. She opened her lips, but words failed her. The amazement and indignation of her look turned slowly to an appealing glance that few could have resisted. She had been used to Mrs. Eveleigh's not comprehending nice distinctions, but now it seemed as if to be a woman would make one understand. If her father were with her now! She turned away sharply.

"Will you see that some conveyance is here within half an hour?" she said. "If it is a cart I will not refuse to go in

it. But leave here at once I will, if it must be on foot. For yourself, do as you choose, only give my order."

There was something in Elizabeth's gesture, and a desperation in her face that made Mrs. Eveleigh go away and leave her without a word. In a moment she came back.

"I met James in the hall and sent him off in hot haste," she said. Her tones showed that she had recovered the equanimity which the girl's unexpected conduct had disturbed. She seated herself again with no less complacency and with more deliberation than before.

"I brought you up to be polite, Elizabeth," she said. "Things do sometimes happen that are very trying, to be sure, but we should not give way to irritation. Why, where should I have been if I had? Think how it would have distressed your dear mother to have you show such temper."

The girl looked up sharply, looked down again, her hands moving faster than ever, though everything grew indistinct to her for a minute.

"Are you going with me?" she asked after a pause.

"I? O, my dear child, you will not go at all this way. Perhaps it is as well to pack up and show your dignity, but they will not let you go, you know, your father's daughter, and all,—I told James to tell them,—it would be shameful, I should never forgive them."

"The question is whether they will ever forgive me, whether I have not killed Katie. Sometimes I think of it only that way, and sometimes——."

She was silent again and busy. Then all at once she stopped and walked to the window. Her hands grasped the sash and she stood looking out at the sky that had not gathered a cloud from all this darkness of her life. At length she began to walk up and down as if every footstep took her away from the house.

"I always thought it must be a dreadful thing to marry a man you did not want," she said speaking out her thoughts as if alone; "but to marry a man who does not want you,—that is the most terrible thing in the world. I have done both." And she covered her face with her hands.

"Poor girl," answered Mrs. Eveleigh, "it *is* hard. But you gave him as good as he sent, that's a fact. Governor Wentworth spoke about it after you left." Elizabeth had raised her head and was looking steadily at her companion. "When young Archdale looked at you as he passed out, I mean," she went on. "'Great Heavens!' cried the Governor, 'did you see that exchange of looks, scorn and hatred on both sides, and they may be husband and wife? The Lord pity them. And poor Katie!'"

"He said that?"

"Exactly that. Why, everybody noticed it, of course. What did you say?" she added at a faint sound from her listener.

"Nothing."

And Elizabeth said nothing until ten minutes later when the sound of wheels sent her to the window to see that a conveyance at least fairly comfortable had been found for them. Her bonnet and wraps were already on.

"Are you coming?" she said to the other abruptly. "I shall start in five minutes."

"For Heaven's sake, more time, my

dear. I have not changed my dress yet. I suppose I cannot let you go alone, I should not feel happy about it, and your father would never forgive me in the world."

A half smile of contempt touched the girl's lips. Mrs. Eveleigh knew what was for her own comfort too well to get herself out of Mr. Royal's good graces, and not to be devoted to his daughter would have been to him the unpardonable sin. But nobody would have been more astonished than this same lady to be told that she had not a thoroughly conscientious care of Elizabeth. She combined duty and interest as skilfully as the most Cromwellian old Presbyterian among her ancestors.

In the hall Elizabeth met her hostess.

"May I speak to Katie?" she asked timidly.

Mrs. Archdale hesitated a moment, nodded in silence and went on to the library, the girl following. Mr. Archdale was there, and the Colonel and his wife. Stephen sat by the great chair in which Katie was propped, holding her hand and sometimes speaking softly to her, or looking into her face with eyes that gave no comfort. Elizabeth seemed to see no one but her friend, she went up to the chair, and said to her softly, pleadingly,

"Good by, Katie."

But Katie turned away her head.

The door closed, Elizabeth had gone.

## CHAPTER IX.

### FORECASTINGS.

Gerald Edmonson, Esquire, and Lord Bulchester drove leisurely through the streets of the London of 1743. They found in it that same element that makes the fascination of the London of to-day; for the streets, dim, narrower, and less splendid than now, were full of



this same charm of human life, and yet, human isolation. Then, as now, might a man wander homeless and lost, or these grim houses might open their doors to him and reveal the splendors beyond them; and whether he were desolate, or shone brilliant as a star depended upon so many chances and changes that this Fortune's-Wheel drew him toward itself like a magnet.

"I tell you," said Edmonson to his companion as they went along, "there is not a shadow of a chance for me. When a woman says, 'no,' you can tell by her eyes if she means it, and if there had been the least sign of relenting or a possibility of it in Lady Grace's eyes, do you think I would have given up? She has led me a sorry chase, that pretty sister of yours."

"Her beauty would not have taken you ten steps out of your way, if she had not been such an heiress," retorted Bulchester.

"Don't be so blunt, my friend. Is it my fault that I am obliged to look out for money? If a man has only a tenth of the income he needs to live upon, what is he going to do? It is well enough for you to be above sordidness, so could I be with your purse and your prospects. Besides, you know that I told you frankly I found Lady Grace charming. I wonder," he asked turning sharply round, "if you have been playing me false?"

But Bulchester laughed. A laugh at such a time, and a laugh so full of simplicity and amusement brought the other to his bearings again.

"You know I favored the match," added the nobleman. "Hang it! I don't see why my sister could not have had my taste. She does not know all your deviltries as I do, but yet I think you the most fascinating fellow in England."

"Perhaps that is the reason, because she does not know," laughed Edmonson. "But, then, you have not been very far beyond England, except to the land of the frog, and nobody expects to delight in the messieurs anywhere but on the point of the bayonet, as we had them lately at Dettengen." In a moment, however, he added gravely, "I am afraid my suit to your sister has damaged my prospects in another quarter, at least the matrimonial part of them, and I can hardly expect to be so successful otherwise as to enable me to marry a lady whose face is her fortune."

"Hardly, with your tastes," said Bulchester. "But, for my part, I am glad that I can afford to be sentimental if I like. For that very reason I shall probably be extremely sensible."

Edmonson smiled, half in amusement, half in contempt.

"Suppose the lady should be so too?" he asked slyly; then added, "I hope she will, Bulchester, and take you. I don't know her name yet."

"Nor I. But I don't want to consider only the rent-roll of the future Lady Bulchester."

"My lord, I shall be devoted to Mistress Edmonson, and I assure you that the young lady I have chosen, I having failed to win your adorable sister, is not a nonentity, though I cannot say that she is charming. But you will see her. Her father was very gracious to me when I was in Boston last winter, and regretted that I was obliged to leave in the spring on affairs of importance. How was he to know, he or the fair Elizabeth, that the business was a love suit? That would not have done. The old gentleman would not think the king himself too good for his daughter; if he dreamed that she was second fiddle, he would want me to find the door faster than he could shew me there. So, if

you fall in love with her and want to supersede me, there's your chance."

"I'm Jonathan to your David," returned the smaller man, "the kingdom is for you, Edmonson." And the speaker looked at his companion with an admiration that was deep in proportion as he felt himself unable to imitate that mixture of good nature, strong will, and audacity that in Edmonson fascinated him. "Is she handsome?" he added.

"No," said the other decidedly. "She has a smile that lights up her face well, and occasionally she says good things, but half the time in company she seems not to be attending to what is going on about her, she is away off in a dream about something that nobody cares a pin for, and of course, it gives her a peculiar manner. I could see I interested her more than anybody else did, but I had hard work sometimes to know how to answer her queer sayings, for I could scarcely tell what she was talking about."

"You don't like that," suggested Bulchester. "You like ladies who lead in society."

"Well," assented Edmonson, "I know. But she will have to set up for an oddity, and, you see, she has money enough to be able to afford it. A fortune in her own right, and large expectations from the old gentleman who began with money and has never made a bad investment in his life. Think of it! Gerald Edmonson will keep open house and live rather differently from at present in his bachelor quarters; and all his old friends will be welcome."

"What do you say to those we are going to meet to-night, who are to give us our farewell supper; you would not ask a set like that to a lady's table?"

Edmonson laughed.

"Why, and if I did," he answered,

"Elizabeth Royal would never fathom them. She might think they drank somewhat too much, and discover that they were noisy; but as to the wild pranks we have played, yes, you and I, Bulchester, I out of pure enjoyment of them, you, I do believe, more than half not to be behind other men of fashion, why, you might tell them to her safely, for she would never comprehend. One can't get along so well with her on the little nothings one says to other women, to be sure, but she has the greatest simplicity in the world, and that touch of evil that spices life is entirely beyond her. But however that might be, I tell you this, my lord: Gerald Edmonson is always master, and always will be."

"Yes," assented his hearer.

"I only hope the extent of my impecuniosity will not cross the water with me. I have never pretended to be rich, but I have said that my expectations were excellent. So they are; for you know, Bulchester, the heiress is not all my errand to these outlandish colonies. I have expectations there. Rather strange ones, to be sure, so strange, and to be come at so strangely, that if I can make anything out of them I shall enjoy it a thousand times more than by any stupid old way of inheritance."

"It strikes me, though, you would not object to the stupid if a good plum should fall down on your head from an ancestral tree."

Edmonson laughed.

"You have me there, Bul," he said. "But, on your honor, you are not to betray my plans, or I have no chance at all," he added, suddenly facing his companion.

"What do you take me for, a traitor?"

"No," exclaimed Edmonson with an oath.

"For a tattler, then?"

"No," came the answer again. "Only, inadvertence is sometimes as mischievous in its results."

"I, inadvertent?" cried Bulchester.

His listener smiled slyly. The other felt that caution was his strong point, and Edmonson's diplomacy would not assault this vigorously; his aim had been merely to warn Bulchester and strengthen the defences. Soon after this they reached the inn, where they were boisterously greeted by their companions, who had been waiting for them in what was then one of the fashionable public houses of London, though long since fallen out of date and forgotten.

"Don't be flattered," said Edmonson aside, "all this welcome is not for us; the feast is to begin now that we have arrived." And a cynical smile flashed over his handsome face.

It was hours after this. The high revel had gone on with jest, and laugh, and song, with play, too, and some purses were empty that before had been none too well filled. Through it all Edmonson, the life of the party, kept the control over himself that many had lost. There was no credit due to him for the fact that he could drink more wine without being overcome than any other man there. His face was flushed with it, his eyes somewhat blood-shot and his fair hair disordered as, at last, looking at his opposite neighbor, he nodded to him, leaned across the table and touched glasses with him. Then, "Let us drink this toast standing," he said, rising as he spoke; and at the movement ten other young men, full of the effrontery of a long carousal, pushed back their chairs noisily and rose, exclaiming in tones varying in degrees of intoxication:

"We pledge."

"Yes," returned the man opposite Edmonson, repeating the pledge that they

all without exception would meet one hundred years from that night to pledge each other again.

A shout, more of drunken acquiescence than of comprehension went up in chorus from all but one of the revelers; he held his glass silently a moment, disposed to put it untasted on the table.

"Bulchester's backing out," cried Edmonson giving him a scornful glance.

"Oh, ho! Backing out!" echoed nine derisive voices.

"We have made it too hot for him," called out Edmonson again.

At which remark another shout arose, and the glasses were tossed off with bravado, Bulchester's also being set down empty.

After this the party broke up boisterously, Edmonson and Bulchester receiving the good wishes of the company for their prosperous voyage.

Leaving the inn, they went out into the night again, in which the October moon veiled in clouds was doing its best to light the streets now almost deserted. Bulchester looked with disapprobation at his smiling companion. It was for the first time in their acquaintance, but the compact into which the earl had so unwillingly entered had sobered him, and was still ringing in his ears, giving him a sort of horror. He said this to Edmonson, who burst out laughing.

"A mere drunken freak, Bul, that counts for nothing. You will be an angel sitting on a cold cloud singing psalms long before that time. I'll warrant it. You are a good fellow. Don't bother your brains about such nonsense."

The third of November, Edmonson and Lord Bulchester sailed from Liverpool in the "Ariel" for Boston.

## CHAPTER X.

### TWO WHO WOULD EXCHANGE PLACES.

The winds were baffling, and Edmon-



son and Lord Bulchester had a longer voyage than they had counted upon. They found it tedious, and it was with satisfaction that they at last set foot on land and drove through the streets of Boston to the Royal Exchange. Edmonson's projects inspired him rather than made him anxious. It was, of course, possible that Elizabeth Royal might refuse him, but in his heart he had the attitude of a Londoner toward provincials and was not burdened with doubts as to the result of his wooing, and so the one necessary grain of uncertainty only gave flavor to the whole affair.

A few hours after his arrival he left the house to try his fortune.

"I may not be home until late," he said to Bulchester. "I shall tackle pater-familias first, then the young lady herself. It is possible they will invite me to tea, you know. Don't wait for me if you find anything to do or anywhere to go in this puritanical hole." And the young man, in all the tasteful splendor of attire that the times allowed, closed the door behind him and left Lord Bulchester looking at the oaken panels which had suddenly taken the place in which his friend had been standing, and seeing, not these, but Edmonson's fine figure and his bold smile.

"No woman can resist his wooing," the nobleman said to himself with a sigh at the thought of his own indifferent appearance. Therefore it was with amazement that two hours later coming home from a stroll he learned that the other had returned, and going to his room found him prone on the sofa.

"Why! What is the—," he began, then checked himself, considering that since only failure could be the matter, this was hardly a generous question.

"Headache," growled Edmonson. "No," he cried with an oath, "that is a lie," and springing up, turned blood-

shot eyes upon his companion. "I am mad, Bulchester," he cried, "raving mad. It is all over with me in that quarter."

"She has refused you? Or the father has?"

"Hang it! they couldn't do anything else, either of them. I did not see Mistress Royal, Mistress Archdale, rather. Yes, married!" as Bulchester echoed the name. "There's been an interesting drama with one knave and two fools. If I could only catch the knave! Perhaps it is as well to let the fools go, since I can't help it." He was silent a moment. Then after a moment he added. Well! what is the use of cursing one's luck?" "There are several others I know of doing the same thing at this moment, and I like to be original. I declare, if he didn't stand in my way, I should be tempted to pity young Archdale. He wishes himself in my shoes as much, and I suspect a good deal more, than I do myself in his. I don't wonder that the young lady keeps herself retired for a time. I did not see her, as I told you. Mr. Royal made as light of the matter as possible, merely saying that something which might prove to have been a real marriage ceremony, though he thought not, had taken place in a joke between his daughter and Stephen Archdale, that the matter was to be thoroughly investigated at once, and if it turned out that Elizabeth was not Mistress Archdale, I had his permission to receive her answer from her own lips. He was guarded enough; but on the way home I met Clinton who had been one of the guests at Mistress Katie's attempted wedding last week. He gave me details. Here they are." And these details lost nothing through Edmonson's racy recital of them. "No, Bulchester," he finished, "out of six people that I could name mixed up in

this affair, on the whole, I am the best off."

"Six?"

"Yes; counting in the love-lorn Waldo; that knave Harwin, who ought to swing for it; the poor little bride that lost her bridegroom; and the bridegroom; the young lady that got him when she didn't want him, and missed me, whom, perhaps (without too much vanity) she did want a little; and last on the list of wounded spirits, your humble servant. How wise that man was who said that one sinner destroyed much good. By the way, Bulchester, who was he? It is an excellent thing to quote in regard to this affair, and I should like to know where it comes from."

An anxious expression crossed the other's face as he cried:

"Good heavens! Edmonson, if you go to quoting the Bible and asking where the quotation comes from, you will get into awful disgrace with this strictest-sect-of-our-religion people, and then what will become of the other scheme that is bound to pull through?"

"True, most sapient counsellor, and I will be on my guard. To show how I profit by your sageness, let us drop all thought of this royal maiden who is probably out of my reach, and attend to the other business. It is good to have a sympathetic friend, Bul."

They talked for nearly an hour after this, but not about Edmonson's wooing. When Bulchester left, the other sat looking after him a moment.

"Yes," he said to himself, "it is well to have a sympathetic creature like that sometimes, but not if one tell him all his heart. I hid my rage well, I passed it off for mere spleen. But we are not a race to get over things in that way. It is hate, *hate*, I say." And he ground his teeth, and again threw himself upon the sofa his face downward and buried

in his hands as if he were meditating deeply.

Edmonson told his friend of having met one of the guests at Katie Archdale's wedding, but he did not say to him that coming out of Mr. Royal's house and walking quickly down the street, he had met the bridegroom himself, and had returned Archdale's bow with a politeness equally cold, while anger had leaped up within him. Was Archdale going to call upon his wife?

Stephen Archdale had come to Boston to collect whatever facts he could about Harwin, and about the places and the people that the confession referred to. Nothing was farther from his thoughts than any such visit. It was his wish that Elizabeth and himself need never meet again, and he knew that it was hers. Indeed, so far from thinking of the woman who was perhaps his wife, he was living over again the glimpse he had had of the one from whom he had been separated. Three days ago he had taken his gun early in the morning and had gone out hunting, made more miserable than before by something he had perceived in his father's mind. The Colonel was not in sympathy with him; he was consoling himself that, after all, Elizabeth Royal was a richer woman than Katie Archdale. At his light insinuation of this to his son, the young man had flamed out into a heat of passion and declared that one golden hair of Katie's head was worth both Elizabeth and her fortune. He had rushed out of the house with the wish for destroying something in his mind. As he stopped in the hall to snatch his gun, the flintlock caught, and tore a hole in the tapestry hanging. He saw it, pushed the great stag's antlers that the gun had been swung on a little aside, and covered the torn place. Then he forgot the accident almost as soon as



this was done, left the house and went striding over the fields, not so much to chase the foxes, as to be alone. And when that point was gained he would have gone a step further if he could and escaped from himself also. But he was only all the more with his own thoughts as he wandered aimlessly through great stretches of pine trees with the light snow of the night before still white on their lower boughs, except when in some opening it had melted into dewdrops in the December sun, and still clung to the trees, ready when the sun had passed by them towards its setting to turn into filmy icicles. The sky was brilliant; the long winter already upon the earth smiled gently, as if to say that its reign would be mild. Stephen went along so much preoccupied that only the baying of his hound made him notice the light fox-prints by the roadside. Then the instinct of the hunter stirred within him, and he followed on, listening now and then to the distant bark while pursued and the pursuer were going farther away. He waited, knowing fox nature well and that there were a hundred chances to one that the creature would come back near the spot from which it was started. As he waited close by the road which here led through the woods, two men passed along it without seeing him. They were talking as they went. Stephen knew them; one was an old man who used to be a servant in the family when Colonel Archdale was a boy. He had married long ago and was now living in a little house not far from his old home. The young man with him was his son. Stephen was in no mood even for a passing word, and he stood still, perceiving that a clump of bushes hid him. A few sentences of the conversation reached him through the stillness, but it meant

nothing to him; he was not conscious even of listening until Katie's name caught his ear. They were talking of this marriage then, as every body was; he was the gossip of the very servants. But his attention once caught was held until the speakers passed out of hearing. Surely they knew nothing about the matter that he did not.

"She is such a pretty young lady," said the elder man, "and any girl would feel it to miss the handsome young master for a husband."

"Um!" assented the son. "Well, I suppose she will miss the sight of him if her heart is set upon him, but there is many a young man nicer to my thinking, and not so proud in his ways."

"Has he ever been unjust or overbearing to you, Nathan?" inquired the old man severely.

"Oh, no, he has been uncommonly civil, he would think it beneath him to be anything else. I know the cut of him; if he had any spite he would take it out on a gentleman. He thinks we are made of different clay from him." And the embryo republican threw back his shoulders impatiently.

"So we are," returned the other, with the Englishman's ingrained belief in caste; but, to be sure, you feel it with some more than with others, with the young man more than with his father. But I like it better than the softly way the Colonel has. Stephen is more like his grandfather."

"His grandfather!" echoed the son. "Why, he was a —."

"Hush!" cried the other so suddenly and sharply that if the word had been uttered at all Stephen lost it, though now he was listening eagerly enough. "Do you remember you swore that you would never speak that word?"

"Well," returned the young man in a sullen tone, "if I did, what harm in say-



ing it here with not a soul but you around? And my feeling is," he went on, "that this broken-off wedding is a judgment for his grandfather's — ." He hesitated.

"When you learned it by accident, Nathan," returned his father, "you swore to satisfy me, that you would never speak the word in connection with him. Who knows what person may be round?" And he glanced cautiously about him. Stephen half resolved to confront him and force him to tell this secret. But the very quality in himself which the men had been discussing held him back until the opportunity had passed. "No, I don't want you to name it at all, Nathan. That is what you swore," continued the old man.

"You have said enough about it," retorted the younger. "I will keep my word, of course; you know that." His tone was loud with anger.

"Yes, yes, I know," said his companion. "But, you see, I was fond of the young master if he was a bit wild; he was a fine, free gentleman, though he changed very much after this—this accident and his coming over to the Colonies, which wasn't no ways suited to him like London, only he found it a good place to get rich in. You see, Nathan, it all happened this way; he told me about it his own self with tears in his eyes, as I might say, for his family,—he—."

But it was in vain that Stephen strained his ears, the voices that had not been drowned in the noise of footsteps had been growing fainter with distance, and now were lost altogether.

So there had been something in the family, thought Stephen, that he knew nothing about, something that his grandfather had done which this man, the son of his grandfather's butler, considered had brought down vengeance on Katie

and himself as the grandchildren. The very suggestion oppressed him in this land of the Puritans, although he told himself that he believed neither in the vengeance nor even in the crime itself. But he had not dreamed of anything, anything at all, which had even shadowed the fair fame of the Archdales. Did his father know of it? Nothing that Stephen had ever seen in him looked like such knowledge, but that did not make the son quite sure, for the old butler's remark about the Colonel's suavity was just; his elaborate manners made Stephen almost brusque at times, and aroused a secret antagonism in both, so that they sometimes met one another with armor on, and Stephen's keen thrust would occasionally penetrate the shield which his father skilfully interposed between that and some fact.

That morning Stephen sank down upon a rock near by while his mind ranged over his recollections to find some clue to this mystery. But he found none. He was sure that his grandfather had never been referred to as being connected with anything secret, still less, disgraceful, or perhaps criminal. It was impossible to imagine where the old butler's idea came from, but it could not be founded upon truth. Yet, this snatch of talk which Stephen had heard made him curious and uncomfortable. And he knew that he must resign himself to feeling so; he could ask his father, to be sure, but he would get no satisfaction out of that; either the Colonel did not know, or, evidently he had resolved that there should seem to be nothing to tell. After all, it did not matter very much. His thoughts came back to his own position with almost wonder that anything could have drawn them away from it. While he sat there the baying of the hound drew nearer, and suddenly a rabbit

started up from a bush on his right. He raised his gun, but instantly lowered it again. He had not moved, so it had not been he that had startled the rabbit, but the larger game that was following it. The little creature scampered away, and in another moment the fox which his dog had started ran past him. Again he raised his gun and took aim with a hand accustomed to bring down what he sighted. But to-day the gun dropped once more at his side, for here was a creature that wanted its life, that was straining for it. "Let him have the worthless gift if he values it," thought Archdale, feeling that the gun had better have been turned the other way in his hands. The fox disappeared after the rabbit, and in another moment Stephen rose with a sneer at himself, and turned toward home. Evidently, he could accomplish nothing that day, matters must have gone hard with him to make him lose even the nerve of a hunter. He whistled to his dog, but the hound had no intention of giving up the chase as his master had done, and rushed past in full cry. The young man left him to follow home at his pleasure, and walked along the road with a sombre face. Soon the sound of distant bells reached him. A minute after a sleigh appeared coming toward him from the vanishing point of the road that here ran straight through the

woods for some distance. It made no difference to Stephen who was in the sleigh. As it came nearer and nearer he never even glanced at it, until as it was passing, some instinct, or perhaps eyes fixed upon him, made him look up. He started, stopped, bowed low, took off his fur cap with deference, holding it in his hand until the sleigh had gone slowly by. Then he turned and stood looking after it, the flush that had come suddenly to his face fading away as his eyes followed Katie Archdale's figure until it was lost to sight. He could see her clinging to her father's arm; he seemed to see her face before him for days, her face pale and sad, and so lovely. Neither had spoken. Mr. Archdale had not waited; what had they to say? Stephen had not really wished it; every thought was deeper than speech, and probably Katie, too, had preferred to go on. And yet to pass in this way, — it was like their lives.

That afternoon he started for Boston. It was doing something. Edmonson who met him just arrived, need not have feared that he was going to Elizabeth. He was in the city only to prove that the frolic of that summer evening had been frolic merely, and that he was still free to follow that charming face that had passed him by, so reluctantly, he knew, in the woods.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## WENDELL PHILLIPS.

While delivering an address in Faneuil Hall, in 1875, the late distinguished Wendell Phillips declared that he had never cast a ballot in his life.

Such a confession, coming from the liberty-loving champion of the rights and freedom of all people, was not a little startling.

Months later he was requested to explain what seemed to be a serious inconsistency, as bearing on the question—how can an American citizen wilfully refrain from the high prerogative of exercising his right and duty to vote?

The following is a copy of his letter stating the reason why he had not voted.

The letter hitherto has never been made public. It is of historical value.

7 AUG't '76.

DEAR SIR :

I am in receipt of your kind note.

This is the explanation: Premising

that I entirely agree with you as to the transcendent importance of the vote and the duty of every citizen to use it—to let no slight obstacle prevent his voting.

The few years after I came of age I was moving about and it happened, curiously enough, that I never lived in one town long enough to get the vote there and never could be, at the proper time, in the town where I had the right.

Then soon I became an abolitionist and conscientiously refused to vote or accept citizenship under a constitution which ordered the return of fugitive slaves.

The XVth. amendment was the first release from this bar, as I judged. Since that, I have never voted but once. Absence from the city &c prevented my doing so. *I should have taken special care* to be at home if living in a ward where my vote would have availed anything, or if candidates were such as I could trust.

Truly,

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

## EASY CHAIR.

BY ELBRIDGE H. GOSS.

This is an age of magazines. Every guild, every issue, has its monthly or quarterly. If a new athletic exercise should be evolved to-morrow, a new magazine, in its interest, would follow; and there seems to be a field for every new venture.

Among our older magazines, Harper's "New Monthly" still pursues its popular course. In June, 1850, I bought the first number, and from that day to this it has been one of my household treasures. A complete set, sixty nine (69) volumes, forms a most excellent library in

itself; a fair compendium of the world's history for the last thirty odd years. Story, essay, and event, has filled these sixty thousand pages. In October, 1851, the department called the "Editor's Easy Chair," was established by Donald G. Mitchell, the genial "Ik: Marvel." Here are his first words:

"After our more severe Editorial work is done—the scissors laid in our drawer, and the monthly record, made as full as our pages will bear, of history—we have a way of throwing ourselves back into an old red-back *Easy Chair*, that has

long been an ornament of our dingy office, and indulging in an easy, and careless overlook of the gossiping papers of the day, and in such chit chat with chance visitors, as keeps us informed of the drift of the town-talk, while it relieves greatly the monotony of our office hours." Here is the well remembered flavor of the "Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Dream - Life" !

A year or so afterward, George William Curtis became a co-writer of a part of the articles for this department, and soon after he became the sole occupant of the now famous "Easy Chair;" and each month, as regularly as the appearance of the magazine itself, these very interesting, most readable, and instructive notelets upon the current topics of the time have appeared. Their pure style, graceful and delicate humor, and the vast range of culture and observation, give them a distinctively personal characteristic. He would have made one of our first novelists; but he has chosen to give the strength of his powers to journalism, and the study of political affairs.

It is safe to say that each number of the magazine has had an average of at least five pages of "Easy Chair," making very nearly or quite two thousand (2,000) pages in all; or a quantity more than sufficient to fill two and a half volumes of the sixty nine (69) thus far issued, each volume containing eight hundred and sixty four (864) pages. Before beginning to write these delectable tid-bits, he had published "Nile notes of a Howadji," "The Howadji in Syria," and "Lotus Eating;" soon after appeared "Potiphar Papers," "Prue and I," and "Trumps." For twenty years he was constantly on the lecture platform; and for twenty one years he has been the political editor of "Harper's Weekly." Although offered

missions to the courts of England and Germany, and other positions of trust and honor, he never accepted; his nearest approach to the holding of any political office was the accepting of an appointment, for a while, of the chairmanship of the "Civil Service Advisory Board." As has been well said by George Parsons Lathrop, "The idea often occurs to one that he, more than any one else, continues the example which Washington Irving set: an example of kindliness and good nature blended with indestructible dignity, and a delicately imaginative mind consecrating much of its energy to public service."

As for the "Easy Chair," with me, its leaves are first cut in each fresh number; and while enjoying the last one, I wondered why some deft hand had not culled some of the choicest specimens, and that the Harpers had not given them to the world in a volume by themselves. They are most certainly worthy of it. A few passages taken here and there, from these rich fields, will prove this assertion. The subjects treated in the whole "Easy Chair" number nearly or quite twenty-five hundred (2,500),—reminiscences of Emerson and Longfellow—first presentation of a new Oratorios—a celebrated painting—the visit of a Lord Chief Justice of England,—a vast range of topics. Consult the nine closely printed octavo pages of their titles in the "Index to the first Sixty Volumes"—from "Abbott, Commodore, xiii. 271," to "Zurich, University of, xlviii. 443," and one will be amazed at the great number and variety of themes upon which the "Easy Chair" has had its say. And it would seem that its occupant has had some similar thoughts to these, for, in a recent number there is a retrospective glance—a wondering as to what future generations



may have to say, and wish to know regarding matters and things of this generation about which it has discoursed :

"The Easy Chair, mindful of posterity, and of that future loiterer in the retired alcoves of coming libraries who will turn to the pages of an old magazine to catch some glimpse of the daily aspect and the homely fact of our day, which will be then a kind of quaint remembrance, like the 'Augustan age' of Anne to Victorian epoch, puts here upon record for his unborn reader—whom he salutes with hope and Godspeed—that the winter of 1883-4 in the city of New York was a gray and gloomy season almost beyond precedent, during which the persistent fogs and mists appeared half to have obliterated the sun."

Here are a few excerpts which may be called "Gems for the Easy Chair;" but

those given are no better than thousands of others that are scattered through these many volumes.

A Madonna. Once in Dresden the Easy Chair climbed into a little room where an engraver was finishing a picture which is now famous. He had worked long and faithfully upon it. It was truly a work of love, and it had cost him his most precious and essential possession for his art—his eyesight. The engraver was Steinla, and the picture was the Madonna di Sisto. . . It can be seen only by those who go to Dresden. Among pictures there is none more justly famous, and the devoted engraver toiled long and patiently, and at such enormous sacrifice to re-produce it, so far as lines could do it, from the same love and instinct that produced the picture.

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## PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

### NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

MIDDLESEX COUNTY MANUAL. By CHARLES COWLEY, LL.D. Penhallow Printing Company, Lowell, Mass.

In this handy volume, the "Historical Sketch of the County of Middlesex," Judge Cowley has made a valuable contribution to the recorded history of our Commonwealth. He has traced in a clear and concise manner the important events of Middlesex County from 1643, the year of its incorporation, down to Shay's Rebellion.

REMINISCENCES OF JAMES COOK AYER AND THE TOWN OF AYER. By CHARLES COWLEY, LL.D.

This work is one of many for which the public are indebted to Judge Cowley. It presents many facts of great historical value, and in the usual pun-

gent and agreeable style of their author.

SHOPPELL'S BUILDING PLANS FOR MODERN LOW COST HOUSES. The Co-operative Building Plan Association, New York. Price, 50 cents.

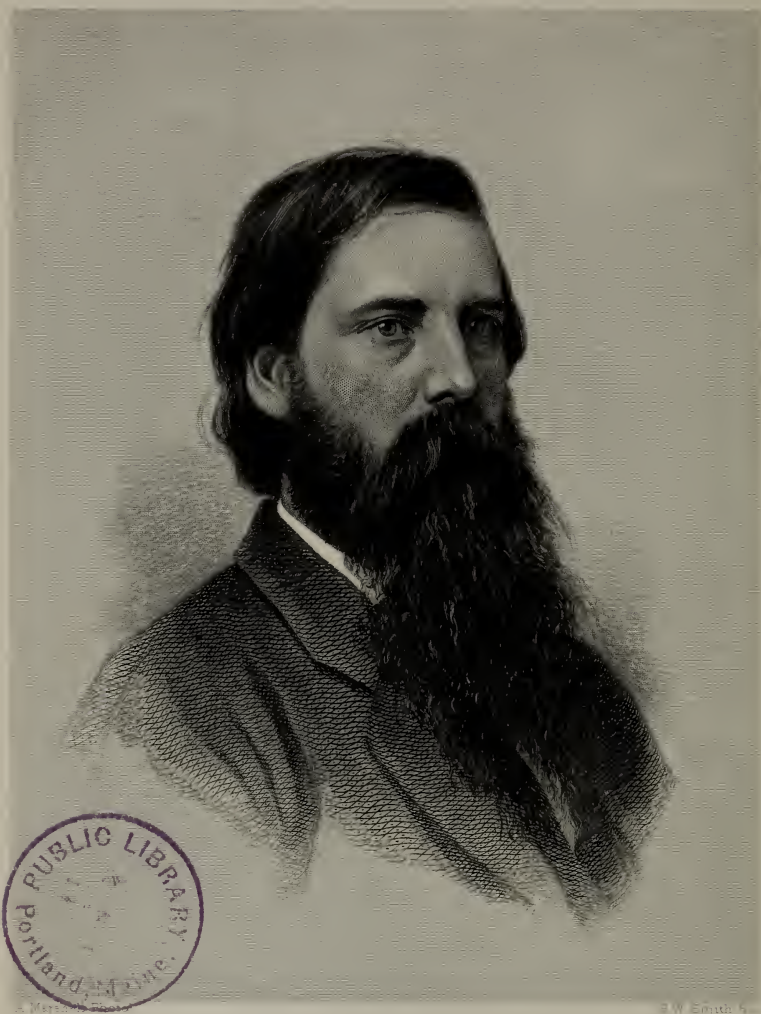
This book contains a mass of information to builders and would-be *home owners*. Its many and varied plans are for the construction of neat, comfortable and very attractive buildings at very reasonable cost.

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### CORRECTION.

In the sketch of Saugus in the December number of the BAY STATE MONTHLY, line 14, on page 149, should read "as early as 1828" instead of 1848.—E. P. R.





*William Lee*



# THE BAY STATE MONTHLY.

*A Massachusetts Magazine.*

VOL. II.

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No. 6.

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LEE AND SHEPARD.

BY GEORGE L. AUSTIN, M. D.

FOR a quarter of a century the firm-name of Lee and Shepard has been familiar to the public. During this interval of time it has been printed upon millions of volumes, which have gone forth on their two-fold mission of instruction and entertainment. Few publishing houses in America have achieved a more honorable record, or have more indelibly left their impress of good intentions and of deeds nobly done upon the minds of increasing generations. It is of the individual members of this firm, both of whom have grown gray in the business, that I purpose to speak in this article. First of the senior partner of the house.

Born at the "North End," in Boston, on the seventeenth of April, 1826; early put to school, and taken out of it at the age of eleven, at which time he was left fatherless, the eldest of six children; with a good mother to whisper words of encouragement in his ear, when everything in the world and the future before him looked dark,—such was the start of William Lee in life. Thousands before him, and since, have had the same infelicitous experience; but how

few have had the courage to overcome the obstacles which he succeeded in overcoming? While other young men of his age, many of them his playmates, were planning to fit themselves, by a long course of study, for the duties of life, he was at once confronted with the duties and burdens of life, without such advantages as an education affords, and he met them with a manliness and a self-reliance which now seem truly marvellous. I have often heard him tell of these early days; but I will pass by the recollections for fear that the recital of them might discourage many who read these lines.

After leaving school young William was offered a situation in the bookstore of Samuel G. Drake, then located at No. 56 Cornhill. Mr. Drake was himself a famous "book-worm," was familiar with the authorities and the history of Boston, and, in after life, achieved a reputation as an author. He was what one would term now an "old-fashioned bookseller," but what he did not know of the book trade in his day was not worth knowing. William Lee entered his employ for two purposes—to learn

the trade and, in a very small way, to help support the family which was, in a large sense, dependent upon him. During the three years of his apprenticeship he showed himself an apt scholar, a patient worker, and gifted with indomitable will and ambition.

The next two years were passed in the country. On returning to Boston he again entered a book store, and, when eighteen years of age, he became a clerk in the then prosperous publishing house of Phillips and Sampson, located on Winter street. His connection with this house afforded him increased advantages; he was no longer an apprentice filling a menial position, but was conscious of occupying a responsible station in the business, where his integrity and intelligence were appreciated at their real value. He enjoyed the fullest confidence of his employers, and was soon looked upon by them as their "best" clerk. Selling by auction, especially in the evenings, was at that time a leading feature of the trade, and William Lee soon became an expert in that way, as well as in the general character of salesman to the country trade. There was scarcely a detail in the book trade with which he did not make himself personally familiar; he sought to post himself upon the character and contents of every book that was kept in stock, in order that he might be able to speak intelligently of them to his customers. This habit of general familiarization is one which, in the lapse of subsequent years, has proved of incalculable service to him; it is one which cannot be too earnestly commended to the attention of all young men who are to-day "working" up in the trade.

At the age of twenty-one William Lee was allowed a share in the business, and three years later he accepted an equal partnership in the house. When

it is remembered that at this time the house of Phillips and Sampson stood foremost as publishers in New England, the fact that, at the age of twenty-four, William Lee became an equal partner in this house is certainly striking. It bears but one explanation: William Lee owed his remarkable success to the talent which was born and bred in him, and to the consciousness of self-reliance, with which his employers, first and last, had inspired him. There is nothing in this life which will so readily develop the best qualities of manhood as a sense of responsibility, first to the individual himself and next to those whom he serves. Take away this sense of responsibility, every man becomes a machine; everything that he does is mechanical.

In the firm of Phillips, Sampson and Company Mr. Lee continued as a partner for seven years. To his energy and industry the prosperity of the house was henceforth largely indebted. For twelve, and sometimes fifteen hours a day, he remained faithfully at his round of duties.

In 1857 Mr. Lee's health gave way, and his physician ordered him to relinquish all cares of business. Acting in accordance with this advice, he sold his interest to his partners for sixty-five thousand dollars, taking the notes of the firm for that amount. After a few months of travel in his own country, he sailed for Europe in June, 1858, in company with Willard Small, with the intention of spending five years on the continent. He proved to be a good traveler; his keen observation encompassed everything; his generous heart and the geniality of his nature won to him many friends. Ere many months had elapsed he had traversed England, France, Germany, Belgium, and Spain.

While he was in Paris, an incident

occured, the recollection of which has served to enliven many a social occasion. It was the exciting time succeeding the attempted assassination of Napoleon by Orsini. Mr. Lee always wore a long, sandy beard, and in his travels sported a soft, broad-brimmed hat. One day, while walking about the streets, he was arrested and taken to the Palais de Justice. Explanations and expostulations proved unavailing. The prisoner was declared to be a "red Republican," and, in those days, that was no joke. It was only after the production of a passport and the interference of the United States consul, that the authorities were induced to release their captive.

Mr. Lee was in Paris, and was on the point of making a second journey into Spain, when the United States mail brought him a letter, conveying the tidings of the death of both Mr. Phillips and Mr. Sampson, and the failure of the house.

The panic of 1857 had made sad havoc with the book trade generally, and those firms which weathered the storm were sorely pressed. Phillips and Sampson met with heavy losses, but struggled on in the hope of recovering lost ground. But, in 1859, the death of the senior members of the firm seemed to paralyze its prosperity, and the worst quickly followed.

Mr. Lee had received no warning of the impending calamity, and for the time was much overcome by the announcement. He foresaw what it implied, however, and at once returned to Boston, to find himself a heavy loser by the financial disaster.

Still undaunted, he gathered up what remained of his fortune and, in February, 1860, he became a member of the firm of Crosby, Nichols and Company, which had purchased many of the

stereotype plates belonging to the late firm of Phillips, Sampson and Company, and which now took the name of Crosby, Nichols, Lee and Company. But the long stagnation of trade, succeeded by losses in the southern states, consequent upon the political troubles of those days, bore heavily upon the new firm; and, in the spring of 1861, Mr. Lee left the business and again trod the streets of Boston without a dollar that he could call his own! Thus, after twenty years of business activity, his fortune was gone, and nothing remained for him to do except to begin life over again.

During the next few months Mr. Lee surveyed the field about him, endeavoring to discern what could be accomplished with no other capital save brains. A decision was soon reached, and it resulted from one of those little incidents of life, which, although rare indeed, make life all the more worth living. I hope I betray no breach of trust in recalling it.

While walking down Washington street one day Mr. Lee encountered his friend of many years.

"What are you doing now, Charlie?" he asked.

"Nothing; and I'm as poor as a church mouse," was the reply.

"But, look here, Charlie, keep up your courage. I haven't got much myself; but I'll go halves with you. Come up to my room to-night, and we'll talk matters over."

The friends parted, to meet again within a few hours in the glow of the gas-light. Affairs were candidly and earnestly discussed, plans were laid, and then and there began the firm, whose reputation has extended wherever the English language is spoken, — the house of LEE AND SHEPARD.

It was February 1, 1862. The times were not propitious for a beginning at



any trade, but the partners were veterans in experience, and no sooner had they shaped their plans than the public in many ways evinced its confidence in their undertaking. Better than a large capital was the encouragement they received from all with whom they had formerly had dealings; and they began under the most pleasing auspices.

The firm first occupied a very old, two-storied wooden building, known as "the old dye-house," on Washington Street, opposite the Old South "Church."\*

Of course the store soon began to show its incapacity for the growing business, just as the "old corner" had done in the case of Ticknor and Fields, and as almost every ancient book-shop has done in the last quarter of a century. The proprietors of the establishment were not only their own employers, but their own employees as well. They attended to their own book-keeping, did their own selling and buying, tied up their bundles and packed all the cases. Early and late they shouldered their task, and started ahead. After three years thus spent the firm moved into the new store at 149 Washington Street, which still remains, and which the firm continued to occupy until 1873.

At this point it is convenient to go back a number of years and recount the principal events in the life of the junior partner of the house: Charles A. B. Shepard.

If the boy could have had his own way, when he started in life, the chances are that to-day he would be an American admiral. As it happened, his early passion and proclivities were not fostered; he became a bookseller whom all the world now knows as "Charley Shepard."

He was born in Salem, Massachusetts, October 18th, 1829, and received his education at the public school. He was one of the brightest scholars in his class, learned easily, was fond of books, never wearied of study, and never forgot what he acquired. At the start he was blest with a most marvelous and retentive memory, and a keen sense of the practical side of life. "It was thus," as one of his friends has remarked, "that his school days were profitable to him to a degree not common, and it was thus that his rapidly-growing literary attainments became the astonishment of strangers and the never failing delight and surprise of his friends."

Mr. Shepard's father was a sea-faring man, who, however, took good care to check every inclination towards that sort of life that existed in the mind of his son, at a very tender age. At his business start, therefore, the boy was forced into a channel that was not of his own choosing. At the age of fifteen, after having previously tried his skill as a boy of all work in the grocery business, he entered the store of John P. Jewett, a bookseller at Salem. He remained with Mr. Jewett eleven years, during which time he forgot all about the details of the West India trade and instead acquired a perfect knowledge of those of the making and selling of books. When, in 1846, Mr. Jewett removed to Boston and opened a store on Cornhill, Mr. Shepard accompanied him, and by his untiring energy, his close application to business and his intelligent way of conducting the affairs of the house in general, very largely contributed to the success which, in those days, was accounted so remarkable. He was even then looked upon as the "hardest worker" in the trade. He was the first to enter the store in the morning, and the last to leave at night.

\* On the site now occupied by the "Old South Clothing House."





Charles D. Shepard



To many, it seemed as if his hours were only hours of toil; and yet, few young men of his age took life so easily as did he, or got more enjoyment out of it. It was during Mr. Shepard's connection with the house of John P. Jewett that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" first saw the light. The story of its publication has so often been told that it need not be repeated here. Mr. Shepard recalls all the incidents associated with it as vividly to-day as though they were but events of yesterday, and he is now the only living man that can tell them. As everybody knows, the book bounded into success, due as much to the shrewd advertising of the publisher as to the merits of the work itself. It redounds to the credit of Mr. Jewett that he never hesitated to acknowledge that whatever success he had as a Boston publisher was largely due to his sprightly clerk, who labored literally night and day, to master every detail of the business.

In 1855 Mr. Shepard conceived the idea of starting in business for himself, and formed a co-partnership which was known to the trade as Shepard, Clark and Brown. It flourished until the panic of 1857 swept over the country. Reverses came, and the house was forced to give up.

In 1862, as I have said, the firm of Lee and Shepard was started in business, with no other capital save that of brain and muscle. The two partners had long and favorably known one another. While strangely dissimilar in tastes, they yet exhibited many points in common. At the start, both were financially poor men; they possessed no funds, but, by virtue of their well known integrity and ability to succeed, could readily command the little which they required to begin life anew. Mr. Shepard, as well as Mr. Lee, had made him-

self indispensable to every firm with which he had been connected. Each had a wide circle of friends, and each was trusted by his friends. Both men had been generous in prosperity, and their good deeds, though known only to their intimate friends and the objects of their benevolence, were not trumpeted for worldly admiration. Both enjoyed a wide acquaintanceship with authors, and with books, with dealers, and with the public, and both had strong likes and dislikes, which made them as radical in politics as they were in personal affairs. In the firm, each has always had his own duties to perform, on the wise plan of a fitting division of labor. Yet while each partner seems exclusively to occupy his own field, independent of and unrestricted by the other, it rarely happens that there are any cross-purposes between them. The wheels of progress move on with unswerving and unerring progress; the law of compensation which is dominant in the establishment is always working aright.

Strangers who are for the first time brought in contract with these men, whether socially or on matters of business, invariably detect the strong points of conservatism which each exhibits. Mr. Lee gives one the impression of being a well-read man, as, in fact, he is. The faculty which he possesses of curiously gleaning the salient bits of knowledge out of current thought and expression, is something remarkable. The by-paths of literature are peculiarly his stamping-ground; and yet, upon almost every subject of important character, he will chat for hours intelligently and interestingly.

Mr. Shepard shows many of the same qualities. His brain is exceedingly fertile of ideas, his memory perfectly marvelous, his language pointed,

easy-flowing and abounding in wit and humor. He exhibits singular quickness at repartee; he is fond of a joke, and will give and take with the keenest sense of enjoyment. His familiarity with standard literature serves him many a good turn; he makes it a duty to read thoroughly or to "dip into" every new book that is talked about. He fortifies himself, whether for daily life or for social intercourse, with all the intellectual weapons, so to speak, that can ever be called into play. Still, he moves along the pathway of life thoroughly without affectation; a "liberal education" seems to have been his by inheritance, and he can make better use of it than most college men with whom he is brought in contact.

It is as impossible for Mr. Shepard not to quote poetry as it is for him to fly through the air; and his facility in so doing would alone make him a marked man. His whole soul is full of poesy, ever restless and exuberant. I am not aware that he ever molded a rhyme, or sung a measure of song in all his life. And yet so tenacious is his memory, so wonderful his talent in applying the epigrammatic utterances of the leading writers, both old and new, that a person, on being made cognizant of the fact, finds himself puzzled. Poetry enters into even the driest details of Mr. Shepard's business life. The signature to a check is often audibly accompanied by some melodic couplet. Anywhere and everywhere, and for everything that happens or may happen, the poetic spice is rarely wanting. Mr. Shepard does not deliberately intend this to be so; the gift rallies into utterance before he is aware of it, and he can no more suppress it than he can turn back the roaring waters of Niagara.

Possessed of such qualities as these, Mr. Shepard very easily finds friends

and is the centre of their attraction. Outspoken, sometimes even to bluntness, a bitter hater of duplicity and meanness, a keen detector of counterfeit character, on the one hand; on the other, warm in his affections, generous to a fault, faithful to those whom he admires, — such is the man of whom I write. No one is ever at a loss to discover whether Mr. Shepard is his friend or his enemy.

Mr. Shepard has been intimately connected with the politics of his time. He began as a thorough, out-and-out abolitionist; during the war he was a staunch Republican, and a firm admirer of Charles Sumner. When the great Senator forsook his party, Mr. Shepard chose the same course, and to-day finds him enrolled upon the Democratic side, although, for some years back, he has taken no active interest in any political movement of the day.

Such, in brief, is Charles A. B. Shepard, a man better known, perhaps, than any other among the book trade of this country, everywhere popular, and nowhere more truly so than among those who are brought daily in contact with him and who know him best.

The firm of Lee and Shepard removed from 149 Washington street, in 1873, to a new building, which, replacing the one which had been destroyed in the great Boston fire, now stands on the south-east corner of Franklin and Hawley street. In these commodious and sumptuously-fitted quarters the firm tarried until their removal, in January of the present year, to their new quarters at No. 10 Milk street, adjoining the "old South." Here they have evidently settled down to stay, perhaps for the remaining years of their joint business life.

When they started in the "old dye-house" it was simply as booksellers. They owned no stereotyped plates, and

for some weeks had no thought of entering into any business relations with authors. One day Mr. Shepard chanced to make a social call upon Mr. Samuel C. Perkins, formerly associated with Phillips, Sampson and Company, who, after their failure, had become possessed of some stereotype plates. During the conversation Mr. Perkins recalled the fact, and asked Mr. Shepard to take them off his hands. The wherewithall to purchase was wanting; but Mr. Shepard, conscious of what he was doing, decided to buy them, giving the firm's notes in payment. These plates included those of Oliver Optic's "Boat Club Series," in six volumes, and those of the "Riverdale Stories" in twelve volumes. Mr. Lee approved the transaction, and the firm at once brought out a new edition of both series. They met with a quick sale; indeed, so wonderful was their success that the author, who was then a Boston school teacher, was summoned and commissioned to prepare a series of books for girls. From that time down to the present day, the pen of "Oliver Optic" has been busily employed in behalf of the American youth. He has produced, besides the series already named, the "Army and Navy stories," in six volumes; the "Great Western series," in six volumes; the "Lake Shore series," in six volumes; the "Onward and Upward series," in six volumes; the "Starry Flag series," in six volumes; the "Woodville Stories," and the "Yacht Club series," each in six volumes; and two series of six volumes each, entitled "Young America abroad." Hundreds of thousands of copies have been sold of these books, and the demand for them to-day is almost as large as it was ten or fifteen years ago. It is no exaggeration to say that there is scarcely a young man or woman now living who has not read and profited

by one or more of Oliver Optic's stories.

Among the other successful writers whom Lee and Shepard brought into notice was Miss Rebecca S. Clark, known the world over by her pseudonym of "Sophie May." Her first book was "Little Prudy," which achieved a reputation not surpassed by that of Miss Alcott's "Little Women." This first volume was rapidly succeeded by others by the same author, which in turn won favor, and are now grouped in the catalogue in series, namely: "Little Prudy Series," "Little Prudy's Flyaway Series," "Dotty Dimple Series," and "Flaxie Frizzle Stories," each comprising six volumes. All of these books grew into the people's hearts, and ere long the newspapers noticed them, the magazines devoted large space to reviewing them, and the stately and sober-minded "North American Review," in a characteristic article, from Colonel Higginson's pen was led to say of their merits:

"Genius comes in with 'Little Prudy.' Compared with her, all other book-children are cold creations of literature only; she alone is the real thing, all the quaintness of childhood, its originality, its tenderness and its teasing, its infinite unconscious drollery, the serious earnestness of its fun, the fun of its seriousness, the natural religion of its plays and the delicious oddity of its prayers—all these waited for dear Little Prudy to embody them."

Such a verdict, from so exalted authority, has had its effect. The demand for Sophie May's books has been almost unprecedented. Inspired by her success in this line the author has also written several volumes for older readers, and they, too, have proved successful.

Another author, who has held a prominent place in the firm's catalogue, is Mr. George M. Baker. Although he has done



much for the entertainment of the young people in the line of story-telling, his greatest success has been found in his series of amateur dramatic books, which have long ago become standard. I would not undertake to mention how many "plays" he has written; but to simply read the "mail orders" for such literature or watch customers as they come and go from "headquarters," would incline everybody to believe that he had produced about all that are ever needed.

Lee and Shepard's catalogue embraces the names of a great many authors, to even enumerate which would require much space in this magazine. Among the more prominent I will call to mind the Rev. Asa Bullard, Professor James De Mille, Miss Amanda M. Douglass, who has written some of the best stories in American literature for older readers; the Rev. Elijah Kellogg, the author of many bright and wholesome stories for youth; Mr. J. T. Trowbridge, who is known everywhere; the "Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby," whom President Lincoln termed the *third* power in crushing the rebellion; Charles Sumner, the edition of whose works, published by this house, was thought worthy of award at the Philadelphia exhibition; Francis H. Underwood, who first suggested the "Atlantic Monthly" magazine, and is one of the most genial and scholarly of American writers; Colonel T. W. Higginson, who has produced a number of pleasant books, and is the author of the most popular school His-

tory of the United States ever written; B. P. Shillaber (Mrs. Partington), and a host of other names, which the lack of space forbids me to mention.

In the making of books Lee and Shepard have shown an *originality*, which has always been noticeable. In more ways than one, they have been pioneers, and have set examples, which other firms have closely imitated and followed. It was this house which first conceived the idea of publishing serially favorite songs and poems in elegantly illustrated form,—an idea which was at once taken up by nearly every other publishing house in the country. These were issued in cloth binding, and, two years ago, in the now famous "Golden Floral" style. In their new dress these books have proved to be the most popular of their kind ever sold on this continent.

The house has also produced other illustrated books, of artistic excellence. Among these Miss Jerome's "One Year's Sketch Book" has been declared to be without a rival, in its own field, while Miss Miner's "Orchids" must needs be seen to be appreciated.

But I have reached the limits placed upon this article. I have omitted to speak of many things of which I should like to say something. But the warp and woof of the story are here given, and the reader will easily discover therefrom that no secrets underly the firm of Lee and Shepard save,—industry at home, and integrity in all their dealings with the public.





*Rodney Wallace*



**HON. RODNEY WALLACE.**

BY REV. S. LEROY BLAKE, D.D.

[Pastor of the Calvinistic Congregational Church, Fitchburg.]

This is not a biography, it is a sketch ; possibly I might say it is an outline. At any rate the life of our subject can not be written till other chapters are added, and the end comes. May it be long delayed.

The intense culmination of forces in the busy period of a man's life renders it fruitful in material for a sketch. What a successful man, of marked force of character, has done, may be an incentive and an encouragement to others. Perhaps this was Longfellow's chief thought when he penned the "Psalm of Life :"

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime.

The lives of great men, and conspicuously that of the subject of this sketch, prove that, in this country, a boy need not be born with a silver spoon in his mouth, nor with a brilliant speech on his lips, to reach eminent success, and be held in high honor ; but that the noblest results of a life of industry and frugality, and the highest honors any worthy ambition can crave, are within reach of the boy who has energy, courage, integrity of purpose, and purity of character. By their native energy some of the most conspicuous men of our time have made their way against obstacles which would have been too much for less sturdy wills. Whatever deficiencies there may have been in their early training were largely atoned for by native energy and force of character. Because this is all true of the subject of

this paper, we tell the story in the hope that some other struggling boy may take courage from his example.

## HIS START IN LIFE.

Rodney Wallace was born in New Ipswich, New Hampshire, December 21, 1823, and is therefore in the full vigor of manhood. We may infer that his boyhood was not blessed with the advantages which usually crown the early life of so many lads, and strew their path with roses, from the fact that at the age of twelve he left home to work on a farm for wages, with agreement for limited opportunities for schooling. He is a son of David and Roxanna Wallace.

It seems likely that the family is of Scotch origin. David Wallace seemed to think so, since he dropped the spelling Wallis, and adopted the form in which the name is now written. In 1639, Robert Wallis was living in Ipswich, Massachusetts. Benoni Wallis, of this family, removed to Lunenburg and there married Rebecca Morse, of Lynn, July 2, 1755. She died in Lunenburg August 25, 1790, and he died March 15, 1792. David, son of Benoni and Rebecca Wallis, was born October 16, 1760. He married Susannah Lowe, and lived in Ashburnham where he died January 14, 1842. David, son of David and Susannah Wallis, was born at Ashburnham July 14, 1797. He married July 8, 1821, Roxanna Gower of New Ipswich, where he lived till he removed to Rindge, New Hampshire, in 1846. He

died at Rindge, May 29, 1857; and his wife died at Fitchburg, February 27, 1876. He was the first of his family in this country to adopt the spelling Wallace, instead of Wallis. He had eight children, of whom the subject of this sketch was the second.

As we have said, at the age of twelve, when most lads are comfortably cared for at home, young Wallace started out in life for himself. He let himself to a farmer for forty dollars for the first year, with the privilege of attending school eight weeks in the winter. It turns out that the first forty dollars he earned were the beginning of a large fortune, without a dishonest dollar in it, and that the eight weeks of schooling of that winter on the farm, was the beginning of a knowledge, gleaned here and there as opportunity offered, which fits him for prominent positions of trust and responsibility.

At an early age, sixteen I think, he was charged with the responsibility of driving freight teams from Rindge to Boston, returning with loads of merchandise. In the discharge of this trust he displayed the energy, tact, and trustworthiness which were prophecies of the man. He was taking his first lessons in the school of business, and proved himself an apt scholar.

Dr. Stephen Jewett was a somewhat notable physician of Rindge. His fame in the cure of chronic and acute diseases was wide spread. He was frequently called upon to make professional visits in Boston and other New England cities and towns. His medicines attained a wide celebrity. Their manufacture and sale became a large and lucrative business, and was carried on after the death of Dr. Jewett, by his son, Stephen Jewett, Jr. The energy which young Wallace had already shown induced Mr. Jewett to put the whole business of selling these medicines into his hands.

He entered into this employment in 1843, at the age of twenty, and continued in it till he came to Fitchburg in 1853. In selling these medicines he travelled over five of the New England States. He said to the writer that this was a good school in geography for him, for he became acquainted with the topography of these states, and the location of all their important places.

Such were the beginnings of a business career of great prosperity. It was in these ways that he got his start in life, and in these lesser employments he proved himself worthy of and equal to the greater tasks yet before him. Here he showed the same judgment and far-sighted wisdom, which have marked his career in the larger, more conspicuous circles of the business world, and won him a name which is everywhere repeated with respect, and a reputation for integrity and honest dealing which any man might covet.

#### HIS BUSINESS LIFE.

In 1853 Mr. Wallace came to Fitchburg and entered upon that period which, for convenience, I have named his business life. He formed a co-partnership with Stephen Shepley, known as Shepley and Wallace. They were wholesale dealers in books, stationery, paper-stock, and cotton-waste. This firm continued under the name of Shepley and Wallace, and R. Wallace and Co. till July 1, 1865. On this day the firm dissolved, and the business was divided. Mr. Wallace took the department of paper-stock and cotton-waste, which he still carries on. To what proportions it has grown, under his management, may be judged from the fact that the business done amounts at least to \$200,000 a year.

December 31, 1864, Stephen Shepley, Benjamin Snow, and Rodney Wallace bought the Lyon Paper Mill and the

Kimball Scythe Shops at West Fitchburg, and began the manufacture of paper under the name of the Fitchburg Paper Company. Stephen E. Denton was taken into the firm as a partner soon after. He had charge of the business at the mill. In July, 1865, Rodney Wallace and Benjamin Snow bought the interest of Stephen Shepley; and the Fitchburg Paper Company was then Wallace, Snow, and Denton. Mr. Denton died in June, 1868. January 7, 1869, Mr. Wallace bought the interest of Benjamin Snow. January 23 of the same year he bought the interest of Mr. Denton's estate of his widow, who was at that time residing in New York. From that date till the present the Fitchburg Paper Company is Rodney Wallace. He retains the old firm name.

Since becoming sole owner, he has added largely to the original property. A neat village of dwellings has grown up around his mills, which deserves a name of its own. Wallaceville would be an appropriate name. He has put in a substantial stone dam at great expense. In 1878 he erected a new brick mill, with all the modern improvements, doubling the capacity of the establishment. It is now capable of producing from 15,000 to 18,000 pounds of paper every twenty-four hours. Just across the Nashua River is the Fitchburg Railroad. He has a freight station of his own, where he receives all his freight and ships all his paper.

Mr. Wallace has conducted his business with rare sagacity, with unblemished integrity, and with an eye to the welfare of his employees, as well as to his own personal interests. If it were not like praising a man to his face, since he still lives, many instances might be cited to prove that it has not been his policy to get the most out of his employees for the least possible return. But it is

enough to say that he has no difficulty in keeping men in his employ. Somehow he has hit upon a plan by which he has kept the irrepressible conflict between capital and labor at a distance.

Aside from his own business, which makes large drafts upon his time, strength, and thought, he has been closely identified with numerous other corporate and monetary interests. He has thus had a large share in contributing to the growth and prosperity of the enterprising city in which he lives. Its business interests, to a large degree, have enjoyed his wisdom, and profited by his sagacity. Since 1864 he has been President and Director of the Fitchburg Gas Company; a Director of Putnam Machine Company since the same year; a Director of the Fitchburg National Bank since 1866; a partner in the Fitchburg Woolen Mills since 1877; a Trustee of Smith College since 1878. He is a Director of the Fitchburg Mutual Fire Insurance Company; a Trustee of the Fitchburg Savings Bank; a Director of the Fitchburg Railroad; a partner of the Parkhill Manufacturing Company. Besides these, he has had the settlement of large and important estates, demanding time, good judgment, and unbending integrity. We would especially note the large estate of the late Ephraim Murdock, Jr., of Winchendon, and that of the late Hon. Wm. H. Vose of Fitchburg. These facts speak for themselves, and show the esteem in which Mr. Wallace is held by his fellow citizens, as a wise counsellor, and as a man of integrity and uprightness of character, as well as of rare good judgment in all matters pertaining to the transaction of business. Another says, "In whatever enterprise Mr. Wallace has been engaged, he has not only been fortunate in its pecuniary interests, but also in the speedy command of the confidence and



respect of his associates. True moral principles have been united with unquestioned probity, business tact, and liberal, intelligent management." He has won a large fortune, without parting with his honesty in earning a single dollar. As his property has increased, his generous spirit has seen larger opportunities and at once embraced them. He has not been among those who withhold more than is meet and tend to poverty. Property in such hands is not a grinding monopoly, but a wide blessing. Such men can afford to be wealthy. They represent the true socialistic spirit, which is, that private capital should be held as a public good.

Largely through the influence of Mr. Wallace various improvements have been made in Fitchburg, which contribute to its attractiveness. The business of the city is in no small degree indebted to him for facilities with which communication can be had with the world outside. Prominent mention may be made of the beautiful Union Railway station at Fitchburg in securing whose erection, and in planning which, Mr. Wallace was largely instrumental.

#### MR. WALLACE IN POLITICS.

Mr. Wallace has had no ambitious longings for political life. And yet his fellow citizens would not be likely to let such a man remain wholly out of public life. So it is true to say that whatever office Mr. Wallace has held, has sought him. He was selectman of the town during the years 1864, 1865, and 1867. In 1873 he was representative to the Genral Court, to which office he was elected in the fall of 1872 by nearly every ballot cast. He was re-nominated the next year without dissent or opposition, but declined a re-election on account of ill health. While a member of the Legislature he was on the Committee on Manufactures, a position which his

ability and experience fitted him to fill.

The most conspicuous political office he has held is that of Councillor. While holding that position he represented one of the largest and most important districts of the State. In it are included the thriving city of Worcester and the sister city of Fitchburg, which, with their varied industries, needed a man of large and ripe judgment to represent them. He served three terms, during the years 1880, 1881, and 1882, or throughout the entire administration of Governor Long. His election was so entirely unanimous that for the last two years he had no competitor in the field, Democrats as well as Republicans supporting him. While on the Council he was a member of the following important committees: on Pardons, on Harbors and Public Lands, on Millitary Affairs, and on Warrants.

At the close of Governor Long's administration he refused to allow further use of his name for the office he had so ably filled for three years. He celebrated his retirement from this position as a servant of the public by a brilliant reception tendered to Governor Long in the City Hall, Fitchburg, December 7, 1882. He thus gave his fellow citizens and constituents an opportunity to look Massachusett's popular Governor in the face and take him by the hand.

The following account of the reception, appeared in the *Fitchburg Sentinel* of Friday, December 8, which I quote:

"The reception tendered to Governor Long in City Hall, Thursday evening, by Councillor Rodney Wallace and wife, was the most enjoyable and brilliant entertainment ever given in this city, and will be long remembered with pleasure by all who participated. The reception was given by Mr. and Mrs. Wallace as a compliment to Governor Long, with whom Mr. Wallace has been

associated as Councilor for three years, and to give their friends here an opportunity to spend an evening socially with His Excellency. Some 450 cards of invitation were sent out, including about 700 persons, and nearly 600 were present on Thursday evening. The storm and blizzard-like weather that reached this city early in the afternoon prevented the attendance of some of Mr. Wallace's business associates from abroad. The intention was to give all a pleasant, social evening, and the result was a full realization of the pleasure anticipated for some days.

\* \* \* \*

Guests were received at the west entrance over which a canopy was erected. The steps, hall-ways and stairs were all carpeted. The Common Council room was used as a dressing room for the ladies, the Aldermen's room for the gentlemen, and the Mayor's office was reserved for Governor Long and Councilor Wallace. On entering the hall the guests were presented to Councilor Wallace, Mrs. Wallace and Governor Long, who stood in the centre on the east side—Messrs. Herbert I. Wallace, George R. Wallace, Charles E. Ware, Jr., Harris C. Hartwell, James Phillips, Jr., B. D. Dwinnell, Dr. E. P. Miller and M. L. Cate officiating as ushers. After the greetings the time was spent socially, listening to the excellent music furnished by Russell's Orchestra, fourteen pieces stationed on the stage, and many enjoyed dancing from 10.30 till about 1 o'clock.

\* \* \* \*

Among the distinguished guests were the following from out of town: Councilor Joseph Davis and wife of Lynn, Councilor Matthew W. Cushing of Middleboro, Councilor Nathaniel Wales of Stoughton, Councilor Rufus D. Woods of Enfield, Congressman-elect William Whiting of Holyoke, Councilor-elect Eben A. Hall of the Greenfield Gazette and Courier, Secretary of State Henry B. Peirce of Abington, Rev. E. A. Horton of Boston (formerly of Leominster), Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Edwards and Prof Henry M. Tyler and

wife (formerly of this city) of Northampton, Dr. F. A. Harris, wife and Miss Gage, Mrs. Glover (Governor Long's mother-in-law), William B. Wood and wife, Superintendent John Adams (of the Fitchburg Railroad) and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Shepley, all of Boston; N. D. White and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. White of Winchendon, John S. Baldwin of the Worcester Spy, J. B. Hall of the Worcester Gazette, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Merriam and daughter of Leominster.

An attempt to describe the hall as it appeared on this occasion cannot be otherwise than unsatisfactory. To appreciate the brilliant scene one must see not only the gay decorations and the beautiful flowers and plants, but also the happy people and the elegant and tasty dresses of the ladies, in the full light of the extra burners placed in the centre of the hall for this reception.

\* \* \* \*

The entire floor was carpeted, and the hall was divided into two sections—reception room and dining room—by pink and white bunting. The walls of the entire hall were decorated with draperies, cottons, pink and white buntings, etc., and festooned with two thousand yards of laurel and hanging baskets of flowers, while a splendid collection of pot plants, orange and lemon trees, and growing grapes, from Mr. Wallace's private conservatory added much to the grand effect of the designs.

The most elaborate work was in the front of the stage, at the right of the stage and on the right and left centres of the hall. Above all, over the stage was a gilt carved eagle surmounting the State coat of arms. On either side flags were festooned and ornamented with sprays of holly. In the rear of the platform were palm trees, while in front dracinas, and laurel, with a beautiful orange tree in each corner, each bearing nearly twenty oranges. On the right wall of the hall, the draperies were surmounted by four medallions representing the elements—Air, Earth, Fire, and Water. In the right centre was the large painting representing Crete, above which was the motto "*Amicus inter*



Amicos." In the foreground was a pedestal surmounted by a bust of Ariadne, flanked on each side by growing grapes, with two Roman altars burning incense through the entire evening.

On the left centre wall was a large painting representing Antium, the home of Nero and Temple of Fortuna, with the Appollo Belvidere on a pedestal in the foreground, flanked with two standing vases with burning incense. Above the painting was the motto "Gaudeamus Igitur," resting on a gilt lyre and torch. Medallions representing Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter surmounted the draperies on this side of the hall.

One of the most admired features of the decorations was the design on the floor at the right of the stage. A pedestal, some ten feet high, was surmounted by a beautiful specimen of the American eagle. On either side of the eagle was a perfect flag made of natural flowers—violets, carnations and tube roses—with a shield of similar flowers in the centre. The entire pedestal was banked by pots of growing plants—including palms, dracinas, ponisettas in full bloom, etc.

The dining room was also handsomely decorated with flags, draperies and flowers, while the table itself was elegantly laid with exquisitely decorated china and silver, and ornamented by beautiful bouquets, candelabra, and epergnes. Supper was served through the entire evening, guests entering at the right from the reception apartment and passing through to the west side of the hall."

The completeness of all these arrangements were largely due to the taste and energy of his son, Mr. Herbert I. Wallace, who had the whole matter in charge.

In 1884 Mr. Wallace was chosen delegate from this district to the Republican Convention held at Chicago in June, which resulted in the nomination of James G. Blaine and John A. Logan. Like most of the delegates from Massachusetts, Mr. Wallace was in

favor of Senator Edmunds of Vermont. But when he saw that Mr. Blaine's nomination was inevitable, he joined in making it unanimous. He did not go with those who bolted the nomination, because it was not his first choice, but he supported it with his purse, his voice, and his vote, as appears from the following synopsis of a brief address which he made at a ratification meeting, held in the City Hall, Fitchburg, July 11, 1884, which I clip from the *Fitchburg Sentinel* of the next day:

"Ex-Mayor Merriam, Chairman of the committee, called the meeting to order, and said the audience had assembled to hear the report of the two delegates to the Republican national convention. The Chairman then introduced Rodney Wallace, who was most heartily applauded as he arose to speak.

Mr. Wallace, who was one of the delegates from this district to the Republican convention, said his first choice for President was the able statesman from Vermont, Senator Edmunds, and his second choice was President Arthur, who has given us such an excellent administration. The Massachusetts delegation, almost without exception, worked hard to secure the nomination for Mr. Edmunds, but it was impossible for that convention to nominate anybody but James G. Blaine. Nobody can describe the enthusiasm through the entire convention for Blaine. The California delegation bore a banner inscribed "From Maine to California, through Iowa, all for Blaine," and, in my opinion now, Mr. Blaine is the strongest man in the Republican party. When the motion was made to make the nomination unanimous, not a voice was raised against it. I believe he will be elected in November and will give us a strong and safe administration."

The writer does not know whether Mr. Wallace considers his political life ended. He certainly has no longing,



désires, and ambitions in the direction of public office. It is equally certain that any office which he will consent to hold, and which the people who know him can give, he can have without opposition.

MR. WALLACE AS A CITIZEN.

I come now to a part of my story which it is exceedingly pleasant to relate and of which I am able to speak, to no little extent, from personal knowledge. It is, after all, what one is as a man among men, which speaks most for his honor, or his dishonor. What greater significance generous deeds have, when you know that behind them is no calculating, grasping spirit, which is figuring out how much it can get in return, but a noble, generous, self-forgetful manhood. We have a conviction that the conflict between labor and capital, which just now has reached a threatening pitch of violence, might have been avoided if employers had not in so many cases endeavored to reduce men to mere money-making machines. As a rule strikes do not occur where laboring men are treated with the consideration due them as free citizens. The freedom of Fitchburg from strikes is due to the intelligence of the workmen, and the fairness of the employers. Another says, "nothing does more to destroy the spirit of socialism and communism and to dissipate envy than to see wealthy men devoting a part of their wealth to public uses."

This introduces us to the most conspicuous act by which the subject of our sketch has proved his public spirit and generosity of purpose as a citizen. I refer to his gift to the city of Fitchburg of a beautiful public library, which, by vote of the city government, is to be called by his name. This act of beneficence reaches farther than appears to a

casual observer. It secures to the city, for all coming time, a "Peoples' College," where the child of the poorest, as well as of the richest, the toiler as well as the man of leisure, may get a very important education. This building is to be devoted to art as well as to literature, and we look to see it exert a refining and cultivating, as well as an educating influence over the rising generations of our city. Its very presence, in a most conspicuous position, in the very heart of the city, will be educational. It will prove itself a most valuable adjunct to the excellent course of instruction given in our public schools.

For some years it had been in Mr. Wallace's mind to do something of this sort. In 1881 he purchased what was known as the Ruggles property, opposite Monument Park. In the spring of 1884, when he left for his annual tour in the South, he placed in the hands of Judge Ware, Chairman of the Trustees of the Public Library, a genuine surprise to his fellow citizens. I clip from the *Fitchburg Sentinel* of March 26, 1884, the following account of the matter:

"Both branches of the City Council met on Tuesday evening and transacted the following business:

The principal business was

IN JOINT CONVENTION.

Major Davis presided and announced that Judge T. K. Ware, Chairman of the Trustees of the Public Library, had a communication to present to the City Council.

Judge Ware said that he appeared before the Council at the request of Honorable Rodney Wallace, who, previous to his departure for the South, left with him the following communication which gave him pleasure and gratification to be able to present to the City Council:

*To His Honor, the Mayor and the City Council of the City of Fitchburg:*

GENTLEMEN:—The subscriber has felt for a long time that a building with proper appurtenances for our Public Library here in Fitchburg was much needed, and makes the following proposition, viz:

I propose to convey by proper deed to the city of Fitchburg my lot of land situated at the corner of Main street and Newton place, and to expend, with the advice and approval of the Trustees of the Public Library, within the next two years, a sum not less than forty thousand dollars (\$40,000) in erecting a building on said lot; said building to be under the care and management of the Board of Trustees of the Public Library for the time being, and to be used for a Free Public Library, Reading Rooms and Art Gallery, and for no other purpose.

And it is understood that the city government, accepting these donations for the above purposes, shall assume and bear the current expenses of said building, grounds and appurtenances, after the Library building shall have been completed and furnished.

If the above proposition is accepted I shall proceed to carry out the same as soon as it can conveniently be done.

RODNEY WALLACE.

FITCHBURG, March 17, 1884.

Mayor Davis said this act on the part of our esteemed fellow citizen calls forth the profound gratitude of all the inhabitants of our city. I cannot allow this opportunity to pass without expressing my thanks, as a citizen, for the munificent gift. May his life be long and his prosperity increasing.

The following order, introduced by Mayor Davis, was then unanimously adopted:

*Ordered*, That the City of Fitchburg accept the donation of Honorable Rodney Wallace to it of the lot of land on the corner of Main street and Newton place, and the Library building to be erected by him thereon, upon the conditions and in accordance with the terms and provisions contained in his written communication and proposal to the

Mayor and City Council; and places on record its profound appreciation of the public spirit and munificence of the donor, and its recognition of the incalculable benefits which will result to his fellow citizens and their descendants and successors for all time from this noble gift.

Alderman Joel said the surprise was so great and so agreeable that words were not at his command to express the thanks he, in common with all other members, felt for the munificent gift presented by Mr. Wallace. He moved that a committee be appointed to prepare and forward a vote of thanks to Honorable Rodney Wallace for his gift. The motion was unanimously adopted, and Mayor Davis appointed Alderman Joel, Councilmen Flaherty and Parkhill as the committee."

From the *Sentinel* of April 10, 1884, I clip the following:

"The following resolutions have been presented to Honorable Rodney Wallace by the special committee appointed at the joint convention of the two branches of the City Council, March 25:

TO HONORABLE RODNEY WALLACE:

FITCHBURG, Mass.

*Whereas*, the Mayor and City Council of the city of Fitchburg have received and accepted a proposition tendered by Honorable Rodney Wallace of this city, by the terms of which a lot of land situated at the corner of Main street and Newton place is donated to the city of Fitchburg, and a sum not less than forty thousand dollars is to be expended by him, with the advice and approval of the Trustees of the Public Library, within the next two years in erecting a building on said lot, said building to be used for a Free Public Library, Reading Rooms, and an Art Gallery; therefore,

*Resolved*, That this body desires to voice and place on record the universal appreciation on the part of our citizens of the generosity and public spirit of the honored donor, of the timeliness of the gift, and not less, of the wisdom and foresight manifested in the particu-

lar mode by which the city is made the recipient of the munificent present.

*Resolved*, That we recognize the fact that a gift of this nature will result in incalculable benefits to the community so fortunate as to receive it, enlarging and intensifying, as it does, all the privileges of acquiring information and securing culture which a public library affords; providing in a most accessible and useful form the means by which our young people and those whose daily toil leaves them little leisure for study, may draw to themselves the results of all past experience; and rendering both attractive and easy to all classes of our people opportunities of turning their thoughts from the sterner features of their daily occupations to the amenities of life as presented by specimens of artistic and literary merit.

*Resolved*, That while sharing in the delight of our citizens in view of the valuable gift thus unexpectedly placed at their service, we congratulate them even more upon the presence among them of men whom Providence has blessed in three-fold measure—with hearts abounding in philanthropic instincts, with material resources ample for the gratification of such impulses, and with that rarer gift than either, the judgment requisite to secure for their donations the widest and most permanent range of influence.

*Resolved*, That we cannot resist the inclination to felicitate our honored benefactor upon the deep and abiding joy which must be the most adequate reward for this expression of his good will toward our city—the joy arising from the knowledge that every home within our corporate limits will enter into the enjoyment of his gift and that not a few of our youth will be allured from scenes of degrading and immoral pleasure by the presence in a most convenient location of a beautiful edifice within which are at their disposal the graces of art and the riches of literature.

*Resolved*, That the distinguished giver by this gift, the most valuable ever received by this community at one time

from a single citizen, has “erected a monument more enduring than bronze and loftier than the regal structure of the pyramids” in the establishment of a lasting sense of gratitude within the hearts of his appreciative fellow citizens.

|                            |                     |
|----------------------------|---------------------|
| ALONZO DAVIS,              | } <i>Committee.</i> |
| JOEL JOEL,                 |                     |
| BERNARD H. FLAHERTY,       |                     |
| JOHN PARKHILL,             |                     |
| FITCHBURG, April 1, 1884.” |                     |

Although \$40,000 is the lowest limit named, it should be said that the cost of the noble pile will far exceed that sum. It was a generous and princely act for which he will be held in lasting and grateful memory. He will leave behind him a monument which will forever identify his name with the intellectual and moral culture of all classes of the citizens of Fitchburg.

On the seventh of April, the Trustees of the Public Library took appropriate action on the gift of Mr. Wallace. The following account appeared in the *Sentinel* of April 8:

“At a meeting of the Trustees of the Public Library, Monday evening, the board adopted the following resolution, offered by Henry A. Willis, and on motion of Rev. P. J. Garrigan it was voted to enter the same on their records, request the daily papers of the city to publish the same, and that Rev. P. J. Garrigan, Henry A. Willis and L. H. Bradford be appointed a committee to present the action of the board to Mr. Wallace:

*Resolved*, That we have heard with great satisfaction of the proposed gift by Honorable Rodney Wallace of land and a building for the use of the Public Library, thus providing for a want long felt by the Trustees, viz: facilities for making the Library fully available to the people of the city, which it never could be in its present confined quarters; that we will fully co-operate with the generous donor in any manner desired



by him in carrying out the details of his proposed undertaking; and that we desire here to place upon our records our keen appreciation of the generous spirit which has moved him to tender this munificent gift."

The new library building fronts on Main street, and looks out upon Monument Park and the beautiful Court House of North Worcester County. It is of Greek classic style, and is built of Trenton pressed brick. It has sandstone trimmings. It has a frontage of seventy-four feet on Main street, and is sixty-five feet deep. The basement is ten feet in height. It is two stories above the basement. The library floor is sixteen feet high. The second story, which contains the picture gallery, is ten feet high on the outside, and thirty-two in the centre. The extreme height is therefore fifty-eight feet. The front of the building is especially imposing. It has a projection in the centre, twenty-five feet wide and six feet deep, which extends the whole height of the structure and terminates in a gable, which is surrounded by a decorated pediment. The main entrance is approached by massive steps of granite, twelve feet wide, flanked by heavy buttresses. At the top of the steps is the entrance porch, eleven feet wide, six feet deep, and arched overhead. Polished granite columns with carved capitals on either side support the archway above. In the belt of sandstone above this arch is cut the legend "Library and Art Building." Above this belt is a row of windows separated by columns of brick. Above these is a sandstone belt in which is cut the name of the donor, by vote of the City Government. The title of the structure is therefore "Wallace Library and Art Building." Above is a row of circular windows separated by sandstone columns with carved capitals.

The hip roof of the building is crowned by a monitor top, which admits light into the art room below. Over the entrance is to be the city seal, in antique and Venetian glass. The whole structure is amply lighted by a large number of windows.

The basement provides for a store-room, a work-room, and reading-room, which opens off Newton lane. The public will have full access to this room. It will specially accommodate the workmen. The late Honorable Wm. H. Vose left \$1,000, the income of which is to be used in supplying suitable papers for this room. There are also in the basement a coal room, and the boiler which heats the whole building. On entering the building one stands in a large hall, on the right of which is a reading-room for magazines, and on the left is a large reference room, and a winding stairway by which the second story is reached. Across the whole rear of the building is the library room, which is high enough to admit of galleries. Ample provisions are thus made for all the possible future needs of the city. In the second story is the art gallery. Around it are five other rooms, which can be devoted to any of the uses such an institution may require. When completed the inside will be finished in hard woods, and according to modern ideas of taste and elegance. The art gallery will be a model of its kind.

With a collection of books and of works of art to match the thought of the donor expressed in the building the library will be a lasting blessing to our city. A gift so timely, and so well adapted to the needs of a city like Fitchburg, with its population of young people, could not fail to commend itself, and win the gratitude of every right-minded citizen. Therefore, any one who will stand in front of this building for an hour, and

listen to the remarks made by those who look up to it as they pass, will readily learn how deep a hold on the esteem of all classes of the citizens of Fitchburg this generous act has given Mr. Wallace.

Lest my estimate of Mr. Wallace may seem extravagant to those who do not know him, I add the following from the pen of Professor H. M. Tyler of Smith College, Northampton, formerly Mr. Wallace's pastor. He writes:—

"It gives me great pleasure to send a few lines in answer to your note, though it would be easy for a critic to say that I have long since passed the point where I could give a cold-blooded opinion of Mr. Wallace. I can write only from the stand-point of warm friendship and cannot be cold in my respect and admiration for my friend. Mr. Wallace is pre-eminently a business man; to this the chief energy of his life has been directed. It seems an impertinence for me to pass judgment upon his career, but I have loved to study him in his business habits. By his affability, correctness, and fairness in all his work he has succeeded marvelously in attaching every one to himself. All instinctively gravitate toward him, and never wish to break off their association with him. I never knew a man so master of his own ways and yet so universally popular. People love to be influenced or even controlled by him. His office would be the centre of any community in which he should be placed. All men love to fasten to him their faith. He has everywhere learned to gather friends by showing himself friendly. His interest in the people of his own community has been shown not merely by his public benefactions. Every one in want of help has turned to him, and all have had a patient hearing and generous response.

He has been associated with people of every position and among all has been a favorite companion. Everyone has felt at home with him. It is rarely true that a man has gained success with so thorough a desire that his friends

should enjoy what he has gathered with him. He is thus remarkable for his prosperity, for the use which he is making of his prosperity, for his delight in giving pleasure to others, and for the disposition and temper which finds its enjoyment in such rational and kindly ways.

It is not that one never disagrees with Mr. Wallace. He would scorn the flattery which yields convictions to attempt to please. Even when we differ he is none the less congenial. If I have ever had the feeling that in any respect I should like to make him over it has generally yielded to the conviction that on the whole I could not hope to do better than has been done. Among all the men with whom I have come in contact in places of business responsibility and honor I do not know another to whom I give more unqualified respect and esteem than I do to Mr. Wallace. Cordially,

HENRY M. TYLER."

Mr. Wallace, as has appeared, was for three years associated with Governor Long in the Government of Massachusetts. In response to a note from me Mr. Long writes as follows:

"I am glad to know that you are writing a sketch of Mr. Wallace for publication. If a good subject will make a good sketch your work will be a success. He is one of the men, however, who write their own lives, not in the pages of any autobiography, but in their conduct and character. I have served with him in public life, and sat with him as one of my Councilors in the Executive Chamber, and have found him always a fund of practical good sense, of excellent judgment, trained by great experience in affairs, and of thorough integrity. He is a representative Massachusetts man, the builder of his own fortune, equal to the enterprise of acquiring wealth and position, and magnanimous in their use and enjoyment. But I like best to recall, as I am sure do all who know him, his generous friendship, his great public spirit, and his good

heart, of which I have witnessed many proofs. I trust that it may be many years before his life is taken in any other way than in such an appreciative and kindly sketch as you will write of him.

Very truly yours,

JOHN D. LONG."

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 7, 1885.

December 1, 1853, Mr. Wallace married Sophia Ingalls, daughter of Thomas Ingalls of Rindge, New Hampshire. She died June 20, 1871, leaving two sons, Herbert I. Wallace and George R. Wallace. Herbert is a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1877. George studied at the Institute of Technology in Boston. They are associated with their father in the management of his business. December 28, 1876 Mr. Wallace married Mrs. Sophia F. Bailey of Woodstock, Vermont. Mr. Bailey was a member of Congress from the district in which Fitchburg is included. Mrs. Wallace is one of the well-known Billings family of Woodstock. Mr. Wallace lives in a beautiful house on Prospect street, which is surrounded with beautiful lawns and

green-houses which gratify his taste. From his front door he can overlook the city and its varied industries in whose development he has borne so conspicuous a part.

We are near the end of a story which it has been a pleasure to tell. Vastly more could be told. A volume of incidents could be written. There are precious secrets of every generous and noble man's life which no pen may profane by giving them publicity. These are the choice treasures reserved only for those who know him best, and live nearest his heart. But the writer desires, as Mr. Wallace's pastor, to add the testimony of observation and personal knowledge to the rare purity and uprightness of character, to the generosity of spirit, to the thoughtful kindness, and to the deep and reverent regard for spiritual things, of his distinguished parishioner. As an example of untiring energy, of probity of character, of cleanness of soul, of uprightness of life, of sincerity of purpose, of firmness of moral principle, he may safely be held up as a model for young men.

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## FITCHBURG.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. MASON.

Nested among her hills she lies, —  
The city of our love !  
Within her, pleasant homes arise ;  
And healthful airs and happy skies  
Float peacefully above.

\* [Mrs. Mason is a resident of Fitchburg. Her home, on Rollstone Street, is shown in the "Sketch of Fitchburg." Her reputation as a writer of verse is not confined to the State. She is the author of the words of

the familiar ballad "Do They Miss Me at Home?" and has, for many years, contributed poetry to leading weeklies and magazines.—Ed.]



A sturdy few, 'mid hopes and fears,  
Her fair foundations set :  
And looking backward now, through years  
Of steady gain, how small appears  
Her old estate ! — and yet,

She dons no autocratic airs,  
In scorn of humbler days,  
But shapes her fortunes and affairs,  
To match the civic wreath she wears  
And justify her bays.

Honor and Truth her old renown :  
Conservative of both,  
The virtues of the little town  
She holds in legacy, to crown  
The city's larger growth.

Nor ease nor sloth her strength despoil :  
Her peaceful farmers till,  
With patient thrift, th' outlying soil,  
Her trained mechanics deftly toil,  
Her merchants ply their skill ;

Her ponderous engineries supply  
A thousand waiting needs ;  
Her wheels revolve, her shuttles fly, —  
And ever where the prize hangs high,  
Her foot, unflinching, leads.

Her sympathies are large and sweet :  
And when, at Freedom's call,  
The war flags waved, the war drums beat,  
She sprang, responsive, to her feet,  
And freely offered all !

Alert in War, she emulates  
The Arts of Peace, as well :  
Religion, Order, guard her gates ;  
Wealth, Culture, Thrift, like happy Fates,  
Her destinies foretell.

So, through the round of years, she keeps  
Advancing on her Past :  
Her old-time vigor never sleeps, —  
And even as she sows she reaps.  
God bless her to the last !

## MAJOR GENERAL LEW WALLACE AT SHILOH.

GENERAL U. S. GRANT'S VINDICATION OF GENERAL WALLACE.—THE WALLACE AND GRANT LETTERS AND DOCUMENTS WITH INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

BY GENERAL HENRY B. CARRINGTON.

[Author of "Battles of the American Revolution."]

It seems common to all great wars that the true version of leading actions is rarely assured by the immediate reports of commanders. Many causes secure to such reports substantial accuracy, but the development of details seldom fails to show that justice to subordinates cannot be done by the simple statement of general plans and general results. There are historians who still claim that Arnold had no part in the battle of Freeman's Farm, September 19, 1777; and many other battles of the Revolutionary war lacked clear definition until nearly a century had passed and the records were supplemented by careful examination of the battle-fields and a more thorough scrutiny of British, French, and Hessian archives, thereby to correct topographical data and harmonize conflicting statements.

The case of General Fitz John Porter forcibly illustrates the difficulty of changing public opinion, once formed, even when supplemental data enforce military recognition of their value. The Battle of Franklin, which secured to General Thomas the opportunity to fortify Nashville and ultimately defeat Hood, and the battles of Stone River, Gettysburg, Chicamauga and Monocacy, are among the actions of the late war in which differences of statement as to positions and movements have greatly qualified first estimates of the relations which various officers sustained to those actions.

The battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing, has been the latest under scrutiny. It is not the purpose to consider whether the action of the day was influenced by the arrival of Buel's army, or by the non-arrival of General Lew Wallace's division; nor whether General Wallace did, or did not, march by scientific methods, when he moved for the nearest firing. Among voluminous papers touching the civil war are the copies of original papers received from General Wallace himself, and of present interest. These papers received notice from the Western press at one time, but seem to demand a more formal record, as essential factors in the better understanding of the Battle of Shiloh.

The following outline is suggested by these documents:

1st. That the Federal line of battle, early in the morning, stretched out from Pittsburg Landing nearly to the Purdy Road, with General Sherman's division on the right, within about a mile of that road.

2nd. That General Wallace's division was at Crump's Landing, not more than five miles from Pittsburg Landing; it being then uncertain which of the two would be the objective of attack.

3d. That General Grant visited General Wallace at Crump's Landing and ordered him to hold his command subject to orders, and then steamed onward to Pittsburg Landing.

4th. That before 6 o'clock, A. M., the

sound of firing had led General Wallace to put his command under arms; and he was prepared to move wherever active work should demand, even before he was ordered to be thus ready.

5th. That he concentrated his brigades, then in three camps, into one mass, at the forks of the Purdy Road and the road to Pittsburg Landing, so that he might take either road, as orders should decide.

6th. That he understood the original line of battle and the disposition of its divisions, and knew that General Sherman held the right.

7th. That the order received by him, before 12 o'clock, M., from Captain Baxter, staff officer of General Grant, was in writing; and while pronounced verbally, at first, the form it assumed, when reduced to writing and subsequently delivered to General Wallace, was a direct order to "unite with the right," and that involved the march on the Purdy Road.

If the verbal order of General Grant to Captain Baxter, to hasten General Wallace's Division to Pittsburg Landing, was reduced to writing by that officer, after he noticed the early success of the Union Line, he would have shaped the approach of the fresh division to the best possible advantage, to join the *army*, not the precise *Landing*, if the army was not there; since General Grant, still being on crutches from a sprained ankle when his horse fell under and upon him, on the fourth, was compelled to depend largely upon staff-officers for judicious action, in exigencies which fell under their eyes, and where his riding was greatly limited. There is full harmony of events, by giving full credit to all the data which seem, at first, to work conflict.

8th. That the Staff Officer who delivered the order assured General Wallace

and his staff that the Federal line was successful and driving the enemy at every point.

9th. That a movement at that time, toward Pittsburg Landing, would have taken General Wallace's Division out of possible contact with the enemy, instead of supporting, and perfecting victory.

10th. That when the Division of General Wallace moved, as it did, within ten minutes after receipt of the orders, "impatiently waited for," it could see the distant smoke and hear the roar of battle, and moved directly toward the point of danger by the shortest route, with the greatest celerity and in harmony with the order received.

11th. That the defeat of the main army, the enforced retirement of Sherman's Division, and, in fact, the withdrawal of the entire original line, were new conditions, to be considered, when other Staff Officers notified General Wallace of the same; and then, the addition of his division to the rallying army, at Pittsburg Landing, seemed to be an important element to the very safety of that army, except as it could lean upon the divisions of Buel, already within supporting distance.

12th. That the original advance of General Wallace's Division on the Purdy Road, while thoroughly suited to the original conditions as they existed when the order was delivered to him, was, of necessity, useless and dangerous, when he found himself alone and unsupported, and that the enemy had already swept over the position which he expected to occupy.

13th. That there was no alternative, then, but to pass around the left of the enemy, and rejoin the army, at such expense of time or labor as the new conditions imposed; and that this was done, at great pains and with great celerity, without straggling or loss.



14th. That the prominent idea of withdrawing General Wallace's Division from Crump's Landing, to support the main army in its advance, is to be kept in mind ;—whereby, confusion ceases as to the hour of the day when the order to report at Pittsburg Landing was delivered or became operative ;—thereby, also, reconciling memories with the incidents of the day, with no discredit to any.

15th. That every theory of supporting an advanced line, from reserves sent forward from the base, must so bend to facts, that it may be the best thing possible, to strengthen the right of a successful line, even to overlapping and turning the enemy ; and that such a movement has the emphatic endorsement of standard critics, and marked experience ; while a formal movement to the rear, in order to move to the front and the right, as if on parade, would, under conditions such as presented to General Wallace, have been, simply, to wear out his men in marching, with small chance for taking any part in the assumed pursuit of a defeated enemy.

16th. That it is an unsound way of dealing with the facts of history, to gauge the responsibilities of officers and men, of small experience, by the rules which apply to the same officers and men after their experience has matured ; and that, when the battle of Shiloh took place, and citizen regiments took part, with very slight knowledge of arms, it was equally true, that the officers themselves, both regular and volunteer, were porportionately unfamiliar with battle action on a large scale, and that, as a matter of fact, the Generals and Colonels, for the most part, had never seen a batallion drill, unless at West Point, much less drilled more than a company ; and their con-

duct and opinions, in 1861-2, are not to be measured by the ripened experience of the years succeeding and succeeding years of reflection.

And finally, that the orders, movements, and results of the sixth day of April, 1862, must be judged by their relations to the passing hours and issues of that day, as practical men would act under changing conditions, and not by any formal order, which, however appropriate at one time, would, at any other time, defeat the work in hand. The Rules of Evidence, recognized by Civil and Military Courts alike, are but expressions of sound judgment of past experience ; and Military Science, so called, has no other basis than that which belongs to the wise use of means to ends in all applied science and in all human endeavor. Whenever, therefore, the conduct of a battle is consistent with the conditions, as at the time understood, it is not exactly just to measure it by the terms of any instructions inconsistent with those conditions ;—so that while an order to march to Pittsburg Landing became necessary upon the retirement of the original line, it ought not to be technically applied back to a time when that line was supposed to be sweeping on to victory and only sought fresh strength to mature that victory.

That a general action was precipitated by the Confederate forces under General Albert Sidney Johnson and was in the nature of a successful surprise of the Union Army, is the fact which harmonizes the reports of officers of both armies with the incidents of the day, and fairly distributes responsibility, without reflecting the narrow escape of the Union Army from destruction upon any single officer or command ; especially, where all did so well, and so much is to be credited to the fall of General John-

son and the interruption of his deliberate plan, first to surprise, and then sweep on to victory, at whatever cost.

The Documents are as follows :

1st. Letter of Major General Lew Wallace to General U. S. Grant, February 26, 1869.

2nd. Letter of Lieutenant Colonel Ross, A. D. C. to General Wallace, January 25, 1868.

3rd. Letter of General J. A. Strickland to General Wallace, January 24, 1868.

4th. Letter of General G. F. McGin-

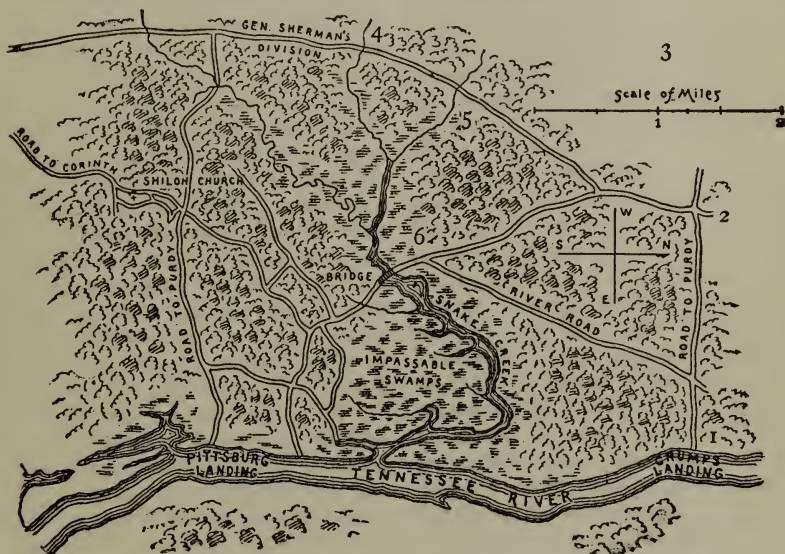
nis to General Wallace, February 20, 1868.

5th. Letter of General Fred. Knefler to General Wallace, February 19, 1868.

6th. Letter of Captain Ad Ware, A. D. C., to General Wallace (without date).

7th. Letter of General John M. Thayer to General Wallace, March 4, 1868.

8th. Letter of General U. S. Grant to General Wallace, March 10, 1868, commenting upon the letters cited and suggesting their publication, in justice to General Wallace.



The map of the *Compte de Paris* has been utilized. 1, 2 and 3 give location of Wallace's Brigades in line, perpendicular to the river, with right at Adamsville (3). 2. Concentration of Division. 4. Crossing at Snake Creek to take the right of General Sherman. 4-5. Countermarch to lower crossing after retirement of the right. 6. Lower crossing which had for several days previously been under water. Wallace's division, on the 7th, held the right of Sherman, as indicated for the 6th, when he moved to take part in the general action.

General Wallace to General Grant :

WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 29, 1868.

GENERAL :

About a year after the battle of Pittsburg Landing, it came to my knowledge, that I was suffering, in your opinion, from erroneous information upon the subject of my conduct and movements as commander of the Third Division of your army during the first day of the battle named. To place myself right in your estimation and in that of the army gen-

erally, I asked a Court of Inquiry, by letter to the Secretary of War (Mr. Stanton) July 17, 1863. After several months, during which the application received no attention from the Secretary, I withdrew it, by advice of friends, General Sherman amongst others. The course I then resolved upon, that counselled by General Sherman, was to carry my explanation directly to you; and such continued my intention until the battle of Monocacy, after which your treatment of me became so uniformly



kind and considerate that I was led to believe the disagreement, connected with Pittsburg Landing, forgotten; a result, to which I tacitly assented, notwithstanding the record of that battle as you had made it, in the form of an endorsement on my official report, was grievously against me.

A recent circumstance, however, has made it essential to my good name, which I cannot bring myself to believe you wish to see destroyed, to go back to my former purpose; in pursuance of which, the object of this letter is simply to introduce certain statements of gentlemen lately in the army, your friends as much as mine, in hopes that the explanations to be found therein will be sufficient to authorize you to give me a note of acquittal from blame, plainly enough, to allay the suspicions and charges to which I have been so painfully subjected. The statements are in the form of extracts pertinent to the subject from letters now in my possession, from General Fred Knefler, General George McGinnis, Colonel James R. Ross, General Daniel MacCaulay, Captain Ad Ware, General John A. Strickland, General John M. Thayer, now United States Senator from Nebraska—all, of my command, on the day in question, present with me, well known to you, and of unimpeachable honor. I could have obtained many others, of like import, but selected these because their authors had peculiar opportunities for information upon points considered of chief importance. It is possible that my explanations of the matter would be sufficient for the purpose in view. However that may be, it is my judgment now, that the charges against me have gone so far, and been put in such grave form, that public opinion may require an exoneration, though it come from your hand, to be based upon the testimony of others.

Permit me to say, further, that as to the order you started to me by Captain Baxter, I do not understand there is any question of veracity between us. You tell me, that from the battle-field you dispatched a verbal order by the officer named, to be delivered to me, at

Crump's Landing, directing me to march my division to Pittsburg Landing by the road, parallel with the river; and, supposing, as you did, that the order would reach me by 11 o'clock, A. M., you reasonably concluded my command would be on the field by 1 o'clock, P. M.

Now in all candor, if you have been, as I am informed, of opinion that I received that order as it was given, and at the time stated (11 o'clock, A. M.), and that for any reason, such as personal feeling against you, or that I lost my way, or took the wrong road, or lingered on the march, making but five miles in seven hours, it must be admitted that you were justifiable in any, even the most extreme judgment against me; and I must confess that your moderation was greater than mine would likely have been, had our positions been reversed. I do not flinch from that conclusion, at all; but what I do say in my defence is that the opinion and the conclusion, which is its corollary, are both wrong, because the order admitted to have been dispatched was not delivered to me, in form or substance, as dispatched. On the contrary, the order I received from your messenger was in writing, unsigned, and contained substantially the following instructions:

"You will leave a force at Crump's Landing, sufficient to guard the public property there; then march the rest of your division, and *effect a junction with the right of the army*; after which you will form your line of battle at right angles with the river, and act as circumstances dictate."

This order was read by Colonel Ross, under circumstances well calculated to impress it upon his memory. It was also given to Colonel Knefler, then my Adjutant General, and by him read and unfortunately lost. Finally, its purport, as stated by me above, is vouched for by Captain Ware as the aide de camp. To refuse credit to my version of its contents will be very hard, indeed, corroborated as it is by so many gentlemen of unquestionable veracity, and such excellent opportunity for information on the point.

I think myself warranted now in as-



serting upon the credit of the three officers just named, as well as my own, that by the terms of the order, as it was delivered to me, the object of my march was not Pittsburg Landing, as you intended, but the right of the army, resting, when the battle opened in the morning, at a point quite three miles out from the landing, on the road to Purdy.

As a general principle it must be admitted that when you entrusted the order to a proper messenger for delivery to me, your responsibility ceased; but, I turn and ask you, appealing to your experience and justice, how am I held responsible for the execution of an order if it never reached me; or, if it reached me, conveying an idea radically different from that originally given? Of necessity, I was accountable for the execution of the order, only as it was received, and if it was not received in a form to convey your true design, but was promptly executed, neither of us are responsible for the result. It was not your mistake, nor was it mine.

Having established the purport, at least, of the order as it came to my hand, the next inquiry is: "Did I proceed to execute it, and how?"

On these heads all the letters on file are applicable. They show, as I think, that I took measures anticipatory to the order you gave me, personally, in your passage up the river to the battle-field, viz: to hold myself in readiness to march in any direction; that my brigades were ordered to concentrate at the place most proper and convenient for a prompt execution of the orders, whatever they might be, because it was at the junction of two roads, one leading to Pittsburg Landing, the other to the right of the army. To one of these points, it may be added, I was sure of being ultimately sent, if the exigencies of the battle required the presence of my command. They show, that after you parted from me, going up the river, I took measures to forward your messenger to me instantly upon his arrival (see Colonel Ross' letters), then rode to the place of concentration, and

waited impatiently and anxiously the expected instructions; that they came to hand about 12 o'clock (my own remembrance is 11:30 A. M.), and that the officer who brought them, also brought the news that you were driving the enemy all along the line. (See letters of General Knefler and Colonel Ross.) Up to that time, therefore, I was certainly blameless.

But let me ask you to stop here, and consider the effect on my mind and subsequent movements, of the information, thus reliably obtained, that the battle was won. What inducement could I have had to march away from or linger on the road to a victory? Upon the hypothesis that the good news was true, how could I have imagined, (had there been so much as a doubt as to the intent of the order received,) a necessity for my command at Pittsburg Landing?

But, proceeding. The letters further establish, that, immediately upon receiving the order, I put my column *en route*, to execute it.

Now comes the questions. Did I take the right road to effect the junction with the right of the army, or one leading to Purdy, away from the battle? Pertinent to these inquiries, General Knefler says, that the road chosen for the movement had been patrolled and picketted by my cavalry. By their report, if by nothing else, I must have been posted as to its terminus. In corroboration of this assertion please notice that General Macaulay, General Strickland, General Thayer and General Knefler, all allude to the fact that the head of the column was approaching, not going away from the firing, when the countermarch took place. Consider, further, that the most imperative necessities of my situation, isolated as I had been from the main army, were, to know all the communications with that army, and to keep them clear, and in order for rapid movement. *Not only did I know the road, but every step my division took from the initial point of the march up to the moment of the change of direction, was, as is well known to every soldier in the column, a*

*step nearer to the firing, and therefore a step nearer to the battle.* While on this inquiry, let me add that the report of my being set right after marching upon the wrong road has in it this much truth, and no more. When about a mile from the position which had been occupied by the right of the army (General Sherman's division), Captain Rowley overtook me and told me that you had sent him to hurry me up, and that our lines had been carried by the enemy and the army driven back almost to the river, a very different story from the one brought me by Captain Baxter. Captain Rowley set me right as to the conditions of the battle, not as to the road I was following. Colonel McPherson and Major Rawlins, the other members of your staff, mentioned as having been sent to me, met me after the countermarch, when my command was on the river road moving to Pittsburg Landing.

Concerning the countermarch, I would remark that the condition of the battle, as reported by Captain Rowley, made it prudent, if not necessary. My column was only five thousand men, of all arms. Reflecting upon it now, I am still of the opinion that it did better service the next day in your new line of battle, than it could have done, operating alone and unsupported in the rear of the whole rebel army, where I was certainly taking it, when "set right" by the captain.

Instead of making the change of direction, when it was resolved on, by a countermarch, the result proved that it should have been effected by a general right about. The former manœuvre was chosen, however, because I was confident of finding a cross road to the river road long before the head of the column doubled upon its foot. [See Colonel Ross' statement of the effort made to accomplish that idea.]

One of the results I confidently anticipated from a reading of the letter submitted, is, that you will be satisfied of the wrong done me (unintentional, I believe), by Colonel Badeau, when, in his book, he describes me as consuming seven hours in marching five miles

in the direction of the battle. The march actually performed in that time was not less than fifteen miles, over an execrable dirt road.

Your opinion, as advanced in your letter to the War Office, July, 13, 1863, that General Morgan L. Smith, had he been put in command, could have had the division in the battle by 1 o'clock P. M., is in direct terms, based upon the condition that General Smith received your orders as you supposed them communicated to me. But, suppose he had not received the order as originally given; suppose, on the contrary, the order actually received by him had the effect to send him in another direction from Pittsburg Landing; and suppose that, on approaching his objective, he had found himself in the rear of the whole rebel army, and in his judgment compelled, by that circumstance, together with the bad fortune of our own army, to a further movement of quite ten miles—all of which were terrible realities in my case—I am sure you are too just a man to have held him accountable for the hours, however precious, thus necessarily lost.

With these remarks I place the letters of the officers named in your hands. They will satisfy you, I think, that the exoneration I seek will be a simple act of justice. The many misconceptions which have been attached to my movements on that bloody Sunday, have, it must be confessed, made me extremely sensitive upon the subject. You can imagine, therefore, with what anxiety your reply will be waited.

Very respectfully your friend,

LEW WALLACE.

TO GENERAL U. S. GRANT, WASHINGTON CITY.

Colonel Ross to General Wallace :

CHICAGO, January, 25, 1868.

General: Having read the extract from "Badeau's Life of General Grant," as published in the Chicago Tribune, of the twenty-fifth of December, 1867, wherein he refers particularly to the battle of Shiloh, and seeing the gross injustice done you, and the false light in which you are placed before the country and the world, I deem it my duty to make a brief state-



ment of what I know to be the facts in reference to your failure to reach the field of battle in time to take part in the action of Sunday, April 6, 1862.

I will first state the position of your command on that morning. The First Brigade, Colonel M. L. Smith commanding, at Crump's Landing; Second Brigade, Colonel John M. Thayer commanding, two and one-half miles out on the Adamsville road; Third Brigade, Colonel Charles R. Wood commanding, at Adamsville, five miles out from the river. The first intimation you or any of your staff had of the battle was between five and six o'clock, A.M., when my attention was called by one of the men on the boat on which were your headquarters, to the heavy and continued firing in the direction of the camp at Pittsburg Landing. You were at once notified of this, and being satisfied that there was a battle going on, directed me to go at once and order this division to get ready to move at a moment's warning, and to instruct Colonel Wood to move his baggage and camp equipage to the river with the least possible delay, and march his command to the camp of the Second Brigade, midway between his (then) camp and that of the First Brigade, at the river.

After executing your order, as above, I returned to the Landing. Soon after, you, together with your staff, went out to the camp of the second Brigade, when the division had been ordered to concentrate in order to be in position to take either one of two roads, intersecting the Adamsville road from Crump's Landing to Pittsburg Landing; one leading to Pittsburg Landing, the other to the Purdy road from Pittsburg Landing, intersecting it at a point not far from the right of our army under General Sherman, as it was encamped when the battle began.

Before starting for Colonel Thayer's camp, orders were given by you to Captain Lyman, A. Q. M., on your staff, for a horse to be saddled and kept in readiness, in case a messenger should come down the river with orders from General Grant to you.

Now for the order. Badeau says that a staff officer was dispatched to General Wallace with verbal orders for him to march by the nearest road parallel with the river. The order may have been given verbally by General Grant to his staff officer, but was not so delivered to you, nor did it direct you to march by the nearest road parallel with the river. At about 11 o'clock, A. M., while at the camp of Colonel Thayer, I was directed by you to go to Colonel

M. L. Smith. I met Captain Baxter, A. Q. M., who stopped me and handed me a paper saying, "I wish you would take this to General Wallace." I took the paper, read it and returned it to him, saying, I could not do so, as I was on my way under orders from General Wallace. At the same time I turned in my saddle, and pointed out a group of horsemen, telling the Captain that you were among them. I went to Colonel Smith, delivered my orders, and returning, met the Captain again. I very distinctly remember that this order directed you to move forward *and join General Sherman's right on the Purdy road* and form your line of battle at right angles with the river; and then act as circumstances would dictate. Now the shortest possible route by which you could reach the point designated in the order was the one taken, viz: that one leading from Colonel Thayer's camp (on the Adamsville road from Crump's Landing), to the Purdy road (from Pittsburg Landing), a distance of about five miles; whereas the distance to the point to which you was to march as designated in the order, *via* Pittsburg Landing, would have been at least twelve miles. Perhaps I should here state that this order was not signed by any one, but coming as it did through one of the Staff Officers of the Commanding General, could not be questioned. I would also state in this connection, that when I met Captain Baxter first, I asked him how things were going. He replied that Grant was driving the enemy at all points. Had this been the case, the order as delivered by Captain Baxter would have been all right, as we could then have joined General Sherman as directed therein. Within ten minutes after the receipt of the order, the troops were on the road.

When we were about one mile from where we expected to join General Sherman, we were overtaken by a messenger from General Grant, Captain (since Colonel) Rowley, I believe, who informed you that our troops had been defeated all along the line, and driven back, till the right was within half a mile of the river, and that the road we were on, would, if followed up, lead us into the rear of the enemy. This being the case, it became necessary to find some other way to form a junction with the army. In order to do so, every mounted man attached to your Headquarters was dispatched to find, if possible, some way to get round the enemys' left without going back to the starting point, or to find some resident to guide us by the nearest possible route. Finally a man was found who was compelled to



act as guide. Nevertheless the march was continued as rapidly as possible, until we joined the right of the army, just after dark, in the position in which it lay when the battle closed for the day. Badeau also says: "General Wallace was set right by Captain (afterwards Colonel) Rowley, and Colonel (afterwards Major General) McPherson, both at the time upon General Grant's staff; that they set him right at 1 o'clock, and it took him till seven to march five miles." It was near 1 o'clock when we were overtaken by Rowley, but instead of having but five miles to march, the distance could not have been less than eleven or twelve miles. The first seen of General McPherson was when we were met by him and General Rawlins, just as the head of the column had reached the river road (from Crump's Landing to Pittsburg Landing) who had come out to urge you to greater haste. We had to march over the worst road I ever remember to have seen. In many places it was almost impossible to get artillery through. In my judgment the entire distance marched by your command could not have been less than sixteen or seventeen miles.

The above, General, are the facts relative to the movements of your command on the day referred to, which fell under my personal observation. I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JAMES R. ROSS,

Late Brev. Lieut. Col. Major. A. D. C.  
To MAJOR GENERAL LEW WALLACE  
CRAWFORDSVILLE, Indiana.

General Strickland to General Wallace :

HEADQUARTERS FIFTIETH REGIMENT, O.V.I. }  
BIG RUN TRESTLE, Ky., June 24, 1863. }  
CAPTAIN J. R. ROSS, for MAJOR GENERAL LEW WALLACE :

DEAR SIR: In answer to your question as to my recollection of the circumstances and time of the moving of Major General Lew Wallace's command to the battle of Shiloh on the sixth of April, 1862, I will submit the following statement:

I was Acting Adjutant General for Colonel John M. Thayer (now Brigadier General Thayer), he (Colonel Thayer) being in command of the Second Brigade, General Lew Wallace's Division. On the morning of the sixth of April (Sunday), 1862, the Brigade commanded by Colonel Thayer, stationed at "Stony Lonesome," was in readiness to march at daylight, or before. We were waiting for

orders to move, when Major General Lew Wallace and staff rode to the headquarters of the brigade, I think between the hours of 8 and 9 o'clock; it may have been earlier. General Wallace ordered everything in readiness to move at a moment's notice. I received the orders directly from General Wallace. I assured him that the brigade, upon previous orders from himself and Colonel Thayer, was ready to move, but went again, in person, by order of Colonel Thayer, and notified Commanders of Regiments, Batteries, etc., to be ready at the call from Colonel Thayer's headquarters, to move. I heard General Wallace addressing himself to Lieutenant Colonel McCord, commanding the First Nebraska Regiment, to say, that he had received no orders to move and that he was waiting for orders from General Grant's headquarters to move. I heard General Wallace request one of his staff to watch the road to Crump's Landing for a messenger with orders.

At half past 11 A. M. (it might have been fifteen minutes to 12) a person rode up to General Wallace with orders to move. I was standing by General Wallace at the time. *The Brigade commanded by Colonel Thayer was in motion in just ten minutes after the order was received.* I am particular about this, because Colonel Sanbourn, of the Twenty-first Indiana Regiment, and other officers of the Brigade, talked over the matter in the morning. After the order was received we moved off rapidly.

After we had marched some distance, *and were getting nearer to the sound of musketry continually*, we were met, I think, by Major Rawlins, Assistant Adjutant General of General Grant, and our direction changed. From my knowledge of the country, after the battle of Monday, I am satisfied that, if we had not changed our direction when we did, we would have gone in behind the left of the rebel army. After the direction of the column was changed, I was ordered by Colonel Thayer to go to the foot of the column, for what purpose I cannot now recollect. I think it was at the instance of General Wallace, to change direction on a shorter route of Wood's brigade, and when going from the foot of the column to the head, to report to my commanding officer, Colonel Thayer. I remember noticing all *three* of the *Brigades in close column, marching rapidly forward.* Just at dusk we arrived at the valley of a small stream, where the mud was very deep. We met an orderly, there, from the battle-field,

who said we could reach General Grant's forces by making great haste, as Berdan's Sharpshooters were holding the road by which we were to enter. *The column was hurried forward as fast as it was possible for it to move.* We arrived a little after dark, on the right of General Grant's forces, but a few yards in front of the enemy.

Not knowing for what particular purpose you wish this communication, I have been precise in details as to time, etc., as it will be remembered by most of the officers of the Second Brigade.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

J. A. STRICKLAND,

Colonel Commanding Fiftieth Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

General McGinnis to General Wallace :

INDIANAPOLIS, Indiana, February 21, 1868.

GENERAL: In reply to your note of this date, I would say, that being in command of the Eleventh Indiana Infantry, I was attached to the First Brigade, Third Division, Army of the Tennessee, commanded by you, and encamped at Crump's Landing, on the morning of the first day of the battle of Pittsburg Landing.

At daylight of said day, our command was aroused by heavy and continuous firing from the direction of Pittsburg Landing, which led us to believe that a general battle was being fought. I do not think more than twenty minutes had elapsed from the time that the battle commenced until our whole brigade had received orders to hold ourselves in readiness, (with three days' rations) to march to any point required; and that point all understood from indications would be Pittsburg Landing.

For the purpose of concentrating the division, our Brigade marched to Winn's Farm, two and a half miles from Crump's Landing, where the Second Brigade of the Third Division was then encamped. The road taken by our division, after concentrating, intersected the Purdy road (from Pittsburg Landing) at a point near Snake Creek, and not far from the ground occupied by General Sherman's division on the morning of the battle, being the right of the army. *This, in my opinion, was the shortest and most direct route to the point at which the right of the army was resting, when the battle began.*

Orders were not received for the division to march to the field of battle, until about 12 o'clock, A. M. and no time was lost during

the march, as we moved with the utmost rapidity.

In the history of that battle, written by (Badeau) who was not there and who could not have had personal knowledge of the facts in relation thereto, serious and gross injustice has been done you.

Very respectfully,

G. F. McGinnis,

Late Brigadier General U. S. A.

[General Fred Knefler's letter to General Lew Wallace corroborating the statements made by the other members of the staff will be found on page 367—ED.]

Captain Ware to General Wallace :

GENERAL: I submit the following statement in regard to the movement of your division, on Sunday, April 6, 1862, as far as came under my observation.

The first intimation I had that an engagement was progressing was about 6 o'clock, A. M. I heard firing in the direction of the camps at Pittsburg Landing. Soon after I was ordered by you to proceed to Adamsville, where the Third Brigade, under Colonel Wood was encamped, with orders to have his tents, and baggage train sent immediately to the river, and his command to march back to the Second Brigade, which was then stationed two and a half miles from Crump's Landing. I also ordered the First Brigade, under Colonel Morgan L. Smith, to move out to the same point. The Second Brigade, under Colonel John M. Thayer, was also ordered to be ready to move at a moment's notice. I returned to your headquarters and with you proceeded to the above-mentioned point. At twenty minutes of 12 an order was to you delivered, by Captain Baxter, A. Q. M., directing "you to move your division up and join General Sherman's right," on the road leading from Pittsburg Landing to Purdy, that being the extreme right of General Grant's position.

Two Regiments of Infantry and one piece of artillery were left at the camp of the Second Brigade, to protect the camp equipage and baggage. I am, General, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

AD WARE, JR., A. D. C.

To MAJOR GENERAL LEW WALLACE.'

General John M. Thayer to General Wallace :

UNITED STATES SENATE CHAMBER,

WASHINGTON, March 4, 1868.

At the time of the battle of Pittsburg Land-

ing I was in command of the Second Brigade of the division commanded by General Lew Wallace, and, with the Brigade, was in camp two and a half miles out from Crump's Landing, at a place called Stony Lonesome. At dawn of the morning of April 6, 1862, I heard cannonading in the direction of Pittsburg Landing. At an early hour I received orders from General Wallace, through a Staff Officer, to "hold my command in readiness to march at a moment's notice." General Wallace came to my camp, soon afterwards, and informed me that he was awaiting orders from General Grant to move to the battle-field. I knew he was very impatient to receive such orders. The Division was kept in readiness to move without delay. At about half past 11 o'clock an officer rode up to General Wallace with the expected order from General Grant, and, in a few minutes, the command was on the march towards the field of action. As we advanced the cannonading became more distinct. As we were moving on I recollect a Staff Officer passing up the column seeking General Wallace. Very soon we countermarched, with the view, as I understood, of crossing to the river road leading to Pittsburg Landing, and there reaching the right of our army, which we reached about dark. According to my recollection there was no halting while on the march, except to close up the column.

"While waiting in my camp for the order of General Grant to move to the scene of action General Wallace manifested great anxiety to move forward, and did move immediately on receipt of the order. Very respectfully,

JOHN M. THAYER,

Late Brig. Gen'l and B'v't Maj Gen'l of Vols.

General Grant to General Wallace :  
HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MARCH, 10, 1868.

MY DEAR GENERAL :

Enclosed herewith, I return your

letters from officers of the Army who served with you at the battle of Shiloh, Tennessee, giving their statement of your action on that occasion. I can only state that my orders to you were given verbally to a Staff Officer to communicate, and that they were substantially as given by General Badeau in his book. I always understood that the Staff Officer referred to, Captain Baxter, made a memorandum of the order he received and left it with you. That memorandum I never saw.

The statements which I now return seem to exonerate you from this great point of blame, your taking the wrong road, or different road from the one directed from Crump's Landing to Pittsburg Landing. All your subsequent military career showed you active and ready in the execution of every order you received. Your promptness in moving from Baltimore to Monocacy, Maryland, in 1864, and meeting the enemy in force far superior to your own, when Washington was threatened, is a case particularly in point, where you could scarcely have hoped for a victory ; but you delayed the enemy, and enabled me to get troops from City Point, Virginia, in time to save the city. That act I regarded as most praiseworthy. I refer you to my report of 1865, touching your course there.

In view of the assaults made upon you now, I think it due to you, that you should publish what your own Staff and other subordinate officers have to say in exoneration of your course.

Yours Truly,

U. S. GRANT, GENERAL.

To MAJOR GENERAL L. WALLACE,  
CRAWFORDSVILLE, Indiana.



## FITCHBURG IN 1885.

BY ATHERTON P. MASON, M. D.

In the January number of this magazine appeared an excellent and comprehensive historical sketch of Fitchburg. It is proposed in this article to portray as briefly as possible, and by the aid of engravings, the present condition and resources of our city.

Old Rollstone and its opposite neighbor, Pearl Hill, have witnessed the transformation of a rude, inhospitable

behind them great and lasting proofs of their toil and perseverance. Of Rodney Wallace, who is now in the midst of a useful and benevolent life among us, another will speak more fully and fittingly in other pages of this magazine; nor would we neglect to give due credit to the energetic men who are now either carrying on business established by their predecessors, or founding new industries



UNION PASSENGER DEPOT.

wilderness into a beautiful and busy city. We of the present day, proud of our heritage, are striving to improve it by all means within our power.

Fitchburg owes her growth and prosperity pre-eminently to those energetic and plucky men who founded and fostered the great industries which now constitute her life and soul. Alvah Crocker, Salmon W. Putnam, Eugene T. Miles, and Walter Heywood, have left

which enhance the resources and good name of Fitchburg.

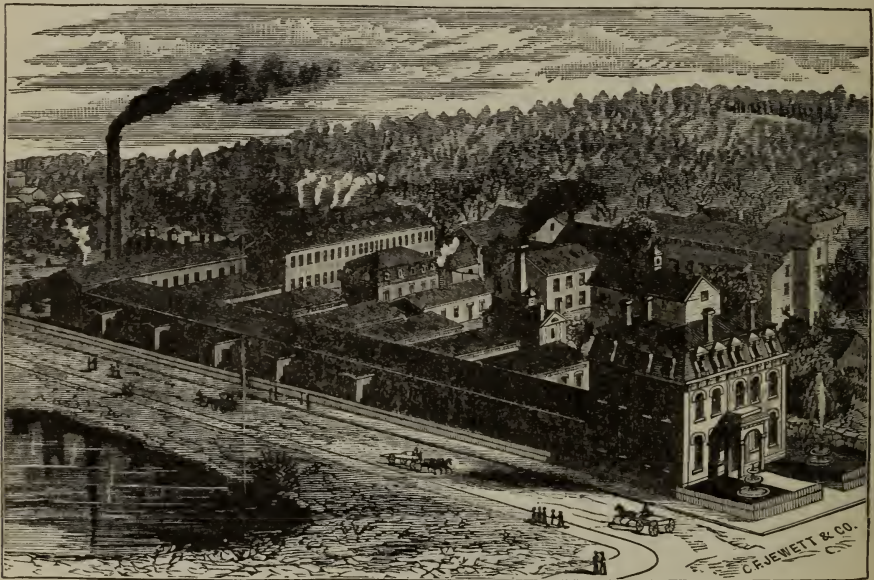
The little river (the north branch of the Nashua) which runs through the township, and which is formed by the confluence of several large brooks in the westerly part of the town, first invited the manufacturer to locate on its banks. Its water-power is still used, but steam is now the chief motor that propels the machinery, looms and spin-

dles that daily pour forth products which go to the markets, not of this country alone, but of the world.

Perhaps no place of its size can boast of a greater diversity of industries than Fitchburg. In such an article as this attention must necessarily be confined to the chief among them, and but few words devoted to the description of separate establishments.

Machinery takes the first rank among the manufactures of Fitchburg. The pioneers in this business here were two brothers, Salmon W. and John Putnam, who, in 1838, established the firm of J.

in which special machinists' and railroad tools are made. There are six other departments devoted to special kinds of manufacture which are superintended by able men. Mr. Putnam's two other sons founded, in 1882, the Putnam Tool Company, located on Walnut street, of which Salmon W. Putnam is President, and George E. Putnam Treasurer, and is owned entirely by the Putnams. This company manufactures machinery, railroad and machine tools. The present location of the Putnam Machine Company, corner of Main and Putnam streets,



PUTNAM MACHINE COMPANY'S WORKS,

& S. W. Putnam. In 1858 S. W. Putnam organized the Putnam Machine Company, which now has a wide and enviable reputation. Mr. Putnam was President and General Business Manager of the company until his death in 1872. Two of his surviving sons are now actively engaged in carrying on the business, Charles F. Putnam being President and Manager, and Henry O. Putnam Superintendent of the department

comprising over twenty-six acres, was purchased in 1866, and the buildings were immediately erected at a cost of over \$200,000. The works were built from plans designed by the late President, and are arranged with special reference to the variety of machines manufactured, consisting of railroad and machinists' tools, steam-engines, water-wheels, and shafting. They comprise machine shops,



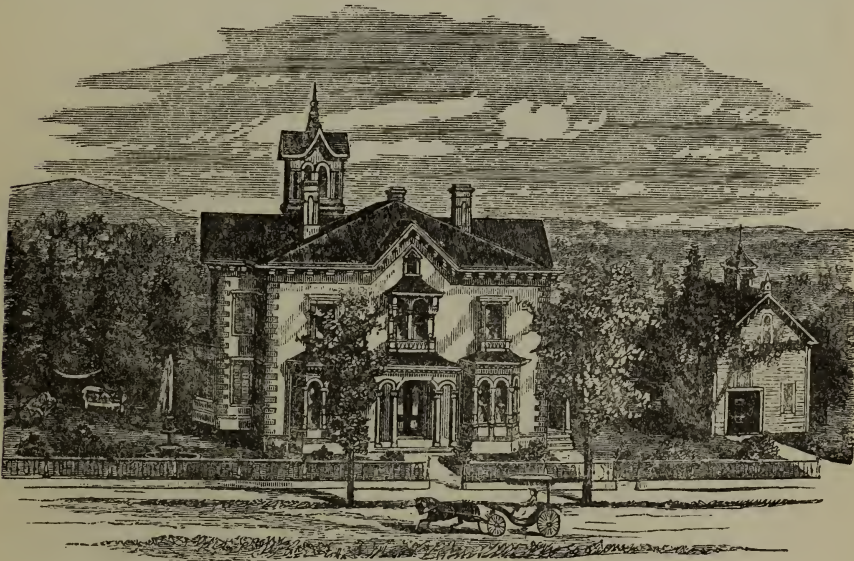
foundries and forges, and rank with the oldest and largest establishments of the kind in the United States.

The Putnams are descendants of Gen. Israel Putnam of Revolutionary fame.

The Fitchburg Machine Works occupy a large and convenient brick building on Main street, near its beginning, and manufacture machinists' tools principally. Opposite is the handsome brick building occupied by C. H. Brown and Company, manufacturers of the "Brown" auto-

The Fitchburg Steam Engine Company, whose business was established in 1871, manufactures steam-engines and boilers, making a specialty of the "Fitchburg" steam-engine, the great merits of which are everywhere acknowledged. The company, notwithstanding its comparatively recent organization, has a firm foothold in this country, and abroad also.

D. M. Dillon manufactures boilers and paper machinery. A. D. Waymouth and Company, and C. W. Wilder manufac-



RESIDENCE OF MRS. SALMON W. PUTNAM, WALNUT STREET.

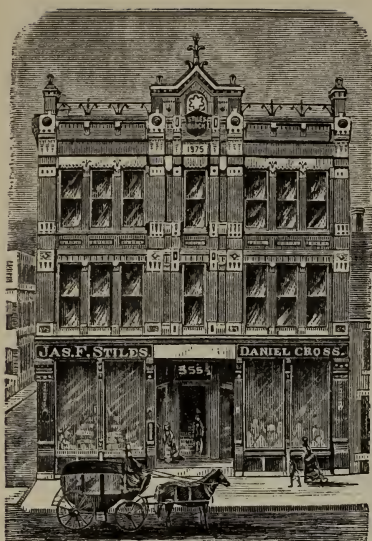
matic cut-off steam-engines, which have gained a wide reputation. A little further up on Main street is located the Simonds Manufacturing Company. This company was organized in 1868 with a capital of \$150,000 and manufactures machine knives and the well-known "Simonds" Circular Saw.

On Water street are three machine shops to be noticed. The Union Machine Company makes paper machinery. The Rollstone Machine Company, manufactures the "Rollstone" Lathe and other wood-working machinery.

ture respectively the Waymouth wood-turning lathe and Wilder's patent lathe.

In 1866 Charles Burleigh of Fitchburg invented the Burleigh rock drill, and the next year the Burleigh Rock Drill Company was organized with a capital of \$150,000, to make and sell this machine and the Burleigh Patent air-compressor. These drills have completely revolutionized the business of rock-tunneling. They were first used in the Hoosac Tunnel and proved highly successful. Since then they have been employed at Hell Gate, in the Sutro





STILES BLOCK, MAIN STREET.

Tunnel, and at various points in Europe.

The Rollstone Iron Foundry, the Fitchburg Iron Foundry, and M. J. Perault, manufacture castings of all kinds. W. A. Hardy operates a brass Foundry on Water street. There is no space to indulge further in details regarding machinery. In addition to the above are numerous individuals and firms here engaged in the manufacture of mowing machines and agricultural implements, boiler makers' tools, electric machinery and apparatus, files, grist and flouring-mill machinery, hay, straw, and machine, knives, wood-working machinery, machinists' tools, water motors, watch tools, paper machinery and the like.

The paper manufacturing interest in Fitchburg is valuable and extensive. The credit of successfully establishing this industry here belongs to Alvah Crocker, who, in 1826, built a paper mill of his own. Paper had, however, been made here to some extent previous to that time. In 1850 the firm of Crocker, Burbank and Company was

formed, of which Mr. Crocker was the head until his death in 1874. The present members of the firm are C. T. Crocker, S. E. Crocker, G. F. Fay, G. H. Crocker and Alvah Crocker. The firm now operates five large paper mills in West Fitchburg. A sixth, the Snow Mill, was recently destroyed by fire. About 32,000 pounds of news, book and card paper are produced by these mills every twenty-four hours.

In 1865 the Fitchburg Paper Company was organized. Rodney Wallace, having purchased the interests of the other three original members of the company, is now the sole proprietor. He operates two large and well-equipped mills in West Fitchburg, which produce from 15,000 to 18,000 pounds of card and hanging paper every twenty-four hours.



CROCKER BLOCK.

In 1864 George W. Wheelwright and Sons built a paper mill, and in 1880 the G. W. Wheelwright Paper Company

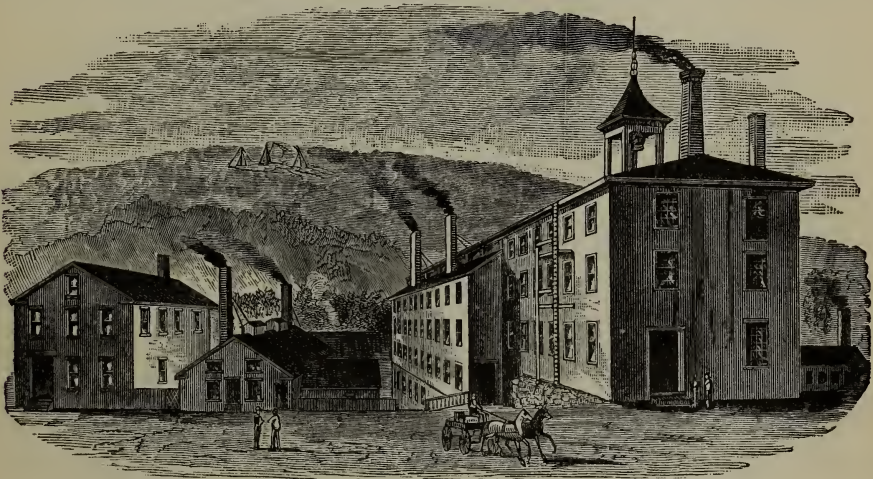
was incorporated with a capital of \$100,000. The mill is located on Fourth street and produces about 7,000 pounds of news paper per twenty-four hours.

In 1884 a number of capitalists purchased the building long known as Richardson's scythe shop, situated on Scythe-shop road, South Fitchburg, and converted it into a paper-mill. It is now operated by the National Paper Company and produces manilla and hanging paper.

The chair business is represented in Fitchburg by an establishment which is one of the largest and best arranged in

offices and sheds, were soon ready for occupation. A private track connects the works with the Fitchburg Railroad. The Company has a very large trade, both foreign and domestic, and employs three hundred men. The chair stock is prepared at the company's mills in Barton, Vermont.

The manufacture of cotton and woolen goods is extensively carried on in Fitchburg. The Fitchburg Cotton Mill is a fine brick building at the upper end of Main street; carpet warps, batting and twine are here manufactured. The Fitchburg Duck Mills in



FACTORY OF THE FITCHBURG WOOLEN MILL COMPANY.

the world. Walter Heywood really founded this industry here in 1844, though chairs were made in Fitchburg on a small scale some years previously. The Walter Heywood Chair Company was organized in 1851 and incorporated in 1869 with a capital of \$240,000. In July, 1870, the company's buildings on Water street were completely destroyed by fire, and a lot on River street, comprising nine acres, was immediately purchased for the erection of new works. These buildings, each three hundred feet long, fifty feet wide and two stories high, besides store houses,

South Fitchburg produce cotton duck. The Parkhill Manufacturing Company (John Parkhill, President, and Arthur H. Lowe, Treasurer), occupies what was formerly Davis' chair shop, situated on Circle street, and manufactures gingham. The building has been greatly enlarged and additional buildings have been erected since the company was organized a few years ago. Excellent goods are manufactured and find a ready market.

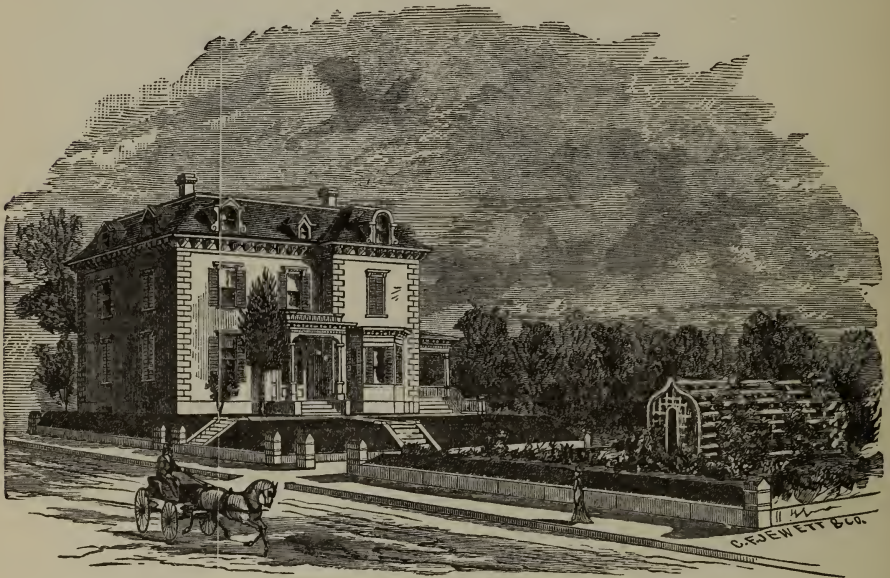
The factory of the Fitchburg Woolen Mill Company, in Factory square, has been long established and its products



are well known. The company was organized in 1843, but the factory itself has been in existence much longer, being one of the oldest brick buildings in town. It was originally used as a cotton mill, but in 1822 it was made into a woolen factory. Since that date it has been enlarged several times. William H. Vose, recently deceased, was Treasurer and Manager of this mill for about forty years. Only a few months ago Mr. Vose wrote a concise

of Fitchburg, operated by James McTaggart, Jr.

The firm of E. M. Dickinson & Company is the only one in the city engaged in the manufacture of shoes. This firm occupies a handsome brick factory, recently erected on Main street, next to the Simonds Manufacturing Company, and has a large trade both in New England and the West. In connection with E. M. Dickinson & Company, and located in the same building,



RESIDENCE OF MRS. WM. H. VOSE, PROSPECT STREET.

history of the factory since 1822, which is interesting and valuable. James Phillips, Jr., is a prominent woolen manufacturer and operates the three following concerns: a large woolen manufactory in West Fitchburg, producing suitings, etc.; the Star Worsted Company, and the Fitchburg Worsted Company, producing yarn and worsted. Mr. Phillips has met with marked success, and his goods take high rank in the best markets. There is a woolen mill in Rockville, a village in the westerly part

is the Sole Leather Tip Company. The Fitchburg Furniture Company has a large manufactory on Newton Place. A number of concerns carry on an extensive lumber business and operate establishments where doors, sashes, blinds, and ornamental wood-work are made. J. Cushing & Company and Washburn & Woodward operate large grain elevators and flour mills. The first named firm occupies the "Stone Mill," one of the old land-marks of Fitchburg. In addition to the above there are num-



erous individuals and firms engaged in the manufacture of confectionery, crackers, tin-ware, toys, soap, wood pulp, carriages, harnesses, marble and granite monuments, bricks, beer, cigars and matches. In fine there are over one hundred concerns here engaged in manufacturing on a large scale, and considerably over one hundred establishments where occupations akin to manufacturing are carried on.

But Fitchburg is beautiful as well as busy. Handsome churches, business

The First Methodist Church is on Main street, opposite the lower end of the upper common, and was built in 1840. Rev. W. J. Pomfret is pastor.

The First Universalist Church stands on the corner of Main and Rollstone streets, and was built in 1847. Rev. F. O. Hall is pastor. This society proposes to erect a new church, further down town, before long.

On the opposite corner is the Calvinistic Congregational Church, built in 1844. Rev. S. L. Blake, D. D., is pas-



RESIDENCE OF CHARLES T. CROCKER.

blocks, public buildings and private residences greet the eyes of strangers in our streets.

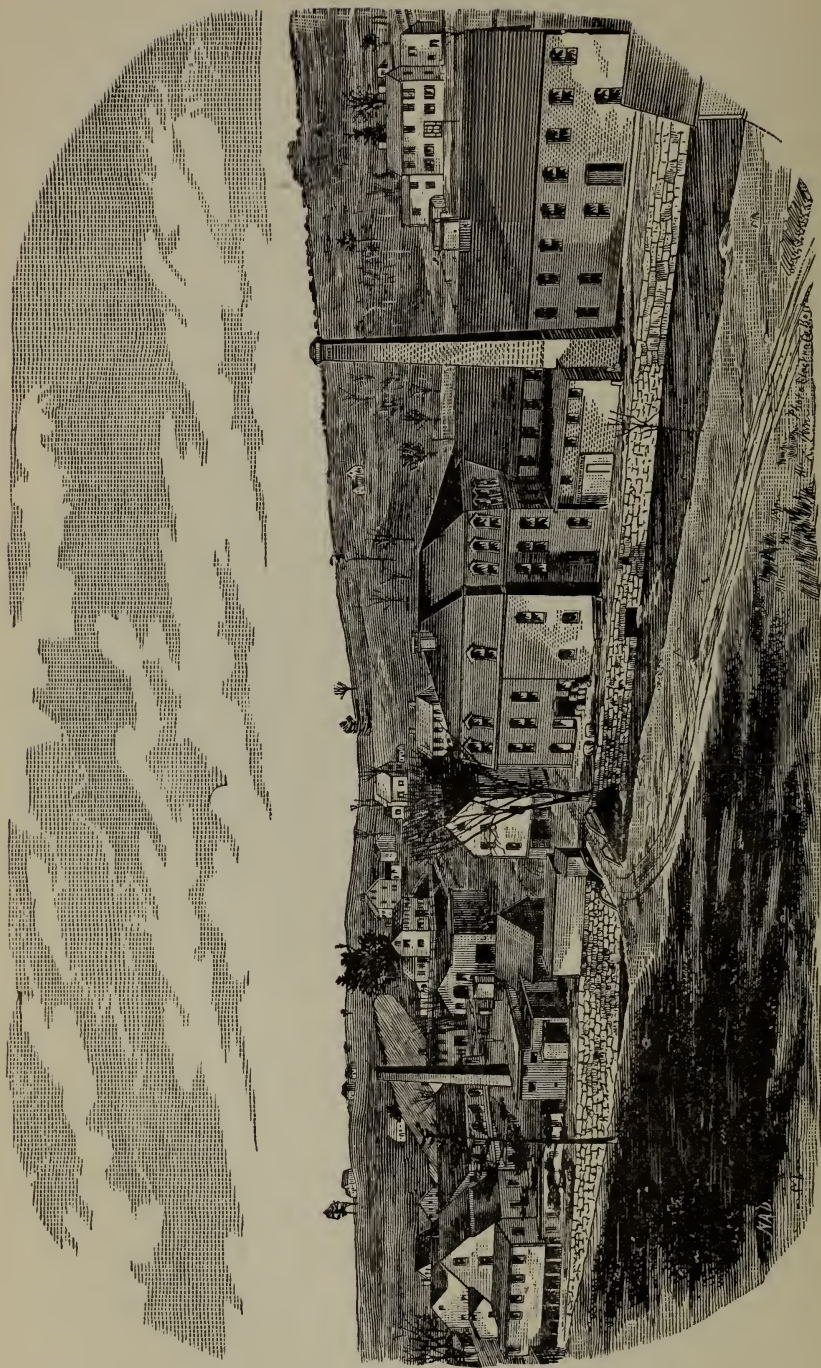
There are eleven churches in town. The First Parish (Unitarian) Church is the oldest. The present edifice is a plain and substantial brick structure at the head of the upper common, and was built in 1837. In 1883 the interior was entirely remodeled and stained windows put in, thus making a handsome auditorium. Rev. W. H. Pierson is pastor of this society.

tor. In connection with this Church is a handsome and commodious chapel.

Further down Main street, opposite the Post-office, is the First Baptist Church, a large and imposing structure, built in 1854. Rev. I. R. Wheelock is pastor.

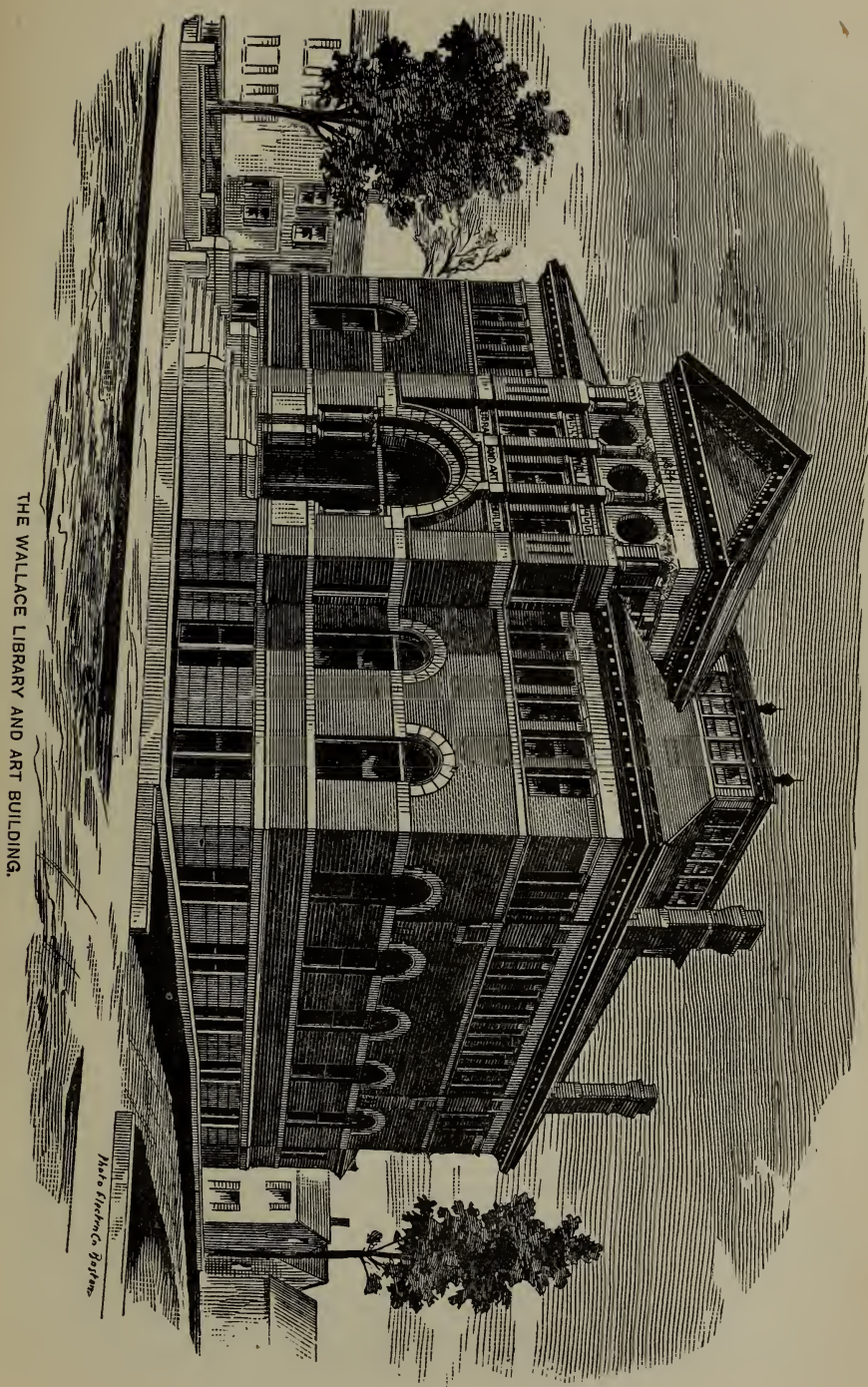
A little further down, and on the opposite side of the street, is Christ Church (Episcopal). This is built of granite and has a very attractive appearance both within and without. The society has no settled rector at present.

Towards the lower end of Main street is



MILLS OF THE FITCHBURG PAPER COMPANY.





THE WALLACE LIBRARY AND ART BUILDING.



situated the Rollstone Congregational Church, a fine brick and stone structure, built in 1869. In connection with it is a handsome chapel, the gift of the late Deacon David Bou-telle and named after the donor. The Second Advent Chapel is on the corner of North and Cherry streets; no pastor is at present settled.

The St. Bernard's Church (Catholic) is a costly and handsome brick and stone edifice on Water street. Rev. P. J. Garrigan is pastor, and Rev. D. F. Feehan is assistant pastor. In 1878 a fine Catholic Chapel (Church of the Sacred Heart) was built in West Fitchburg, and is now under the charge of Rev. J. T. Donohoe. There is also a very pretty Methodist Church in West Fitchburg, of which Rev. W. Wignall is pastor.

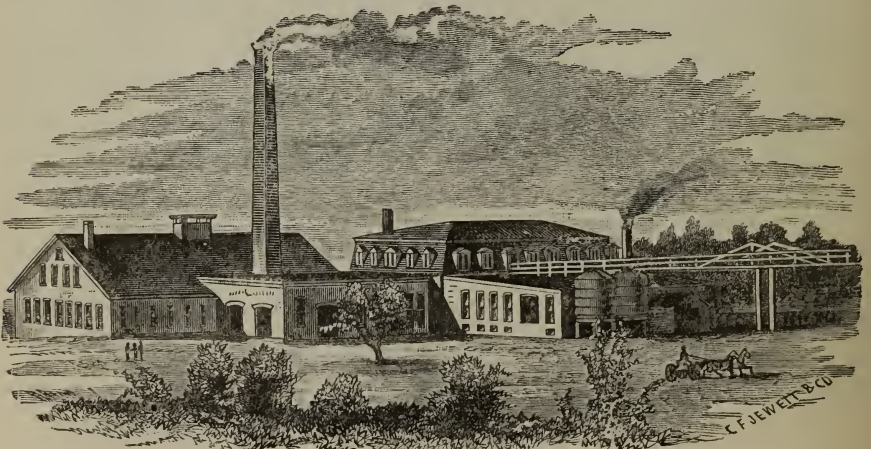


WHITNEY'S OPERA HOUSE BLOCK.

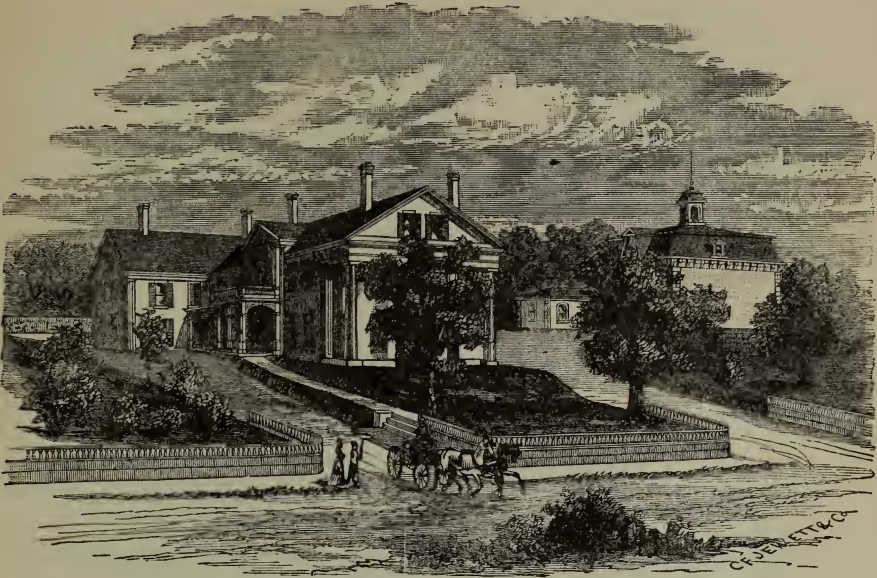
The Fitchburg Savings Bank block, on Main street, up town, is the largest and finest in the city. It was erected in 1871, and is of brick with a handsome and costly front of fine, white-grained granite. The ground floor is divided into four stores, which are as commodious and well-appointed as any in Worcester County. On the second floor are the banking-rooms of the Fitchburg National and Fitchburg Savings Banks, the office of

the Fitchburg Mutual Fire Insurance Company, and several law offices. The two stories above are mainly occupied by the Free Masons, whose rooms are among the finest in the State.

The Safety Fund National Bank has rooms in Crocker Block, a handsome brick and stone structure further down



THE "SNOW MILL," RECENTLY BURNED.



RESIDENCE OF MRS. EUGENE T. MILES, BLOSSOM STREET.

on Main street. The Windsor Club (social) has attractive rooms in this block.

The Rollstone National Bank has rooms in the Rollstone Bank block, a large and fine brick and sand-stone structure, on the south side of Main street, down town. The rooms of the Worcester North Savings Institution are also in this block, and the Odd Fellows and E. V. Sumner Encampment, Post 19, Grand Army of the Republic, have commodious apartments in the upper portion. The Wachusett National Bank

has a brick banking house on the corner of Main and Day streets.

Whitney's Opera House block contains the only theatre in town. The stage is of good size and well-appointed and the auditorium neat and attractive. Good companies appear here throughout the season, and are well patronized by citizens of Fitchburg and neighboring towns. Other blocks worthy of mention are Belding & Dickinson's, Coggs & Carpenter's, Hatch's, Wixon's (not yet completed), and Stiles'—all on Main street, and Union and Goodrich on Day street.

There are eight hotels in the city, the Fitchburg Hotel and the American House being the two largest.

The City Hall, on Main street, nearly opposite the Savings Bank block, is a large brick building. The entire upper story is devoted to a large hall, called the City Hall. It is the largest in the city. There are about a dozen



E. M. DICKINSON &amp; CO.'S SHOE MANUFACTORY.



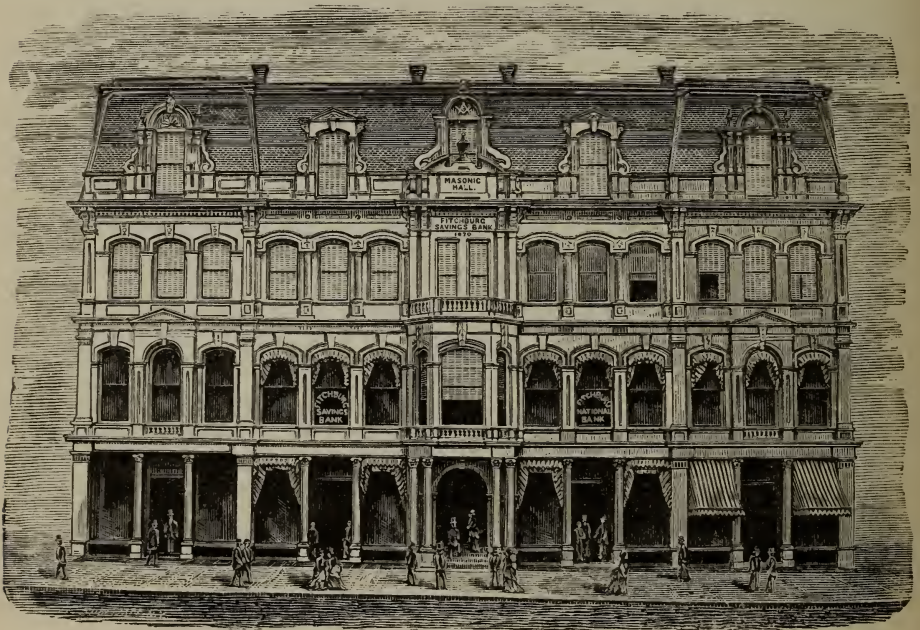
other halls of various sizes in different parts of the city. On the first floor of the City Hall are the various city offices, rooms of the Mayor, Aldermen and Common Council. The entire rear portion is occupied by the Public Library, containing over sixteen thousand volumes, which will soon be removed to the new and elegant "Wallace Library and Art Building," now in process of completion. Mr. Wallace's generous gift to the city is fully described in another article.

The Post-Office occupies the lower floor of a neat and substantial brick edifice opposite the Baptist Church. The letter-carrier system was begun here November 1, 1884. In the upper portion of this building are rooms occupied by the Fitchburg Board of Trade and the



THE L. J. BROWN BLOCK, MAIN STREET.

Park Club (social). Just below the Post-Office is Monument Square, in the centre of which is a handsome soldiers' monument, designed by Martin



FITCHBURG SAVINGS BANK BUILDING.

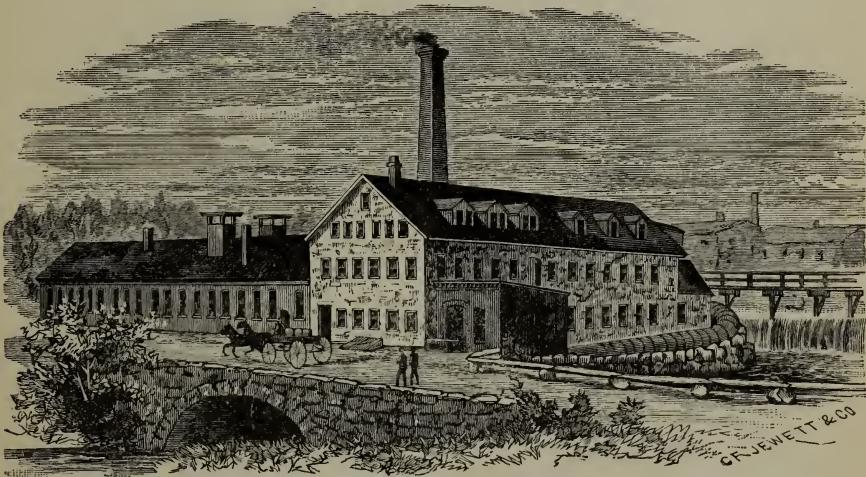


Milmore, and costing about \$25,000. It was dedicated June 26, 1874. Four brass cannon, procured through Alvah Crocker while a Member of Congress, stand in the enclosure. In the rear of the square is the Court House, a stone building of noble proportions, built in 1871.

Fitchburg is located on the Hoosac Tunnel route, and hence has extensive railroad facilities. The Fitchburg Railroad runs eleven passenger trains to Boston every week day and five to Greenfield and North Adams. The

the depot is the "L. J. Brown" store, a large and handsome building with a brown stone front, which is certainly worthy of mention, both as a sample of the business blocks in town, and as a memorial of the late L. J. Brown.

Fitchburg is well provided with school houses. The High School on High street is a large and convenient building, and was erected in 1869. Mr. R. G. Huling] has been the Principal since 1875. There are three large Grammar school buildings in the city proper, and one in West Fitchburg, be-

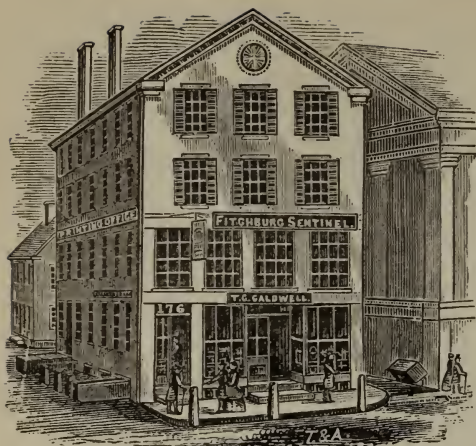


THE "STONE MILL."

Northern Division of the Old Colony Railroad terminates here and furnishes four trains daily to Boston, and also to the principal cities of southern Massachusetts. The Fitchburg and Worcester Division affords ample means of communication with our sister city. The Cheshire Railroad furnishes four trains daily to points in New Hampshire and Vermont. A route for the proposed Fitchburg and Manchester Railroad was surveyed last summer. The Union Passenger Depot, used by all these roads in common, is a commodious building and an ornament to the city. Not far from

sides a dozen or more buildings occupied by lower grades in various localities in town.

There are two newspapers published here. The *Fitchburg Sentinel* occupies the entire upper portion of one of the oldest brick buildings in town. The structure has been raised and enlarged since it was first built. The first number of the *Sentinel* appeared December 30, 1838, and on May 6, 1873, the *Daily Sentinel* began its existence. Both are still published and enjoy a large and increasing circulation. The *Fitchburg Tribune* is issued weekly.



FITCHBURG SENTINEL OFFICE.

This paper has been established only a few years, but under the present proprietor is acquiring a goodly circulation.

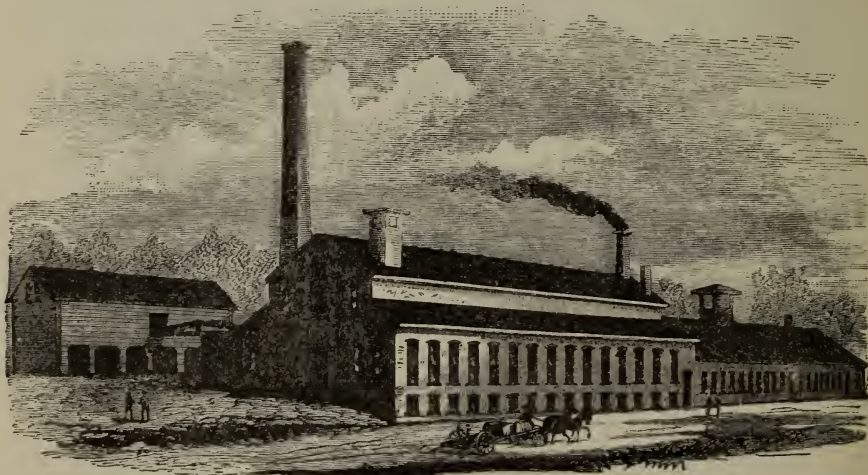
Our city is fortunate in possessing an abundant supply of excellent water derived from Scott, Shattuck and Falulah Brooks. Three reservoirs, Overlook, Scott and Marshall, were constructed at the time the water-works were first put in operation, a dozen years ago. These

the brook by which it is supplied. Overlook is the largest and most elevated, being four hundred feet above the railroad tracks. More than eighteen miles of service pipe are now in use, and there are over two hundred fire hydrants at various points. The city is equipped with a fire alarm telegraph, having thirty-one signal boxes, and maintains an efficient and well managed Fire Department. It is thus easy to understand why Fitchburg seldom has a fire that amounts to much.

The Wachusett Electric Light Company began to light the principal streets in the city proper in 1883, and still continues to furnish agreeable illumination.

The Fitchburg Gas Company, organized in 1852, has works a little below the Union Depot and is in prosperous condition.

The Fitchburg Division of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company comprises this city, Leominster,



THE "HANNA MILL,"

are located on the high land north-west of the city. In 1883 a fourth reservoir was constructed and named Falulah from

ter, Lunenburg and Westminster. There are nearly four hundred subscribers.

The Fitchburg Roller Skating Rink



is an institution very attractive to the public and well patronized. There is also a skating rink in West Fitchburg.

The Massachusetts Mutual Aid Society, an organization for life insurance, was incorporated in 1875, and its members now number several thousands.

The Fitchburg Co-operative Savings Fund and Loan Association was incorporated in 1877. Monthly payments are made by share holders and money loaned on real-estate.

The Worcester North Agricultural

two miles south of the city, and is of more recent origin. St. Bernard's Cemetery, in the easterly part of the town, is owned by the Roman Catholics.

Fitchburg hospitality is well known, and Masonic or other organizations are always sure of royal entertainment and a grand good time when they visit their Fitchburg brethren.

Art, literature and music have always been cultivated here. Though there is no organized art club in town, there are not a few artists here of merit whose



LAUREL HILL. RESIDENCE OF CHARLES MASON, ROLLSTONE STREET

Society was incorporated in 1852, and has extensive fair grounds and a trotting park in the easterly part of the township.

The city owns two cemeteries. Laurel Hill Cemetery is large and has been in use for at least seventy-five years. It occupies a hill overhanging the river, and is truly a city of the dead overlooking the city of the living. Forest Hill Cemetery is on the Mount Elam road,

skill with crayon and brush is fully appreciated.

The Fitchburg Literary Club was organized some fifteen years ago. Its membership has been large and its meetings interesting. Mr. R. G. Huling is now the President of the club. Several writers of prose and verse reside in town.

In proof of musical talent we refer with just pride to the Fitchburg Military



Band, G. A. Patz, Director. The band, under the faithful and skillful management of the late Warren S. Russell, attained almost the highest rank among the musical organizations of New England. Mr. Russell was a most estimable man, of rare musical ability, and his death in March, 1884, was a sad blow to the members of the band, and to the citizens of Fitchburg as well. At

any words the estimation in which he was held. In April, 1884, Mr. Patz became the leader of the band. That he is eminently qualified for the position is shown by the fact that the band still maintains its high rank and bids fair to surpass in the future the successes of the past. In the upper common is a very handsome band-stand, erected by means of the generosity of certain citi-



RESIDENCE OF HENRY A. GOODRICH, HIGHLAND AVENUE.

his funeral, March 18, 1884, the floral tributes from many musical organizations in New England, the presence of Mr. D. W. Reeves, always a warm friend of Mr. Russell, with the American Band of Providence, Rhode Island, whose members voluntarily tendered their services for the occasion gratuitously; the great concourse of citizens and the general suspension of business throughout the city, showed better than

zens, and down town in Railroad Park is another, not quite as ornamental. The band gives a concert at each place nearly every week during warm weather, and large audiences appreciate the music. Nor are we lacking in vocal talent. Several of our residents, some of whom have perfected themselves abroad, have acquired, or are acquiring, reputation as singers.

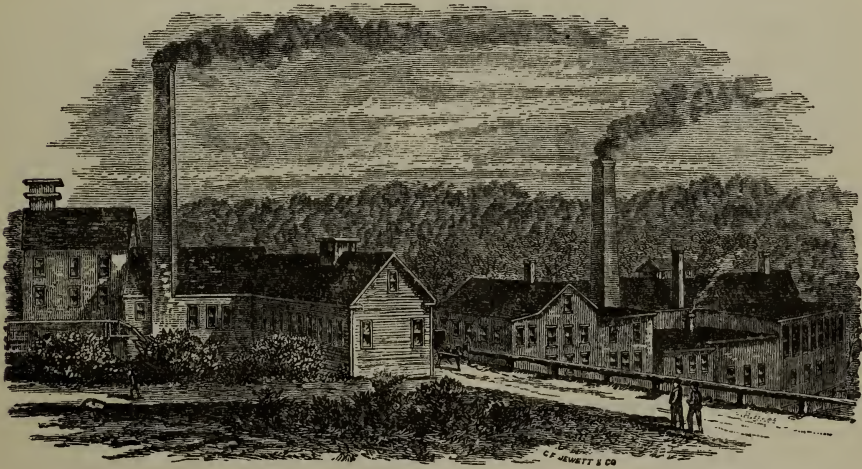
There are many handsome residences

and fine estates in and around the city, a few of which are represented in this sketch. It is to be regretted that the residence of Mr. George F. Fay, of Crocker, Burbank & Co., cannot be shown. It is in process of completion, and when finished will be the finest in the city.

Fitchburg is situated in a pleasant valley, extending nearly east and west, through the southern portion of which runs the little river. Main street is just north of this stream, and, in a measure, parallel to it. This is the principal business street in the city and from

least, is the opinion of the writer who, as a native of the place, may be allowed to express pardonable pride in the general appearance of prosperity, neatness and intelligence in the community.

This sketch would be incomplete without some slight allusion to the surrounding country. The most marked topographical feature in this region is Rollstone Hill, a rounded eminence, composed entirely of granite. It is just southwest of the city. Its top is bare rock, but the sides are covered with a thin layer of soil, which furnishes support for quite a forest. Several quar-

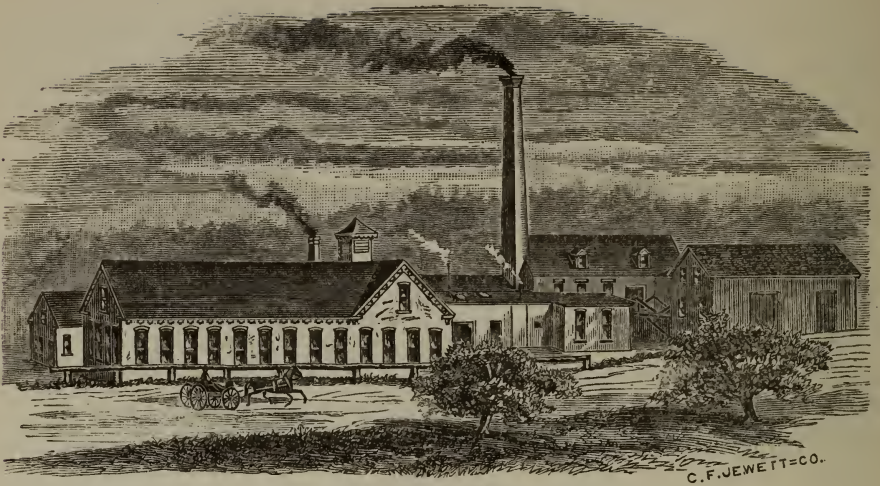


THE "LYON AND WHITNEY" MILL.

either side of it branch off streets most of which eventually climb up a hillside. The city tends to increase along the course of the valley mainly, though now the surrounding slopes are fast becoming covered with dwellings. The streets (with the exception of Main) are unpaved, but are carefully looked after by the city and always kept in good condition. Good sidewalks, plenty of shade trees, and the general appearance of thrift and neatness on the part of citizens, make a stroll through the streets of Fitchburg very agreeable. Such, at

ries are worked during warm weather, and an immense amount of granite has been taken out without any apparent diminution in the size of the hill. It may be of interest to state that the Fitchburg Railroad depot, in Boston, is built of granite taken from this hill; and there are several other large stone structures in the Hub built of the same material. On the very summit of Rollstone is perched "the Boulder," a round mass of rock, forty-five feet in circumference, and weighing at least one hundred tons. The rock of which it is





THE "BRICK" MILL.

composed is totally unlike any rock formation within a radius of thirty miles or more, and it is probable that this boulder was brought to its present position by ice. The view from the top of this hill is well worth the slight trouble taken in ascending it. At the feet of the observer lies the city, forming almost a semi-circle. Wooded hills arise on all sides. Wachusett, twelve miles distant, rears its imposing pile in the south, while Big Watatic overtops its brethren in the northwest. Almost opposite Rollstone is Pearl Hill, which is also well worth a visit.

There are many pleasant drives around Fitchburg, which are thoroughly appreciated by the citizens. But we must not dwell longer upon Fitchburg

or its environs. Let those who are strangers to our city come and see for themselves. They will be welcome.

The writer is aware that much has been omitted in this sketch which ought to have been spoken of; but in a magazine article, intended simply to give a general idea of the place, such must of necessity be the case. Much space might, for instance, be most justly devoted to the business men and merchants of Fitchburg, who, by hard work and fair dealing, have acquired honorable names in the community. It would be quite possible to fill several more pages with such matters, but it is probable that the readers of the "BAY STATE" will coincide with the opinion that it is about time to stop.





**THE PAST AND FUTURE OF GOLD.**

BY DAVID M. BALFOUR.

GOLD, from the earliest times to the present day, has been regarded as one of the most precious of metals. Next to osmium, iodine, and platinum, it is the heaviest of metals, being nineteen times heavier than water. Next to iron it is the most extensively diffused metal upon our planet. It occurs in granite, the oldest rock known to us, and in all the rocks derived from it. It is, however, much more common in alluvial grounds than among primitive and pyrogenous rocks. Nine-tenths of the gold which has been produced has been obtained from alluvial beds. Gold mines are generally situated at the extreme limits of civilization. Herodotus notes the fact and he is confirmed by Humboldt. It is first mentioned in Genesis ii: 11. It was found in the country of Havilah, where the rivers Euphrates and Tigris unite and discharge their waters into the Persian Gulf. Gold is never found in mass, in veins, or lodes; it is interspersed, in threads or flakes, throughout quartz or other rocks. It is the only metal of a yellow color; it is easily crystallizable, and always assumes one or more of the symmetrical shapes,—such as the cube or octahedron. It affords a resplendent polish, and may be exposed, for any length of time, to the atmosphere without suffering change, and is remarkable for its beauty. Its malleability is such that a cubic inch will cover a surface of eighteen hundred square feet; and its ductility is such that a cube of four inches could be drawn into a wire which would extend around the earth.

Gold in its relative value to silver has varied greatly at different periods.

In the days of the patriarch Abraham, it was one to eight; B. C. 1000, it was one to twelve; B. C. 500, it was one to thirteen; at the commencement of the Christian era, it was one to nine; A. D. 500, it was one to eighteen; in 1100, it was one to eight; in 1400, it was one to eleven; in 1545, it was one to six; in 1551, it was one to two; in 1600, it was one to ten; in 1627, it was one to thirteen; in 1700, it was one to fifteen and one-half; it held the latter ratio, with but slight variation, until 1872, when it began to rise, and in 1876 it rose to one to twenty; it soon afterwards gradually declined, and now stands one to nineteen and one-half. The supply of silver beyond a legitimate demand for financial purposes, the decrease of the export of silver to the East, and the demonetization of silver by the principal countries of Europe, have induced a tendency in the ratio of the two metals to again advance.

Gold was extremely abundant in ancient times. It was plentifully furnished by the rivers of Asia. The sands of Pactolus, the golden fleece conquered by the Argonauts, the gold of Ophir, the fable of King Midas, all tend to show the eastern origin of gold. It was abundant in Cabul and Little Thibet. It abounded in the empire of the Pharaohs, as is attested by the traces of mining operations, now exhausted, and by the multitude of objects of gold contained in their tombs. Dennis ("History of the Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria," vol. II, p. 50) states that "gold ornaments, whose beauty and richness are amazing, abound in the tombs of the Etruscans, who were undoubtedly one of the most remark-

able nations of antiquity, and the great civilizers of Italy. In a single tomb in Cerveti, fragments of breastplates, earrings, and brooches, sufficient to fill more than one basket, were found crushed beneath a mass of fallen masonry. A gold chain, with a number of pendant *scarabæi*, was found in a tomb in Vulci, transcending anything before seen by him. Bieda, Chiusi, Canosa, Casuccini, Perugia, and Veii belong in the same category." Schlieman ("Ilios" p. 253, et. seq.) states that they had an abundance of gold, bordering, as they did, on Phrygia, and nearly touching the valley of the Pactolus, so famous for its auriferous sands. It was very pure and therefore easily worked. In a tomb a single vase was found containing eighty-seven hundred small objects of gold." Ornaments of gold are very abundant in the tombs of Mycenæ. In remote antiquity the bulk of gold was brought by the Phenicians from Arabia, which had twenty-two gold mines. It was the ancient El Dorado, and proverbial for its wealth of gold in all antiquity, down to the Middle Ages. "Arabia sends us gold," said Thomas A. Becket. Sacred ornaments of gold abound in churches, temples, pagodas, and tombs, throughout the Eastern hemisphere. The Homeric poems call Mycenæ a city rich in gold. Gold abounded in the Levant, and it was obtained in considerable quantity in the island of Siphnos, and also from Pangæus. It was found in abundance in Turdeltania in Spain; it was brought down by the rivers Tagus and Duoro; and it was plenty in Dacia, Transylvania, and the Asturias. Caligula caused his guests to be helped with gold (which they carried away), instead of bread and meat. The dresses of Nero were stiff with embroidery and gold; he fished with hooks of gold, and his attendants wore necklaces, and brace-

lets of gold. The Egyptians obtained large quantities of gold from the upper Nile, and from Ethiopia. Among them it was estimated by weight, usually in the form of bulls or oxen. In the centre of the continent, upon which so much light has been recently thrown by Livingston, Stanley, and others, rocks are to be met with quartz veins containing gold, and thus auriferous alluvium has been formed. Western Africa was the first field which supplied gold to mediæval Europe. Its whole seaboard from Morocco to the equator produces more or less gold. This small section of the continent poured a flood of gold into Europe, and until the mineral discoveries of California and Australia, it continued to be the principal supply to the civilized world. In eastern Akim gold is said to be as plentiful as potatoes in Ireland. The Fanti gold mines are far more valuable than Ashanti, and the Wassaw and the Nquamossoo have gold nuggets in profusion. The King of Gyaman became immensely rich by the product of his gold mines; his bed had steps of gold. The French claim that they imported gold from Elmina in 1382. The Portuguese discovered gold in 1442, upon the borders of Rio de Ouro. Mungo Park, in 1797, drew attention to the existence of gold in the provinces of Shrona, Kinkodi, Dindik, Bambuk, and Barabarra. Caille, in 1827, reported an abundance of gold in the valley of the Niger. The gold mines of Boure were first visited by Winwood Reade in 1872. The inhabitants of Western Africa have worked their gold fields for centuries to very little purpose. Their want of pumps, of quartz-crushing machinery, and of scientific appliances, has limited their labors to scratching the top soil and nibbling at the reef-walls. A large proportion of the country is virtually virgin

ground; and a rich harvest has been left for Occidental science, energy, and enterprise. It is fast becoming evident that Africa will one day equal half a dozen Californias. The annual product of gold in Africa has declined from \$17,000,000 in 1471 to \$3,000,000 in 1816. Since the latter date it has gradually declined to \$2,000,000. The gold product since 1471 has amounted to \$3,500,000,000.

Gold, after the discovery of America, was produced in large quantities, principally in the Antilles, and chiefly in Hispaniola, and the western coast of the Gulf of Mexico. America is pre-eminently the land of metals. Gold is found in greater or less abundance throughout its Pacific coast from Alaska to Patagonia. The New World furnishes nearly two-thirds of the precious metals annually produced. The export of gold from the United States since 1848 has amounted to \$1,548,564,852. The gold mines of Peru were revealed to Europe by Pizarro in 1513. The gold mines of South America extend throughout its entire territory. Its richest mines are about Huylas and Turma. Most of the rivers of the Andes bring down auriferous sands. Before the arrival of the Spaniards the Indians had gathered from the river sands large quantities of gold in Peru, Chili, and along the whole western coast of South America. Brazil has yielded, from 1513 to the present time, \$876,000,000 of gold. The annual product of gold, in South America, at the present time is \$8,000,000. The total product, from 1513 to the present time, has amounted to \$2,176,000,000. The gold mines of North America extend from Costa Rica to Alaska, between the parallels 8° and 71° of North latitude, and the parallels of 82° and 168° of West longitude, comprised between the Caribbean sea

and the Arctic ocean, and the Rocky mountains and the Pacific ocean. The Mexican gold mines were discovered by Cortez in 1526. Their annual product has decreased from \$3,000,000 in former times to \$1,000,000 at the present time. Their total product to the present time has amounted to \$652,000,000. Gold was discovered in California by William Marshall, on the ninth day of February, 1848, at Suter's mill on the American fork of the Sacramento river, and the mines extend from 34° to 40° of North latitude. Their annual product has decreased from \$81,000,000 in 1853 to \$14,000,000 at the present time. The annual product of the gold mines of Colorado, Dakota, Nevada, Montana, Idaho, Arizona, Oregon, and other parts of the United States, at the present time, is estimated to be \$16,000,000. Their total product has amounted to \$200,000,000. The annual product of the gold mines of British Columbia is estimated to be \$2,000,000. Their total product has amounted to \$52,000,000. In estimating the gold product of California Messrs. Hussey, Bond and Hale, of San Francisco, (*Hunt's Mer. Mag.*, vol. XXVII, p. 43) state, — "that there should be added to the amount exhibited upon steamers' manifests fifteen to sixty per cent. for the amount carried in the valises and pockets of returning passengers, overland to Mexico, exported to Chili, and retained in California for purposes of currency." Fenton (*Tasmania*, p. 430) states, — "that the product of gold, \$850,000, in Tasmania, in 1883, does not include the value of gold which left the colony by private hands, when it is considered that the alluvial auriferous deposits are worked by men who are constantly on the move and who sometimes take with them, to the other colonies, the product of their washings, without leaving behind them



any record of the weight or value of the gold thus removed." This rule should be applied to Australia, Russia, New Zealand, and all countries which are producers of the precious metals. The annual product of the gold mines of North America is \$32,000,000. Their total product from 1513 to the present time is estimated to be \$2,764,000,000, of which \$2,164,000,000 have been obtained since 1848. The annual product of gold in America is \$40,000,000,—more than one-third of the entire annual product of the world. The total gold product of America, since the hills of Hispaniola were revealed to the eyes of Columbus, has amounted to \$4,940,000,000—one-third of the product of the world since the earliest times.

Gold was discovered in Russia in 1743, near Nertschinsk, alluvial deposits having been observed in that year in the Ural mountains. The mines extend over that parallelogram of the earth's surface, comprised between the parallels of 50° and 60° of north latitude, between the Volga and Amoor rivers. They were not generally explored until 1810. In 1816 their product was but \$80,000; at the close of 1823 there was a large development. In 1830 the annual product was \$4,000,000. About that time the deposits of Siberia were discovered, and at the close of 1840 they yielded a greater production than those of the Ural. In 1843 the total annual product of both regions was \$18,000,000. In 1853 it attained to \$36,000,000, but since that date it has gradually declined to \$22,000,000. The total product of the Russian gold-mines has amounted to \$805,000,000. The annual product of gold in Europe is \$24,000,000. The total product of gold in Europe, from the earliest times to the present day, has amounted to \$4,145,000,000.

Gold was discovered in Australia by Edward Hammand Hargreaves, on the twelfth day of February, 1851, in the Bathurst and Wellington districts, and the mines extend from 18° to 38° of South latitude. Their annual product has decreased from \$75,000,000 in 1853 to \$26,000,000 at the present time. Their total product has amounted to \$1,453,000,000. The finest gold was obtained at Ballarat, and the largest nugget was dug up at Donolly, and weighed 2,448 ounces, valued at \$46,000. The New Zealand gold mines were discovered by Messrs. Hartly and Reilly, on the twentieth of August, 1861, in the Otago district, on the Molineux river, on the 45° of South latitude. Their annual product has decreased from \$10,000,000 in 1863 to \$4,000,000 at the present time. Their total product has amounted to \$176,000,000. The annual product of gold in Asia (including Australia, New Zealand and Oceanica) is \$32,000,000. The total product of gold in Asia, from the earliest times to the present day, has amounted to \$2,065,000,000.

Gold was considered bullion in Palestine for a long time after silver was current as money. The first mention of gold as money, in the Bible, is in David's reign (B. C. 1056) when that king purchased the threshing-floor of Ornan for six hundred shekels of gold by weight (\$4,500.) The Lydians were the first people who coined money. The word "*money*" is derived from the temple of Jupiter Moneta, where the Roman mint was established. Croesus (B. C. 560) coined the golden *stater*, which contained one hundred and thirty-three grains of pure metal. Darius, son of Hystaspes, (B. C. 538) coined the *daric*, which contained one hundred and twenty-one grains of pure metal; it was preferred for its fineness, for several

ages, throughout the East. It is supposed to be mentioned in the Old Testament under the name of *dram*. Very few specimens have come down to us. Their scarcity may be accounted for by the fact that they were melted down under the type of Alexander. Next were some coins of the tyrants of Sicily; of Gelo (B. C. 491), of Helo (B. C. 478), and of Dionysius (B. C. 404). Specimens of the former two are still preserved in modern cabinets. Gold coin was by no means plenty in Greece, until Philip of Macedon put the mines of Thrace into full operation, about B. C. 300. There are only about a dozen Greek coins in existence, three of which are in the British Museum; and of the latter, two are *staters*, of the weight of one hundred and twenty-nine grains each. About B. C. 207, a gold coin was struck off at Rome called "*aureus*," four specimens of which are in the institution before alluded to. Its weight was one hundred and twenty-four grains.

Gold coins were issued in France by Clovis, A. D. 489. About the same time, they were issued in Spain by Amalric, the Gothic king; in both countries they were called "*trientes*." The "*mouton*," worth about nine dollars, was issued in 1156. Gold coins were first issued in England in 1257, in the shape of a "*penny*," of the value of twenty pence; only two specimens have come down to us. "*Florins*" were next issued in 1334, of the value of six shillings. The "*noble*" followed next of the value of six shillings and eight pence; being stamped with a rose, it was called the "*rose noble*." "*Angels*" appeared in 1465, of the same value as the latter. The "*royal*" followed next in 1466, of the value of ten shillings. Then come for the first time the "*sovereign*," in 1489, of the value of twenty shillings. The "*crown*" followed in 1527, of the

value of ten shillings. "*Units*" and "*lions*," were issued in 1603; the "*laurel*" in 1633, and "*exurgats*," in 1642; all of the value of twenty shillings. The "*guinea*," of the value of twenty-one shillings, was issued in 1663, of Guinea gold. In 1773 all gold coins, except the guinea, were called in and forbidden to be circulated. The present sovereign was issued in 1817. The United States "*half eagle*" was issued in 1793.

Gold, to the amount of \$2,171,000,000, was obtained from the surface and mines of the earth from the earliest times to the commencement of the Christian era; from the date of the latter event, to the discovery of America, \$3,842,374,000 was obtained; from the date of the latter event to the close of 1847 an addition of \$3,056,000,000 was obtained; the triple discovery of the California mines in 1848, the Australian in 1851, and the New Zealand in 1861, has added, to the close of 1884, \$5,558,626,000; making a grand total of \$14,628,000,000, of which \$5,818,626,000 has been obtained since 1843. The average loss by abrasion of coin is estimated by Professor Bowen at one-twentieth of one per cent. per annum, and the loss by consumption in the arts, and by fire and shipwreck, at \$4,000,000 per annum. A cubic inch of gold is worth, at 3*£* 17*s.* 10 1-2*d.*, or \$18.96 per ounce., \$193; a cubic foot, \$333,504; and a cubic yard, \$9,004,608.

Gold to the amount of \$1,081,000,000, is estimated to have been in existence at the commencement of the Christian era. At the period of the discovery of America it had diminished to \$135,000,000; after that event, it gradually increased, and in 1600 it attained to \$154,000,000, in 1700 it reached \$398,000,000, in 1800 it amounted to \$1,156,000,000, in 1853 it attained to



\$3,332,000,000, and at the present time the amount of gold in existence is estimated to be \$8,166,000,000; which, if melted into one mass, could be contained in the basement of Bunker Hill Monument, which is a cube of thirty feet. Of the amount of gold in existence \$6,000,000,000 is estimated to be in coin and bullion, \$1,000,000,000 in watches, and the remainder in plate, jewelry, and ornaments. Of the amount of gold in existence \$2,374,000,000 is estimated to have been obtained from North America, \$1,739,000,000 from South America; \$1,858,000,000 from Asia (including Australia, New Zealand, and Oceanica), \$945,000,000 from Europe, and \$1,250,000,000 from Africa. The amount of the precious metals now in existence is estimated to be \$13,670,000,000.

Gold, as compared with former periods, in regard to its annual product, has attained, within the last forty-two years, to enormous proportions. At the date of the discovery of America it was but \$100,000; after the occurrence of that event it gradually increased, and in 1800 it was \$17,000,000, and in 1853 it reached its acme, when it was \$236,000,000; it soon afterwards gradually decreased, and now it is but \$98,000,000.

Gold has changed places with silver as regards coinage. Since 1726 the gold coinage of the French mint has amounted to 11,400,000,000 francs, of which 8,200,000,000 francs have been issued since 1850. Since 1603 the gold coinage of the British mint has amounted to £409,000,000, of which £253,000,000 have been issued since 1850. Since 1792 the gold coinage of the United States mint has amounted to \$1,357,000,000, of which \$1,257,000,000 have been issued since 1850. Since 1664 the gold coinage of the Russian mint has amounted to 900,000,000 rou-

bles, of which 630,000,000 have been issued since 1850. The twenty-five-franc piece of France contains 112 grains of pure metal; the sovereign of England, 113 grains; the new doubloon of Spain, and the half-eagle of the United States, 116 grains each; and the gold lion of the Netherlands, and double-ounce of Sicily, 117 grains each. It was proposed, a few years since, to adopt a uniform system of coinage throughout the world, so that the coins of one nation may circulate in any other without the expense of re-coinage, "a consummation devoutly to be wished." The gold coinage of the principal countries of the world has increased from \$77,000,000 in 1848 to \$300,000,000 in 1854; in 1876 it declined to \$250,000,000, since which it has continued to decrease, and is now but \$90,000,000. The gold coinage of the United States mint, since 1849, has amounted to \$1,281,420,038. In proportion as the wealth of a country increases it requires a currency of higher value. Gold, owing to its greater supply, and more convenient portability, is steadily gaining in the channels of commercial exchange upon silver.

Gold, in view of the large amount which has been thrown into the monetary circulation of the world since 1843, and the little influence it has exercised upon the money market and prices generally, has falsified the predictions of financial writers, a generation ago, upon both sides of the Atlantic. The following statement will exhibit the wholesale cash prices in the New York market, on the first day of January, in the respective years, of six of the principal articles of commerce:

|                      | 1860.   | 1872.   | 1885.   |
|----------------------|---------|---------|---------|
| Beef, per barrel . . | \$10.75 | \$10.00 | \$11.75 |
| Pork, " " . .        | 16.25   | 14.00   | 12.25   |
| Flour, " " . .       | 5.25    | 4.12    | 2.55    |
| Rice " 100 lbs. . .  | 3.87    | 8.44    | 5.62    |
| Corn, " bushel . .   | .93     | .81     | .48     |
| Cotton, " pound . .  | .11 3-4 | .21 1-4 | .11 1-4 |



War is the great enhancer of prices. During the Civil War in the United States (1861-1865), the prices of the above articles were more than doubled.

Gold, in the midst of its sudden plethora, was a perplexing problem to the financial prophets of a third of a century ago. M. Michel Chevalier (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, November, 1857) predicted, — "that a decline would occur in the price of gold, equal to one-half of its former value; that a period of peril was impending, full of inquietude, instability and damage to a great variety of interests; that the value of gold would be diminished, and that consequently wages and prices would be doubled; that the duties on imports, and the interest on the debts of the principal nations of the world, must necessarily follow the same course; that it would inevitably involve a re-coinage of all the existing gold coins of the world, from time to time, in order to conform to the price of the metal; that the value of the twenty-franc piece would be reduced to 19 1-2, 19, 18 francs, as the depreciation descended; and he, therefore, recommended a cessation of the gold coinage until the lowest point of depreciation is reached; that the new gold fields were likely to prove as productive as at first for several generations; in no direction could new outlets be seen sufficiently large to absorb the extra production in such a manner as to prevent a fall in its value. It might fall until nineteen francs would correspond only to the amount of well being which could then be obtained for five francs." Poor man! He lived to see the utter failure of all his predictions; to behold France become the largest coiner of gold in the world; an exporter of the precious metals to the amount of \$43,000,000 annually during

a decade; the rise of the standard of gold from 15 1-2 to 18, as compared with silver, and involving a decline from 62 3-4d. to 52d. per ounce; great fear of a gold famine come upon the Directors of the Bank of France, and also of the Bank of England; the annual product of gold to attain its acme, four years before his predictions; its gradual decline, until it had descended to one-half; a new gold-field opened in New Zealand; and silver demonetized by his own country, Germany, and the other principal countries of Europe. M. Emile de Lavelaye (*Nineteenth Century Review*, September, 1881), states, "that the present annual supply of gold is no more than sufficient to meet the requirements of the expanding commerce of the world. The scarcity of gold has induced so great a fall in prices that they are now lower than in 1850. It is estimated that North America has contributed £14,000,000 of the stock of gold in the world." We have already shown that the annual product of gold has increased, at one period, thirteen fold, and is now, notwithstanding its rapid decrease, five fold greater than at the commencement of the present century; that prices have not been in the least degree affected by the increased supply of gold; and that North America has contributed \$2,374,000,000 of the stock of gold in the world.

Gold has faithfully performed for the last forty-two years, and, in view of its abundance and prospective increase, will continue to support its *role* of a fixed standard of value, and a firm basis for the bank-note circulation of the principal countries of the civilized world, which is evidently growing gradually metallic, as a comparative statement of the amount of bank-note circulation issued, and the amount of specie held by the Bank of England,

the joint stock banks, and the private banks of Great Britain the Bank of the late Mr. Bagehot use to call the Banks, the State banks, and the National "apprehension point," is close at our heels. The amount of gold in existence has increased from \$1,975,000,-

| 1840.               |                |                     |                |
|---------------------|----------------|---------------------|----------------|
|                     | GREAT BRITAIN. | FRANCE.             | UNITED STATES. |
| Circulation . . . . | £34,976,524    | 220,005,695 francs. | \$87,872,171   |
| Specie . . . .      | 8,751,342      | 225,406,807 "       | 35,207,690     |

| 1850.               |                |                     |                |
|---------------------|----------------|---------------------|----------------|
|                     | GREAT BRITAIN. | FRANCE.             | UNITED STATES. |
| Circulation . . . . | £34,948,765    | 481,552,000 francs. | \$118,984,112  |
| Specie . . . .      | 19,843,026     | 458,820,000 "       | 45,379,345     |

| 1862.               |                |                     |                |
|---------------------|----------------|---------------------|----------------|
|                     | GREAT BRITAIN. | FRANCE.             | UNITED STATES. |
| Circulation . . . . | £39,574,862    | 725,417,563 francs. | \$126,599,167  |
| Specie . . . .      | 22,917,846     | 324,915,234 "       | 102,507,559    |

| 1885.               |                |                       |                |
|---------------------|----------------|-----------------------|----------------|
|                     | GREAT BRITAIN. | FRANCE.               | UNITED STATES. |
| Circulation . . . . | £37,215,968    | 2,912,386,475 francs. | \$112,027,858  |
| Specie . . . .      | 28,146,893     | 2,065,937,158 "       | 139,747,080    |

Gold has robbed silver of the *prestige* claimed for it two centuries ago by Locke, — "that it is the instrument and measure of commerce in all the civilized and trading parts of the world, and its normal currency." Gold has maintained its present price for one hundred and sixty years, while silver has declined twenty-two per cent. within thirteen. When, owing to scarcity, gold advances 100 in 1843 to \$8,166,000,000 at the present time; while silver, owing to the great attrition of coin (estimated by Bowen at one per cent. per annum), has increased from \$5,040,000,000 to but \$5,504,000,000, during the same period. Of the two hundred and twelve millions of dollars of the precious metals annually produced, ninety-eight millions are furnished by gold.

## MY MOUNTAIN HOME.

BY WILLIAM C. STUROC.

Down in the valleys, where the grasses grow,  
 And waves the gold-rod and the meadow queen;  
 Where peaceful streamlets, with a languid flow,  
 Are calmly shimmering in the noonday sheen —  
 There may be peace, and plenty too, I ween;  
 But on the mountain's elephantine height,  
 Where thunder-drums are beat on bassy key,  
 And lightning-flashes glisten through the night;  
 And forests groan with storm-chang'd melody,  
 There let my home, 'mid lofty nature be —  
 That, near the stars, and near the sun and moon,  
 My eyes may gaze upon the book of space,  
 And learn the lyrics that are sung in tune  
 As rolling orbs their constant journeys trace.

General Knefler to General Wallace :

INDIANAPOLIS, February 19, 1868.

GENERAL. Upon reading the "Life of Grant," by Colonel Badeau, I was much surprised to see his version of your conduct on the first day of the battle of Shiloh. As I was present with your command on that day, as Assistant Adjutant General of Division, I desire to make the following statement of facts, as I can remember them at this time :

The position of your division, on the morning of the sixth of April, 1862, was as follows: Headquarters of the division and camp of the First Brigade at Crump's Landing; Second Brigade, two and a half miles from Crump's Landing, on the Purdy road, at a place, if I remember right, called Stony Lonesome; Third Brigade, two and a half miles from the camp of the Second Brigade, at Adamsville, on the Purdy road, and five miles from Headquarters of division at Crump's Landing.

When the cannonading was first heard on Sunday morning 'you issued orders' at once, for the concentration of the division at camp of the Second Brigade, at Stony Lonesome. The baggage, camp and garrison equipage was ordered to Crump's Landing, and detachments were made for its protection. "*These orders were given before you heard from Headquarters.*"

About 9 o'clock General Grant passed up on the Tigris and in passing the boat upon which were your Headquarters, had a conversation with you. I did not hear what was said, but you immediately mounted, and accompanied by your staff rode rapidly to the camp of the Second Brigade. It was, perhaps, two hours before any order arrived. I know you were anxiously looking for orders, and finally despatched one of your aids to ride to the landing to ascertain if any one had arrived with orders, and conduct him to you. Shortly after that,—it must have been 12 o'clock, M., Captain Baxter, A. Q. M., arrived with orders, and brought the very cheering intelligence that our army was successful. I cannot tell at this time what the particular language was. The order was placed in my hands as Assistant Adjutant General, but where it is now, or what became of it, I am unable to say; very likely, having been written on a scrap of paper, it was lost after coming into my hands; a matter which I much regret, as I feel confident that its production now would conclusively demonstrate that you obeyed the command contained in it. I remember, however, distinctly, that it was a written order to march and form a junction with the right of the army, which was understood to be the right of the army as it rested on the morning when the battle began. Suffice it to say, that the

division marched at once, and took the road which had been previously ascertained as leading to the right of the army, in the position it occupied on the morning of the sixth, and previous to that time. The road was then patrolled and picketted by cavalry detachments of your command. By your permission, I was marching with the advance guard, comprised of several companies of the Twenty-fourth Indiana Volunteers, Lieutenant Colonel Berber, commanding. We marched very rapidly, and to judge from the sound of the battle, we were approaching it fast. The advanced guard had reached the crossing of Snake Creek, near a mill, or some large building, where a bridge had been constructed, and from that point we could see the smoke overhanging the battlefield and distinctly hear the musketry, when an order was received, to retrace our steps, and work our way to the head of the column. We marched back at once, almost to our starting place, where we found the column was marching through the woods where there was no road (not even a trail appeared) to save time and distance. The troops were marching very fast, and I did not come up with you for perhaps two hours after the advance guard received orders to countermarch.

When the column was put in motion on the river road, which must have been after 4 o'clock, we were met by some staff officers of General Grant, Major Rawlins and Colonel McPherson, and another officer whom I did not know. They had some conversation with you, and then, for the first time I learned that our troops had been repulsed, and that we were then marching to join the right of the army, in its new position, at Pittsburg Landing. After some hard marching over execrable roads we reached our position about dusk.

The road the division first marched on led directly to the right of the army in its position as stated above, and we would have joined it, had it not been repulsed, before 3 o'clock P. M.

Having conversed with many of the division who were present on that day, it is the general impression that we marched between fifteen and eighteen miles. Now, considering that we had troops not inured to hard marching, some of them on their first march, the condition of the roads, almost impassable, and part of that distance through woods, without any road, at all, it certainly ought not to be intimated that you did not do your whole duty in endeavoring to reach the field.

I am General, very respectfully, Your obedient servant,

FRED KNEFLER.

Late Colonel Seventy-ninth Regiment Indiana Volunteers.



## REUBEN TRACY'S VACATION TRIPS.

BY ELIZABETH PORTER GOULD.

## II.

"O mamma, didn't we have a good time at the Isles of Shoals last summer?" said Reuben Tracy to his mother one evening last July as they sat together on their piazza. "Didn't the boys stare though when I told them all about it in our geography class. Ned Bolton said that I knew more about it than the geography did; and afterwards he asked me if I had ever seen a mountain. How I wish I could see one and climb to the very top of it. Oh my, would 'nt I look!"

And the boy's eyes looked as though they would look to the satisfaction of the most devoted teacher.

"Well," my boy, replied Mrs. Tracy as she drew him nearer to her in loving admiration of such enthusiasm, "only yesterday I received a letter from your uncle in Northampton urging me to take you and come to make him a visit, and I thought then what a good opportunity it would be for you to see your first mountain. Now do you know what one I mean?"

"Oh yes," answered Reuben; "but you mean two, do 'nt you? Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke. I learned that in my geography. I can see it now in my book where it says that Mount Tom is twelve hundred feet high, and Mount Holyoke one thousand feet high." But Bob Phelps said that there were lots of rattlesnakes on Mount Tom, so I should not dare to go there — but then —"

"Visitors don't go on Mount Tom proper, as there is no accommodation for them," interrupted Mrs. Tracy, "but on Mount Holyoke there is the Prospect

House, which your uncle said last summer was a very well-kept house. Why, it is thirty-five years ago that I was on top of that mountain, when, as a young girl, just a little older than you, I went with my father and mother. A Mr. French had just taken the house. I wonder if he is there now. He seemed determined then to do what he could for the place. I can hear him now telling my father that a spot which had been such a favorite one for over two hundred years must have some superior claim upon the people of his day. I really would love to go there again. It is one of those places which once seen is never forgotten, and then I could 'nt choose a better spot for your introduction to a lovely mountain view. But, my child, it is getting late and time for you to go to bed. Run along and I will write to your uncle to-night and accept his cordial invitation."

"And tell him" added Reuben, "that I wish every boy in this world had such a boss mother as I have. Ned Bolton says so, too;" with which unique expression of love and gratitude he kissed his mother "Good night" and went off to bed to dream of, well, what do you think? Of rattle-snakes, of mountains, or even of geography? Oh, no! only nothing, for he was a healthy boy who said he couldn't spare the time to dream.

After he had gone Mrs. Tracy sat alone for a while, thinking over this early visit of hers, with all the precious memories which it suggested of her own father and mother, now dead and gone. Then she thought over the past year's intimate life which she had enjoyed with her boy, and became more and

more thankful that she had been enabled thus to get up out of her selfish grief of the summer before — when death took her other children from her — and empty her own life into the larger channel of life around her. She was pleased to think of the good fruits that had arisen from her plans for her boy's vacation trips, not only upon him but upon other mothers who had been led to follow her example. She thought of the Christmas week she had spent with him in Boston, where they had enjoyed so many interesting historical sights. And in the few weeks of the vacation which was now passing, it pleased her to recall the delightful days which they had spent at Concord and at Plymouth. And now, in this evening reverie, she smiled as she thought of her boy's telling his geography class all about the Isles of Shoals. How she would loved to have heard him — her fair-haired, blue-eyed boy, talking with all the intensity of his nature of what he had seen. Ah! life had left much to her yet; and she determined anew that Reuben should never want for any of her sympathetic help, either in his sports or in his growing student life. With this renewed determination she went into the house to write her letter to her brother at Northampton.

She was just finishing it when her husband came in from his weekly meeting with the city fathers. She told him all her plan, which he heartily endorsed, and practically helped by taking out his purse and giving her a generous sum of money for the trip, saying, "I wish, my dear, that I could go too, but I cannot leave my business this season of the year. But I am only too glad that I can make money enough for you and Reuben to go. I know of no better way to invest it for the future of our boy, God bless him!

"Ah!" replied Mrs. Tracy, her face all aglow with the joy of having her own thought so fully met, "would that more fathers thought so! but while some think only of a bank account, and the great majority think nothing of any account at all, only the few know the need of a child's mind *digesting* money, so to speak, as it goes along."

In a few days the arrangements were completed and Mrs. Tracy and her son left their home in Salem for Northampton. Reuben quietly enjoyed the scenery all the way from Boston to Springfield. In the forty minutes' ride from Springfield to Northampton Mrs. Tracy had a delightful opportunity, which she well used, to show her boy the winding course of a river,— the beautiful Connecticut—as they followed it first on one side and then on the other. When Reuben spied the house on Mount Holyoke he realized then that he saw his first mountain. On making inquiries about the mountain with a house on it, on the other side of the river, the conductor told him that that was Mount Nonotuck, a peak of the Mount Tom range, which was nine hundred and fifty feet high. He also told him that Nonotuck was the old Indian name for Northampton, which was just then coming in sight.

On arriving at the station uncle Edward met them with his carriage to convey them to his home on Round Hill. On their way there they passed the fine building of Smith College, which particularly pleased Mrs. Tracy and caused her to say, partly to herself, "Happy, happy girls to have such privileges of college life." "What," said Reuben, "girls go to college like boys? how funny!" When, after a moment or two of seeming abstraction, he said: "That is what papa meant the other day when he said that girls were as good as boys and

could learn just as well as they could, is 'nt it?" But before Mrs. Tracy could answer him they had arrived at their destination.

The next day they took a drive around the town, or rather the city, since a short time before it had become such. Its wealth of trees was a source of joy to them.

When they were crossing Mill River, on the old covered bridge on South street, uncle Edward stopped and told them that this was the only bridge on the river which was saved from the awful catastrophe of the bursting of the reservoir at Williamsburg, ten miles from there. When they drove off the bridge he told Reuben to notice the river as it flowed so peacefully along, in apparent forgetfulness of its dreadful havoc of ten years ago when about one hundred and fifty lives were lost, and factories, houses, and churches were swept along, as so many leaves, by the rushing torrent. He told, among other facts, how a cousin of his was seated at the breakfast-table with his whole family—a wife, two sons, and a daughter—when they were swept up by the waters, house and all, and all drowned. And while he was telling these incidents, which were so much to him, he made them more effective by driving up some little distance through the district which had been devastated. Thus Reuben learned of a peculiar tragedy, in a manner which no reading in itself could so well have taught him.

They spent a day or two more in looking around the different public institutions, the Clarke Institute for the Deaf, on Round Hill, giving them the most interest. But in spite of these attractions, Mrs. Tracy's keen mother-eye noticed that Reuben was getting a little impatient to climb a mountain, that mountain "with the tunnel" as he

expressed it. So she decided to go there the first pleasant day; and as it was now the time of full moon she proposed to remain upon the mountain all night, much to Reuben's delight.

The next day proved to be pleasant, so they in company with Uncle Edward and his wife started for Mount Holyoke, a distance of three miles. A short drive brought them to the Hockanum ferry where they were to cross the Connecticut. As they drove upon what seemed to Reuben a wharf, he, accustomed only to the Boston ferry-boats, remarked that the boat was not in yet. And it was not until a moment later when he found himself moving away from the land that he discovered that he was on the boat itself! The way in which they were being borne across the river by man's use of the pulley and wire was a great novelty to the boy and could only suggest to his mother the most primitive days.

It took them five minutes to cross—about eighty-five rods—after which a short drive through a pretty country took them to the foot of the mountain. Then following a good carriage-road they were soon at the half-way house where Reuben at last found the "tunnel" which had given him so much wonder.

After examining the stationary engine at the foot of the inclined plane, in this wooden enclosure which Reuben had called the tunnel, they seated themselves in the car and in two and a quarter minutes were landed at the top, 600 feet higher.

Mrs. Tracy on going up felt a little fear which was overcome when her brother informed her that Mr. French was always at the top with his watchful eye.

"Yes, that is so," said a voice as they stepped out of the car, and Mrs. Tracy was introduced to the same Mr. French



who was so much in earnest years ago when she visited the place to make it a success.

They talked over the intervening years, Mr. French telling her of his improvements, how the first railroad was built in 1854, and the present track was laid in 1867, and how more than half a million people had been up over it.

He showed her a picture of the first house built there in 1821, then of the one rebuilt in 1851, which was gradually enlarged, until it became the present size in 1861, ten years later.

She was particularly interested to hear him tell of the famous people who had visited the place, so much so, that he brought out for inspection some of the autograph books which filled a long shelf. He said that there were names recorded as far back as 1824. As they looked them over they saw at the date of August 12, 1847, in bold handwriting, "Charles Sumner," with the testimony that the view from Mount Holyoke was "surpassingly lovely."

At the sight of the clearly written name "Jenny Lind, Sweden," at the date of July 7, 1851, Reuben exclaimed — "Oh, she was that big singer; mamma showed me the house on Round Hill where she lived and was married."

That he should remember this fact pleased Mrs. Tracy while his boyish enthusiasm led Mr. French to tell a pleasant little reminiscence of her visit there which was heartily enjoyed by them all. And that others may have the pleasure of hearing it from him on his own premises I will not repeat it here.

After a little further talk on the history of the place, in which Reuben learned that it was named Holyoke in 1654 in honor of Captain Elizur Holyoke, they began to enjoy the lovely pictures all around them.

It was fortunate for them that a heavy wind of the night before had taken away the clouds which had for a time hidden the mountains farthest off. Hence they were now able to see distinctly the Green Mountains in Vermont, Wachusett and Greylock in Massachusetts, and Monadnock in New Hampshire.

As they spoke of the many little villages which gave the human interest to the scene, Mr. French said that they could see from there thirty-two towns in Massachusetts and eight in Connecticut.

He adjusted the telescope so that they could easily tell the time on the clock at Smith College. He adjusted it again and they saw the Amherst College buildings. Another adjustment revealed Mount Holyoke Seminary at South Hadley; and in this way they saw the Armory at Springfield, the Insane asylum at Northampton, and other well-known buildings.

A sight of the unique Front street in Old Hadley with its four rows of fine old shade trees led Uncle Edward to promise his guests a drive through it before they should return to Salem.

The fine combination of meadow, river, hills and towns, as pictured through a colored reflecting glass, was a delight indeed.

In one of the views, Reuben spied an island striped with cultivated fields which Mr. French said was called Ox Bow; he pointed out another called Shepard's island, which, with Ox Bow, added much to the scenery.

The winding river suggested to Mrs. Tracy how much nature loved a curve. While Uncle Edward, who had visited the chief mountains in this land and in Europe, said that he always came back to this mountain view as the loveliest and the most restful of them all, al-

though it was not the grandest or the most awe inspiring.

So the day passed on Mount Holyoke, giving them at every moment living pictures which no painter could equal. When the sun went down the moon came up to give her light, and nature revealed in her beauty.

The only painful shadow for Mrs. Tracy was when she felt sad that more of earth's troubled ones did not or could not come to drink in such peace and rest.

But such days must come to an end. And what can follow more delightful than a refreshing sleep on such a height. This they all had and were ready the next morning to return to Northampton.

As Reuben was anxious to count the steps which, on ascending the day before, he had noticed on the side of the inclined plane; he went down that way, while the rest of the party availed themselves of the car. He, boy-like, did not mind the extra labor and longer time which that choice involved, so long as

he found out that there were five hundred and twenty-two steps.

As they descended the mountain from the half-way house Reuben gathered for a souvenir some of the beautiful laurel which, in full-bloom, was then adorning its sides.

A few days later after the promised ride to Old Hadley, three miles distant, which was extended four miles to Amherst to give Reuben a sight of the college where his papa graduated, Mrs. Tracy and her son returned to Salem. Mr. Tracy was highly entertained with Reuben's account of what he had seen, and felt more than ever that his money had been well invested. The rest of the vacation soon passed, the boy's active mind being profitably engaged in the interim of active, healthful sports.

And it is highly probable that by this time the geography class, with Ned Bolton as spokesman, has discovered that "Reuben Tracy knows more about a mountain than the geography itself!"

### GEMS FROM THE EASY CHAIR.

Christmas. There is nothing in the deepest and best sense human which in the truest and highest sense is not also Christian. The characteristic feeling about Christmas, as it is revealed in literature and tradition and association, is the striking and beautiful tribute to the practicability of Christianity.

Sermons. It is doubtless very unjust to the clergy to suppose that they turn the barrel of sermons to save themselves the trouble of writing new ones. Nothing but the levity of the pews could be guilty of such a suspicion. The preacher knows that one squeezing does not take all the juice out of an orange; and how much jucier a fruit is a good sermon! Moreover, the pews are so pachyderma-

tous, so rhinoceros-skinned, that nothing but an incessant pelting upon the same spot makes an impression.

America. Whoever has seen a self-possessed and sagacious orator handling a tumultuous meeting as Phœbus-Appollo handles his madly plunging steeds, has seen the symbol of popular government, and understands why the sole fact of numerical force and brute power does not explain it. He who watches the ocean rising into every bay and creek in obedience to celestial attraction, sees in outward nature the law that governs the associated life of men, and which gives the American people faith in their own government, whether they can give a reason for their faith or not.

## NATIONAL BANK FAILURES.

BY GEORGE H. WOOD.

OCCASIONALLY the attention of the daily press of the country is called to the provisions of the National Banking Law by the announcement of the failure of some national banking association, and immediately it teems with comments, and recommendations as to amendments which should be made to render the law effective. These recommendations and comments usually show the most lamentable ignorance, both as to the actual existing provisions of the law and its practical working, and as regards banking matters generally. In the case of the failure of the Middletown National Bank of New York, the advice which has been given in the columns of the press seems of itself to be sufficient, if it had been given sooner, to have prevented the disaster. The Directors have been blamed, very justly too, for they looked on while their President run them into all its difficulties, and as usual the Bank Examiners have been held responsible for the disaster. Some have even gone so far as to suggest that a provision be added to the National Banking Laws punishing Examiners who do not detect irregularities in the banks which they examine.

The provisions of the National Bank Act as they now stand are as perfect, theoretically, as they can be drawn, to protect both the depositors and the stockholders. The law provides for the publication of sworn reports, from time to time, of the condition of each national bank. These reports must be sworn to by the President, or Cashier, and their correctness must be attested by the signatures of at least three Directors. These reports are required five times

a year and it is impossible to see how, if the Directors do their duty fully and honestly, any delinquency on the part of the officers of the bank can fail to be detected by them. Under the law, the stockholders elect the Directors, at least five in number. The officers of the bank are elected or appointed by the directors and are subject to them. Thus far the protection the Act provides is based upon what, so far as financial matters are concerned, is one of the great controlling influences of human nature, *viz*: self-interest. The stockholders, in order to protect themselves, are expected to elect Directors who will look out for the interests of all.

The sworn reports made to the Comptroller of the Currency are published in the newspapers where the banks are located, and a copy sent to that officer that he may know that the law in this respect has been complied with. The stockholders can inspect them at any time as they appear, and can note any changes which occur in them from time to time. The stockholders are also at perfect liberty to make any inquiries that they may deem fit, in any direction which their intelligence may suggest to them.

In addition to the protection which the law gives to the stockholders, and also to the depositors, by requiring the publication of reports of the condition of the national banks, Bank Examiners are provided in the law; these Bank Examiners are appointed by the Comptroller of the Currency, and make their examinations at any time that he may deem fit.

A Bank Examiner to afford perfect



security for the real merit of his examination, has a disagreeable duty to perform. He enters a bank, which by all the world is supposed to be well conducted and solvent, and to be managed by honorable men, respected and looked up to by the whole community. His position, however, is that of a Censor, and it does not permit him to assume what the world supposes. On the contrary, to make a good examination, he must take nothing for granted, and quietly act on the ground that something is wrong. "Suspensions are the sinews of the mind" in this case, and an examiner without them cannot expect to detect mismanagement or defalcation. The position requires tact as well as technical skill — tact not to offend unnecessarily or disturb friendly relations, and skill to bring to light all that should be discovered — and undoubtedly requires a high class of mind in the one that fills it *well*. Bank examinations are not the only security provided in the law, and it is ridiculous to assert that the Directors, stockholders and depositors should throw aside or neglect to use all the other means which the law provides to enable them to protect themselves, and rely entirely upon the Government examinations, which in the nature of things must depend for success on the sagacity of one individual.

The framers of the National Bank Act, while they did all that they could to protect the depositors and stockholders of national banks, as has been seen, were still not perfectly sure but that failures might sometimes occur. This feeling doubtless arose from a knowledge on their part of the weakness of

human nature, and of the imperfections of systems of Government. That they felt in this way, is indicated by the fact that they have provided, also, a method of protecting, as far as possible, the depositors of national banks that *do* fail. They have provided for the appointment of receivers and for a distribution, under Government control, of such assets as can be collected from the wrecks of the failed banks. The stockholders of such banks are subject to the penalty of being compelled to contribute, if the deficiency in the assets requires it, an amount not exceeding the par value of the shares of stock held by them in addition to the amount already invested in such shares, to the fund necessary to pay depositors. This of itself would seem sufficient to be careful and place a live Board of Directors in charge of a large fund, considering the manner the stockholders of the Pacific National Bank of Boston kicked and squirmed when this provision of the law was applied.

The experience of the past has been that bank officers have concealed all their operations from the proprietors, and when failures have occurred everybody has been astonished. As an additional safeguard to meet this secrecy an organization has just been perfected in New York which is a step farther in commercial agencies than has ever been attempted. From one of their printed circulars it is ascertained that they propose to keep in pay a corps of detectives and other agencies, "as a check upon defalcations and embezzlements by bank Presidents, and Cashiers and other officials." But it is not exactly clear who will watch the detectives.

## ELIZABETH.

A ROMANCE OF COLONIAL DAYS

BY FRANCES C. SPARHAWK, Author of "A Lazy Man's Work."

## CHAPTER XI.

## UNWELCOME NEWS.

June was doing its best to make the world content. Little clouds floated through the blue sky, like the light sighs of a mood that must find some expression, and the air for all its softness was invigorating, it was so full of life and purity. This day, like many another, needed only to bring as fair hopes to the lives of those who looked into it as it did to the nature it overbrooded to make the faces its light breezes fanned as bright as the skies were, with only shadows of expression to give the brightness new beauty. But no such light was on Elizabeth Royal's face as she sat at the open window of her room with a piece of delicate embroidery in her hands. Her future had not opened out into life; the winter had killed its buds of promise.

After all, Stephen Archdale had not gone to England. His father and Governor Wentworth had insisted that it was much wiser to send an older and a better business man. "Do you want to make the best of your case?" the Colonel had asked incisively when Stephen hesitated. And the young man had yielded, though reluctantly. It would have been so much easier for him to be away and to be doing something. But at present he must think only of doing the wisest thing.

Elizabeth had not seen him; he had written to her father once, and had promised to write again as soon as he had the slightest news. He had tried his best to be cheerful, and had sent her

a message that endeavored to be hopeful; but she saw that courtesy struggled with despair. She knew that they need never meet; but if this thing were true—she could not believe it—but if it were true, then happiness was over. Life in a June day has such possibilities of happiness; and that morning her eyes grew so misty that she took a few wrong stitches in her work, and as footsteps drew near the room, perceived this and began to pick them out with nervous haste. She had not finished, however, when Mrs. Eveleigh came in. As Elizabeth had expected, her first remark was a comment.

"What! another mistake, my dear? You know you made one only yesterday, and you can work so beautifully when you give your mind to it. It is a bad plan to have such a dreamy way with one. For my part, I should think you would have had enough of doing things in dreams and never knowing what they will end in. You would better wake up for the rest of your life."

As Elizabeth had heard the same remark numberless times before, its effect was not startling. In silence she went on picking out her stitches.

"Why not say you think so, too? It would be more dutiful in you," continued Mrs. Eveleigh.

"You take care that I am waked up," returned Elizabeth. "You don't leave one many illusions."

"I hope not. What is the use of illusions?"

"Yes, what?"

"Well, Elizabeth, it is not I that have

disturbed them this time; you must thank him for that."

"Him?"

"Yes, he has come. I have just been leaning over the banisters, and saw him come in." Elizabeth did not look dreamy now. "He did not come forward at all in the modest, charming way of the other one, which you know irresistibly wins hearts," went on Mrs. Eveleigh; "he marched along straight into the parlor and asked to see you, just as if he owned the house and all that was in it. So he does own somebody in it, I am afraid, poor child."

The girl's face was white, her violet eyes looked black and shadowed by heavy lines.

"Is it—?" she began.

"Oh, yes, my dear, it is your husband. He has come to claim you, no doubt. If he cannot get the wife he wants, he will have somebody at the head of his table. And, then, my dear, you know you are an heiress, not a person of no account."

"Nonsense," returned the other; "the marriage is not proven. He may have come with news."

At this moment a servant brought up Archdale's card. On it he had written a line begging to see her. Elizabeth showed it to her companion.

"See," she said, "you are mistaken. Probably we are free, and he wants to tell me of it first,—first of anyone here, I mean. That is not arbitrary, nor as you said, at all."

"Very well, dear; only, don't crow till you are out of the woods. Would you like to have me receive him with you?"

Elizabeth hesitated.

"No. I thank you," she said. "You are very kind, but perhaps it would be better to go by myself."

"As you like." And Mrs. Eveleigh's

pride laid a strong hand upon her swelling curiosity, so that with an indifference well acted she sat down to her work. But as she lost the sound of Elizabeth's step on the stairs she rose again and looked breathlessly over the banisters, trying to catch the greeting that went on in the room below. But either through accident, or because the girl knew the character of her companion, the door closed behind Elizabeth, and Mrs. Eveleigh heard nothing. If she had done so, the greeting was so simple that she would have gained from it no clue of what was to follow. Archdale came forward, bowed low, and held out his hand to her as simply as Katie's husband might have greeted Katie's friend, and possibly have brought her some message. Elizabeth felt this as she laid her hand in his for a moment, a smile of relief and anticipation came over her face; and in reply to his question she answered: "Yes, we are all well, thank you." It was after the first moment that the embarrassment began, when at her look of hope and questioning his eyes fell a moment, and when raised again gave no answer to it. Both realized then how hard fate had been to them. But even yet Elizabeth would not quite give up the cause. She steadied herself a little by her hand on the back of the chair before she sat down in it, asking with the smile still on her lips, but not spontaneous as before.

"You have brought good news?"

"No," he said. "I am afraid you will not call it good news." He looked away as he spoke, but after a moment turned toward her, and their eyes met. Each read the meaning in the other's face too plainly to make reserve as to the real state of things possible. "The cause of all this cruel delay is explained at last," he went on. "The Sea-Gull on her way back to England was wrecked.



All Bolston's papers are lost. He had a fever brought on by cold and exposure, and after he had lain for weeks in an Irish inn, he waked into life with scarcely his sense of identity come back to him. He writes that he has begun to recover himself, however, and that by the time we send the papers again, new copies, he shall be able to attend to the business as well as ever. For our work, he might as well be at the bottom of the sea."

Elizabeth turned pale.

"When did you learn this?" she asked.

"A fortnight ago. I ought to have told you of it before, but I hated to pain you."

She looked at him firmly. Then smiled a little through her paleness.

"Yes, it does pain me," she said.

"But I don't despair. We are not married, you and I, Mr. Archdale, and I wish Katie would throw aside her nonsensical scruples. What matter whether Mr. Harwin was a minister? Why will she not let it go that it was all fun, and marry you? I think she ought."

"I think so, too," he said. He did not add his suspicions that Katie was acting upon the covert suggestions of his father which had so disturbed her conscience that she declared she must be satisfied that the whole thing was a falsehood of Harwin's.

"I wish we could find him," said Elizabeth.

"So do I", answered Archdale under his breath. She looked at him quickly and away again, feeling that her last wish had not been a wise one. "Yet" pursued Archdale, "you see that if Harwin's story is false, the whole matter drops there, and that would make it simpler, to say the least of it. Katie does not like the idea of having the

court obliged to decide about it. She says it seems like a divorce."

Elizabeth flushed.

"Do I like it?" she said. "But anything is better than this."

"Yes," he answered, then seemed as if he would like to take back his frank confession. She smiled at him.

"Don't try to soften it, Mr. Archdale. We both mean that. You speak honestly because you are honest and understand what I want, too; because you are wise enough to believe in the absurdity of this whole affair."

"You did not think it absurd at first," he answered.

"I was overwhelmed. I had no time to consider."

"No," he said "only time to feel."

"Don't speak of that day," and she shuddered. "If I were to live a thousand years, there never could be another so horrible."

He had risen to go. He stood a moment silent. Then:

"You are so reassuring," he said. "Yet, how can either of us be assured? Perhaps you are my wife."

"Never," she said, and looked at him with a sudden coldness in her face.

"If a minister has married us," he answered, "nobody has yet unmarried us."

The gravity of her expression impressed him.

"God has not married us," she said. "I shall never admit that." There was a moment's silence. "Poor Katie!" she added.

"Yes, poor Katie,— and Mistress Royal."

Elizabeth smiled sadly.

"You remember that?" she asked. "It would not be strange if you forgot everybody but Katie, and yourself."

"It would be strange if I forgot you, since you are,— what you are."

"I foresee," she answered, "that we shall be good friends. By and by, when you and Katie are well established in your beautiful new house I shall visit you there; Katie invited me long ago, and you and I are going to be good friends."

## CHAPTER XII

### PERPLEXITIES.

Although Elizabeth had been so brave before Archdale, yet as soon as he had gone she sank into her chair and covered her face with her hands, as if by this she could shut out the visions of him from her mind. She lived in the land of the Puritans, and Indiana had not been discovered. She knew that those words which ought to have been so sacred but which she had spoken so lightly were no longer light to her, but that in the depths of her heart they weighed like lead and gave her a sense of guilt that she could not throw off. Even if they proved nothing in law, they had already brought a terrible punishment, and if, — if —. With a low cry she started up. Life had grown black again. But she was not accustomed to give way to emotions, still less to forebodings. In a few moments she went back to her embroidery, and to Mrs. Eveleigh.

Archdale left Mr. Royal's house with a new comprehension of the woman he had married in jest. Somehow, he had always considered that Katie and he were really the only sufferers. Young, petted, rich, and handsome, it had not come forcibly home to him before, however much his courtesy might have assumed it, that this young woman whom, though he thought she did well enough, he had no high opinion of, could actually suffer in the idea of being his wife. But he saw it now through all her brave

bearing, and his vanity received its death-wound that morning.

Three days afterwards he was at Katie's home; he tried to feel that he had the old right to visit her. "Your friend is so brave," he said, "she puts courage into me. Katie, why don't you feel so, too?"

"Ah!" said the girl looking at him tearfully, "how can you ask that? It is she who has the right to you, and I have not."

"She wants it as little as mortal can," he answered. "I think except as your betrothed she does not even like me very well, although she was so kind when I came away." And he repeated Elizabeth's parting prophesy.

"She and I are the two extremes," returned the girl. "If Mr. Harwin is a minister, it will seem to me, as I told you, just as if you and Elizabeth had been divorced."

"Nonsense, love, you cannot separate what has never been joined together." He kissed away the tears that brimmed over from Katie's eyes. Yet as he did so, he was not sure that he had the right to do it, for the shadow of another woman seemed to come between them. He had confessed his dread to Elizabeth, but to this girl it was impossible; to her he must be all confidence. How different were these two women toward whom he stood in such peculiar relations, betrothed to one, possibly married to the other. If this last were true which of them would suffer the more? A week ago his imagination would not have seized upon Elizabeth's feelings at all; now he was convinced that it would be no less hard for her than for Katie; hard through her friendship and her pride. But this one's tender little heart would break. After all, it was only of her that he could think. The waiting was growing unendurable. Yet he felt

that his father was right when he said that the easiest way, the shortest in the end, was to prove if possible that Harwin's story of his vocation was fabricated. Indeed, there was no case for appeal to the Court unless that were established. Let that fail through, and the lovers were free to marry.

"Have you heard" he asked after a time, "that Sir Temple and Lady Dacre have written that they are coming to visit us,—us, Katie? You remember they had an invitation to our wedding,—they shall have another, dearest,—and could not come then, but they propose paying us a visit in our own home at Seascapè where they suppose we are living now, you and I. I told you about my staying with them in England and asking them to visit me when I was married. I was thinking then of my chances of being engaged to you, Katie."

"Yes, you told me of them," she said, and after a pause added, "You will have to write them the truth."

"It is too late for that to do any good. They follow close on the heels of the letter; that is, by the next ship." "Then I suppose Aunt Faith will take them, either at your father's, or at Seascapè. Which will it be, Stephen?"

"That house! It can never be opened until you do it, Katie; you know that well enough."

The girl sighed. Yet with all the sadness of her lot it was delightful to be loved and mourned over in this way; mourned over, and yet perhaps not lost.

"I don't know about that being the best way," she returned slowly. "You know Stephen, Uncle Walter is peculiar, and you could not entertain your guests yourself; you would not have freedom. Really, it would not be quite as nice for you."

"Always thinking of me," he cried.

"It seems now that the only freedom I care about is the freedom to make you my wife, Katie."

"Yes," she sighed again and was silent a moment. Then she said, "But Stephen, if Aunt Faith is there, you know it won't be like anybody else, and you can show them the house I am going to have. "Do you believe that?" she broke out suddenly. "Do you really believe that? This uncertainty is killing me—don't imagine that I could not wait for years, I am not dying for you, Stephen; I should not do such a thing, of course. But not to know! I must know soon; life is unendurable under such a strain."

"Poor little girl, she was not made, surely, to bear suffering," thought Archdale. And he went away assured that she was most of all to be pitied, that she was least protected from the North wind which was blowing against them all three. As to the house, she should certainly have her way about it. He saw that she was sacrificing her own feelings for him. She did not understand that it was making matters a great deal harder, she thought that she was making it pleasanter for him. Well, she should have the satisfaction of believing she had done so. It did not occur to him that the girl had taken the most effectual way of awaking a sentimental interest in the persons who were imagining that they were to be her guests. Katie was one of those people who illustrate the use of the velvet glove, for in spite of her sprightliness, she was considered the gentlest little creature in the Colonies.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### OVER THE THRESHOLD.

Florence, Lady Dacre, with her hand on Archdale's arm walked across the



plank from ship to shore, her husband on the other side of her and her maid following with Sir Temple's valet, who was devotedly carrying all the bundles, and interspersing his useful attentions with auguries as to the "ignorance of the Hamerican Colonies." Lady Dacre walked on with a light step, and eyes that took note of every thing.

"So, this is Boston?" she said. "I have always wanted to see it. You will think me in fun, but really, do you know, it has an odd sort of aggressive look to me! We imagine a certain humility in Colonies, but your people are more English than Englishmen. That is your carriage, there on the pier? How kind in you to come for us. And that is your coachman? Now, even he has a look that, on the whole, he is as good as you."

"He does not feel so," returned Archdale, smiling.

"Oh, no, I suppose not; it must be the exhilarating air that gives people that appearance. Such a sky as there is to-day! Do you have beautiful weather like this all the time?"

"No, sometimes we have a thunder shower."

Sir Temple laughed.

"Good enough for you, Florence," he cried. "What are you so absurd for?"

"For fun. I suppose you know Governor Shirley?" she added after an instant.

"Slightly. But he is an intimate friend of Mr. Royal,—one of my father's friends."

"Ah! yes. Well, what is the difference?"

"Then, last year," said Sir Temple, "we met some people in London." He named several whom Archdale knew.

"And there are two others here now," cried Lady Dacre, "or perhaps I ought not to say two persons, but one and his shadow. People call him a reckless sort of a fellow—the man, not the shadow,—but I think him charming. It is Mr. Edmonson, the best whist player I ever saw."

"And Lord Bulchester?"

"Ah! you know them. Perhaps we are going to meet them at your house? That will be delightful."

"Lady Dacre has a perfect passion for whist," explained her husband.

"You will certainly meet them there if they will do me the honor to become my guests," returned Archdale. Then something that he had heard came back to him, and brought a sudden frown to his face, but it was too late to retract. So, after he had made his friends comfortable at an inn, for they were to dine before starting on their journey, he wrote his invitation and dispatched it by his servant with instructions to bring back an answer. "If the rumor I heard is true, he will not accept," he said to himself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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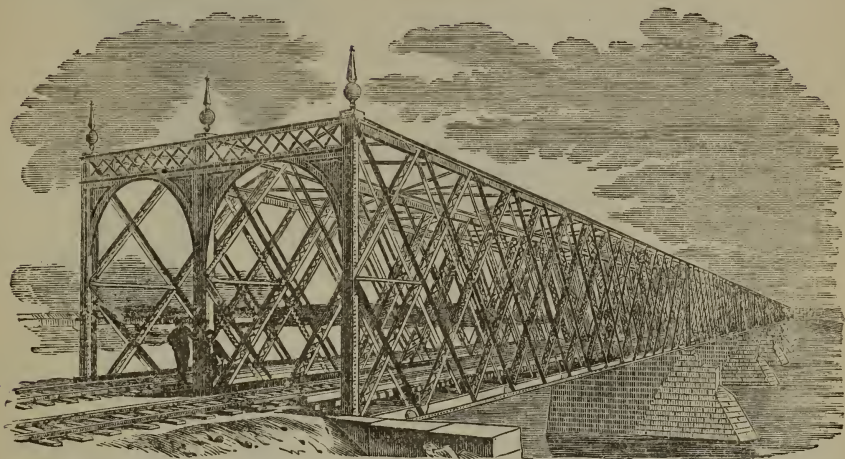
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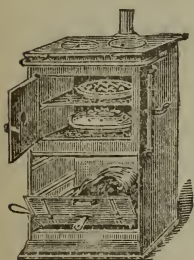
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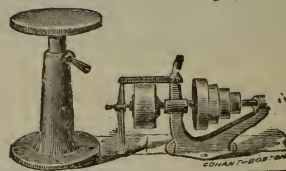
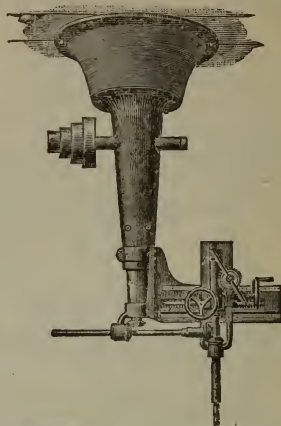
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**NOTICE!**

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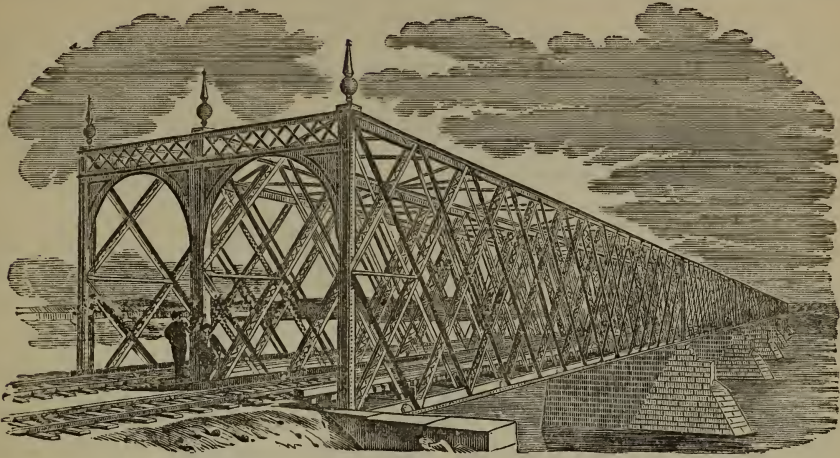
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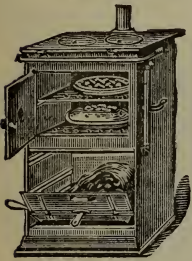
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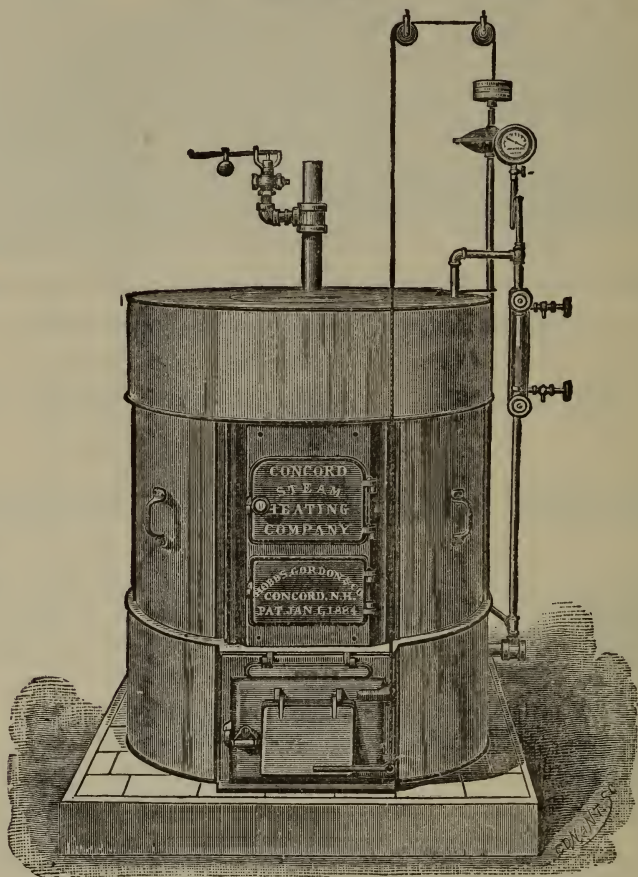
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A YOUNG GIRL'S DEMENTIA — HOW IT WAS OCCASIONED — SOME NEW AND STARTLING TRUTHS.

The St. Louis express, on the New York Central road, was crowded one evening recently, when at one of the way stations, an elderly gentleman, accompanied by a young lady, entered the cars and finally secured a seat. As the conductor approached the pair, the young lady arose, and in a pleading voice said:

"Please, sir, don't let him carry me to the asylum. I am not crazy; I am a little tired, but not mad. Oh! no, indeed. Won't you please have papa take me back home?"

The conductor, accustomed though he was to all phases of humanity, looked with astonishment at the pair, as did the other passengers in their vicinity. A few words from the father, however, sufficed, and the conductor passed on while the young lady turned her face to the window. The writer chanced to be seated just behind the old gentleman, and could not forgo the desire to speak to him. With a sad face and a trembling voice the father said:

"My daughter has been attending the seminary in a distant town and was succeeding remarkably. Her natural qualities, together with a great ambition, placed her in the front ranks of the school, but she studied too closely, was not careful of her health, and her poor brain has been turned. I am taking her to a private asylum where we hope she will soon be better."

At the next station the old man and his daughter left the cars, but the incident, so suggestive of Shakespeare's Ophelia, awakened strange thoughts in the mind of the writer. It is an absolute fact that while the population of America increased thirty per cent. during the decade between 1870 and 1880 the insanity increase was *over one hundred and thirty-five per cent.* for the same period. Travellers by rail, by boat, or in carriages in any part of the land see large and elaborate buildings, and inquire what they are?

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Who builds them?

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It is not always trouble with the head that causes insanity. It far oftener arises from evils in other parts of the body. The nervous system determines the status of the brain. Any one who has periodic headaches; occasional dizziness; a dimness of vision; a ringing in the ears; a feverish head; frequent nausea or a sinking at the pit of the stomach, should take warning at once. The stomach and head are in direct sympathy, and if one be impaired the other can never be in order. Acute dyspepsia causes more insane suicides than any other known agency, and the man, woman or child whose stomach is deranged is not and cannot be safe from the coming on at any moment of mania in some one of its many terrible forms.

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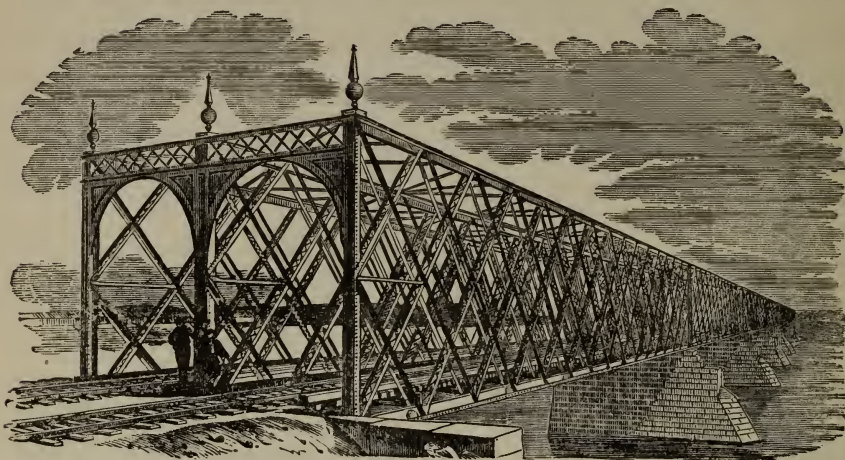
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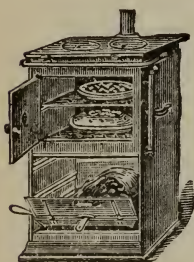
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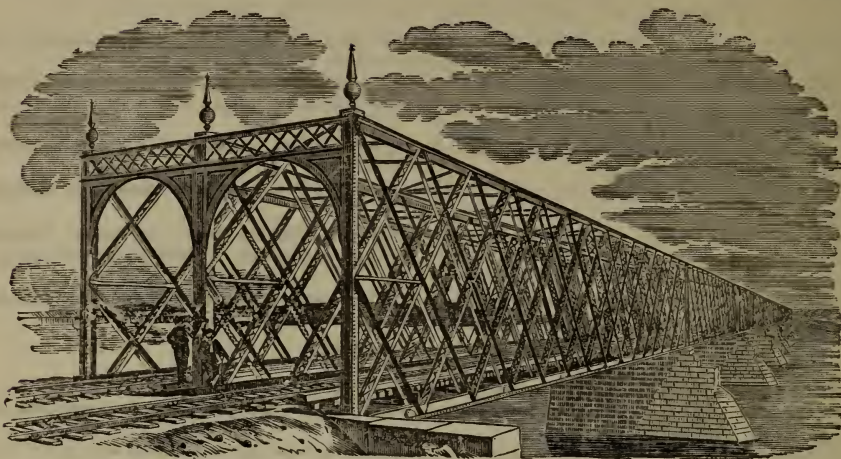
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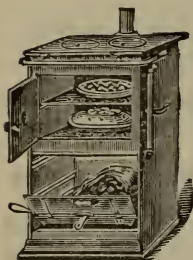
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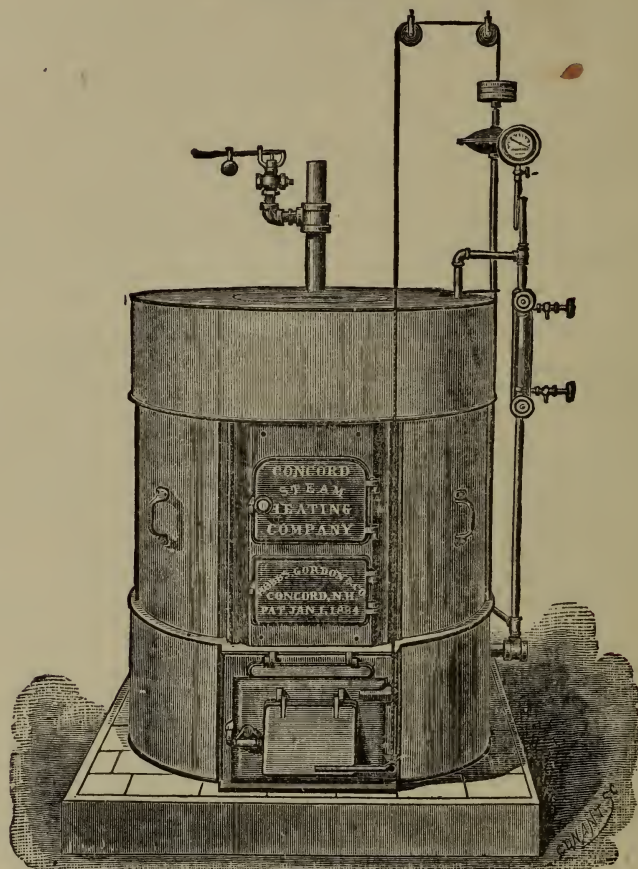
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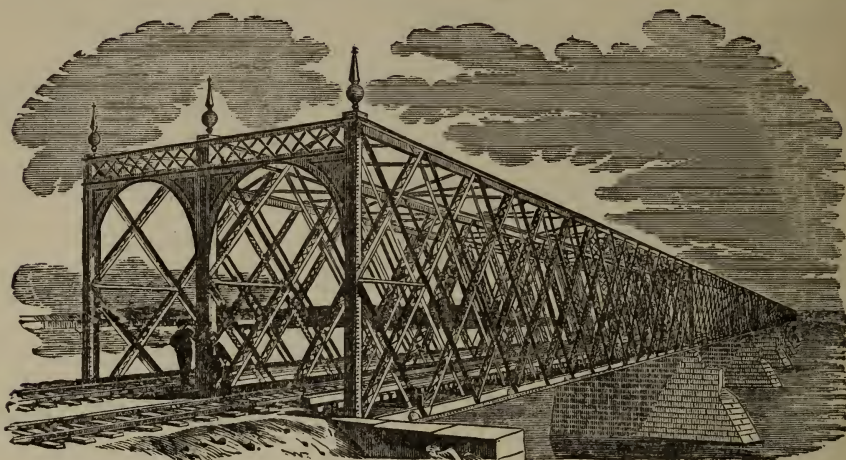
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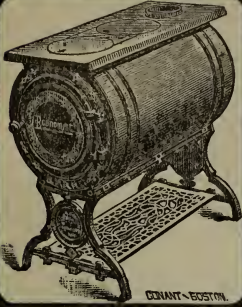
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**HOW TO LEARN AND EARN.** Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.50. It is not often that one finds between the covers of any single book so much information so pleasantly given upon a special subject as in "How to Learn and Earn." The sixteen illustrated essays which make up the contents are descriptive of as many institutions in this country for the instruction of children and young people in the useful arts or professions. Some of them are institutions under the auspices of the State, like the academy at West Point and the Indian School at Carlisle, Pa.; one described is a school of reform; but most of them are the outcome of private benevolence or charitable and religious endeavor. Among the more notable of these are the Perkins Institution for the Blind at South Boston, the Boston Chinese Mission School, the cooking schools in various cities, the blind children's kindergarten, etc. Among the authors whose contributions are included are Amanda B. Harris, Ella Farman Pratt, Mrs. John Lillie, May Wager Fisher, Margaret Sidney and Mrs. Jessie Benton Frémont.

**IMITATIONS OF BABYLAND.** The great reputation won during the past eight years by D. Lothrop & Co.'s unique and charming illustrated magazine and annual, **BABYLAND**, has induced certain publishers to attempt imitations under similar titles. The public should beware of these inferior imitations. The publishers deem it proper to inform the public that the only genuine **BABYLAND** invariably bears the imprint of D. Lothrop & Co. By noting this fact the dissatisfaction which follows the purchase of inferior imitations will be avoided.



**DEAN STANLEY WITH THE CHILDREN.** By Mrs. Frances A. Humphrey. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.00. In this tastefully printed volume are brought together five sermons to children, preached by Dean Stanley, prefaced with a biographical sketch by Mrs. Humphrey and with an introduction by Canon Farrar. Every reader knows what a charming man Dean Stanley was, and how ardently he loved children, and devoted himself to pleasing them. The sermons here given are full of exquisite tenderness, and form admirable models for discourses of like character. Canon Farrar says that there was not one sermon ever preached by Dean Stanley which did not contain at least some one bright, and fresh, and rememberable thing. His metaphors, his anecdotes, the invariable felicity of his diction, his historical, literary and biographical illustrations, his invincible habit of taking men at their best and looking out for the good in everything, the large catholicity which rose above the mean squabbling of religious parties, the calm of spirit which seemed habitually to breathe in the atmosphere of whatsoever things are true, and pure, and lovely, and of good report, made him a preacher to whom one would rather listen than to any other living man. Mrs. Humphrey's sketch not only gives us an excellent idea of the man himself, but also tells us many interesting things about the great English public schools. The volume is well illustrated.

**IT IS THE CHRISTMAS TIME.** By Miss Mulock, with Twelve Ideal Christmas Hymns and Poems. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price, \$2.50. Nothing more exquisite in the way of a Christmas presentation book, or one better adapted to the spirit of the holiday season has yet been presented to the public than the volume before us. Printed in large, clear type, on the heaviest of paper, with broad white margins, and a series of twenty illustrations by famous American and foreign artists, engraved in the highest style of art, it forms a book of exceptional beauty, and one of which the publishers may well be proud. The opening poem, Miss Mulock's "Hymn for Christmas Morning," is followed by Naham Tate's "While Shepherds watched their Flocks by Night," a hymn which has held place in the hearts of the people for nearly two hundred years; Wesley's stirring hymn, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing;" Herrick's "Star Song;" Bishop Heber's "Epiphany" —

Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning;

Keble's "Christmas Hymn;" The Rev. E. H. Sears's "Angel's Song;" William Drummond's "The Angels;" George MacDonald's "Babe Jesus;" James Montgomery's "Christmas Vision;" Wordsworth's "Christmas Carol," and Whittier's "Christmas Carmen." All those diverse in form and expression, breathe the one pure spirit of Christmas tide.

**AMERICA.** Our National Hymn. With Twelve other Patriotic Poems. Illustrated. By Rev. S. F. Smith, D. D. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price, \$3.00. For the past two or three years there has been a strong demand for a new edition of this unique and elegant volume, which was originally published in 1879. The publishers have responded to the call by its reissue the present season, the work being extended by the addition of twelve new poems, all upon patriotic themes. The words of *America* were written fifty-two years ago, while the author was a theological student at Andover. An American gentleman, who had spent some time in Germany, on returning home brought with him a number of books used in the German schools, containing both words and music. These were presented to Lowell Mason, who placed them in the hands of the young student, asking him to translate anything he might find worthy, or to furnish original words to such music as might suit him. In the collection was the air — unknown at that time to Americans — to which Dr. Smith set the words now so widely known and sung. There was not the slightest idea on his part that he was producing a national lyric, but it caught the popular taste at once, and every year has fixed it more firmly in the hearts of the people as an expression of patriotic feeling. It was first sung at a children's festival at Park Street Church, July 4, 1832, and very soon found its way into district schools, Sabbath-schools, concerts and patriotic gatherings throughout the country. Some years ago a delegation from the Boston Board of Trade sung it together at the summit of the Rocky Mountains. It has been used at the celebration by Americans of the national holiday in nearly every country on the globe, and served during the war to brace the hearts and stimulate the courage of our soldiers in camp and hospital and in prison. The author's college friends for more than fifty years made it the first song sung at their annual class dinner.

The poems which are added in the present edition include among others, "The Pilgrims," written some years ago for Forefathers' Day; "The Flag;" "Washington;" "The Student Soldiers;" "The Sleep of the Brave;" "Decoration Day;" "Abraham Lincoln," and "My Native Land." They are all imbued with the fervent spirit of patriotism and represent a high poetic standard. The volume is splendidly illustrated by Harry Fenn, Robert Lewis, and other artists of reputation.

**MY CURIOSITY SHOP.** Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price, \$1.25. The little boy or girl who finds this book by the bedside Christmas morning, ought to be supremely happy. From cover to cover it is filled with the most delightful stories and rhymes and pictures, all written and drawn expressly for little readers, and by those who love them, and understand their likes and dislikes.



**WIDE AWAKE.** Bound volume for 1884. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price 4.00. Newspapers in all parts of the country have repeatedly given the first place in American periodical literature for the young to **WIDE AWAKE**. Among its contributors are the very best and brightest writers in America and England, and many of its articles are the same that give reputation to *Harper's* and the *Century*. Indeed, nothing better has ever appeared in either of these periodicals than some of the full page illustrations which have found place in **WIDE AWAKE** within the past two or three years. The list of writers who are regularly employed include the best names in our literature. It is by the liberal outlay of money on the part of the publishers, coupled with the determination to have the best at any price, that **WIDE AWAKE** has reached its present high position. The present volume, which includes the twelve numbers of the present year, is, in general excellence, an improvement upon all preceding issues. It is a library in itself, and will be a source of perennial pleasure to readers of all ages.

**OUR LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN.** 1884. Illustrated. Boston. D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.50. This beautiful annual comprises the twelve numbers of the year just closing, and will make an admirable present for the little members of the household. Its stories are just such as they will read with delight, while the illustrations make them doubly attractive.

**A ROMANCE IN SONG.** HEINE'S Lyrical Interlude. Translated by Franklin Johnson, Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$3.00. The best of the modern German song-writers is unquestionably Heine, and thousands who know and sing his verses even in their translated form can testify to their exceeding sweetness and to their strange insight into the passions and emotions that stir the human heart. Especially is this true of the sixty brief poems which he published in 1823 under the somewhat singular title of "A Lyrical Interlude." What gives them special interest is the fact that they are genuine records of his own feelings and experiences. Heine was engaged to be married to his cousin, whom he loved deeply and ardently. She broke her vows and married another, and Heine carried through life an unhealed spiritual wound. In the translation of these songs Mr. Johnson has been peculiarly successful, while in all cases retaining the original measure of the songs, he has endeavored to make an exact rendering of the thought rather than to be literal. And yet in some cases he is both, as for instance in the much-quoted *Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne, und Nacht lag auf meinen Augen*. The publishers have done their part to make the volume outwardly attractive. It is printed on heavy paper, is beautifully illustrated and handsomely bound. Coming at this season it makes an appropriate gift book.

**ANNA MARIA'S HOUSEKEEPING.** By Mrs. S. D. Power. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$100. Of all the books that have been written about housekeeping there have been few that have treated the subject in a practical, common sense manner, and this is decidedly one of the best of the few. The suggestions and directions contained in its pages are given in a pointed, straightforward manner, and appeal at once to the good sense of all housekeepers who will save themselves an infinity of trouble and worry and fret by giving them the consideration they deserve. The twenty-four chapters of the book deal with different subjects, the all-important one, "How to make Housework Easier," properly taking the lead. Other chapters which we especially commend to housekeepers are those headed "A Good Breakfast," "A Bill of Waste," "A Comfortable Kitchen," "Blue Mondays," "Over the Mending Basket," and "Helps that are Helps." There is not a chapter, however, but contains advice which, if heeded, would save ten times the cost of the book in a year, to say nothing of the time and trouble saved.

**MATTHEW ARNOLD BIRTHDAY BOOK.** Edited by his daughters, Miss L. and K. Arnold. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.00. This beautiful little volume resembles in its general plan other birthday books, the usual blanks being left for autographs. The selections have been made with great care, and under the direct supervision of Mr. Arnold himself, who contributes besides, an introductory poem, which is reproduced in *fac simile*.

**A DOUBLE MASQUERADE.** By Charles R. Talbot. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.25. Mr. Talbot's reputation as a writer of brilliant stories for young readers is well established. Few have been more successful in striking the popular vein. The Juvenile libraries are rare that do not contain some one or other of his books, and happy the boy or girl who possesses them all. "A Double Masquerade" is a romance of old Revolutionary times in Boston, in which historical characters take part. It is a careful study of the events of those days, and the young reader will get a clearer idea from its pages of the struggle between the colonies and Great Britain, and of the men on both sides who were leaders in the Revolutionary movement, than from mere statistical and documentary history. One of the features of the volume is a description of the battle of Bunker Hill, which a critic has pronounced to be "one of the most graphic and telling accounts ever written of that famous conflict." It is splendidly illustrated by Share, Merrill and Taylor.

**YOUNG DAYS.** Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$.75. This very attractive volume is made up of instructive stories for children, entertaining rhymes and verses, and most delightful pictures.

## CAMBRIDGE SERMONS.

Few publications of like character have ever been received with a greater degree of favor, than the volume of sermons by Rev. Alexander McKenzie, D.D., of Shepard Memorial Church, Cambridge, Mass., published under the above title by D. Lothrop & Co. The following expressions of opinion in letters to the publishers, are indicative of the general sentiment concerning them.

Rev. Geo. L. Prentiss, D.D., Professor of Sacred Rhetoric in Union Theological Seminary, New York City, says:

"The *Cambridge Sermons* have both refreshed and edified me in a high degree. They are full of spiritual power and light and sweetness. I have read them with real delight."

Rev. Edward B. Coe, D.D., pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York City, writes:

"It is a volume which it will do any man good to read, as a broad, fresh, eminently spiritual presentation of Christian truth. Coming from under the shadow of a great university, these sermons are not scholastic, but in the best sense popular and practical. They show unusual felicity of statement and illustration, and are thoroughly *alive*, with a keen sensibility to the thoughts and the wants of living men. Quickening and suggestive to the mind, they have the rarer power of touching chords of feeling which few preachers reach."

Rev. Cephas B. Crane, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Boston, says:

"The excellence of these sermons is manifold. They are such sermons as the distinguished preacher is in the habit of giving to his people, sermons for instruction and help, and not exceptional sermons for conspicuous occasions.

"They are structural; but the beams and braces are out of sight. They are living things supported and shaped by their skeletons, not caged in them. Remarkable for scope and freedom and boldness, they are guided in all their movement by the spirit of the Sacred Word. They both stimulate thought and invigorate faith. Fresh and fragrant and breezy, one delights himself in them as in a garden in a June morning. From their exquisite diction one might almost infer the graceful elocution of their author. They are sermons to which the reader will often return." (12mo, \$1.50.)

## A HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

The following brief extracts from the large number of favorable notices of this valuable book show the great cordiality with which it has been received.

"We have nothing as good." — *N. Y. Independent*.

"The most attractive." — *Boston Literary World*.

"Nothing better." — *Boston Transcript*.

"Valuable as a book of reference." — *Pittsfield Eagle*.

"Its accuracy will stand." — *Boston Transcript*.

"Easy and readable style." — *Boston Journal*.

"Graceful style. . . . Marvellously full . . .

Animation of the book is a still greater marvel." — *N. Y. Independent*.

"Will be read in all sections of the country with equal interest and esteem." — *The South*.

"The author writes with entire candor in regard to the history of the secession movement, and yet there is nothing in his history that can properly give offence to the readers in any section of the country." — *The Capitol*, Washington.

"The tone of the book is candid and impartial." — *Boston Journal of Education*.

"Probably the most intensely national of American histories." — *The Star*, N. Y.

"The style is cultured, and therefore simple and expressive." — *Detroit Post and Tribune*.

"The chapters form pleasing and finished pictures." — *The Standard*, Chicago.

"Interesting and instructive." — *The Gazette*, Barre, Mass.

"Admirably written." — *Boston Herald*.

"In the front rank." *Star*, N. Y.

"His [the author's] name is a household word." — *The Globe*, Portland, Me.

"Enough incident and romance." — *Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

"Sustains the already established reputation of the author." — *Pittsfield Eagle*.

"A book of rare interest and value." — *Herald and Presbyter*.

"A noble picture of the grand American movement." — *N. Y. Home Journal*.

"The cream of the complete history." — *Inter-Ocean*.

"A good book and very readable." — *Morning Star*.

"An interesting volume." — *Sabbath Recorder*.

"Concise, authentic and thoroughly impartial." — *Ansonia Sentinel*.

"Worthy of all commendation." — *Golden Rule*.

"It has a backbone." — *Boston Herald*.

"Pleasing in style, judicious in selection of material, thorough in his investigations, impartial in spirit, the author wins the reader's sustained attention and cordial approval." — *Golden Rule*, Boston. Boston, D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers. 12mo, cloth, \$1.50; crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, \$2.50.

D. Lothrop & Co. are publishing some excellent juvenile books at low rates. They are written by the best authors, and are intended to supplant the dime novel and Buffalo Bill style of juvenile books. These publishers deserve the thanks of parents and guardians. — *Buck's County Intelligencer*, Doylestown, Pa.



**THE GOLDEN TREASURY SERIES.** No collections of modern poetry have obtained or held public favor so securely as those included in the Golden Treasury Series, a new edition of which has just been issued by the house of D. Lothrop & Co. These various volumes made their appearance in England at intervals, the first—which gave the series its name—having been compiled by Francis Turner Palgrave, an English author of exquisite taste and judgment. *The Ballad Book*, compiled and edited by the poet, William Allingham, followed. Later appeared *The Book of Praise*, edited by Roundell Palmer, made up of selections from the best English hymn writers, and about the same time a fourth volume, *Religious Poems*, an admirable selection of poems of religious life and sentiment, was added to the series. For a time the English edition only was obtainable in this country. Later the Messrs. Lothrop issued an American edition from new English plates, and have since added to the series *Marmion*, *The Lady of the Lake*, *Tennyson's Poems*, *Lays of Ancient Rome*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, and *Minds and Words of Jesus*. These words which were originally issued at \$3.00 a volume are now brought out in popular form, elegantly printed on the best paper, beautifully illustrated and handsomely bound, the price reduced from \$3.00 to \$1.25 a volume. The series contains the very cream of English poetical literature, no writer of note from the time of Shakespeare to the present being unrepresented. For a choice holiday present to a lady, nothing is more fitting or acceptable.

**BOYS AND GIRLS' ANNUAL FOR 1885.** Edited by William Blair Perkins. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price, \$2.50. This collection of instructive, and interesting stories, sketches, poems, biographies and papers in natural history constitutes in itself an entire library. The entire make up is of the most perfect character, and it is evident that no pains or expense has been spared to make this volume every way worthy of the enterprising publisher whose name it bears, and the host of merry, happy children, who are destined to delight in its pages. It is a fitting prelude to the holiday season, and sets a high mark for other publishers to follow. It is one of the books that we delight to heartily commend, for its intrinsic value is equal to its exquisite beauty. It is just the book to head the children's Christmas list.

**ÆSOP'S FABLES.** Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price, \$1.00. These stories, though they were told more than two thousand years ago, and have been printed in hundreds of different editions, still retain their pristine charm, and the children of to-day read them with the same pleasure that they did centuries ago. The present is a cheap, well-printed edition, profusely illustrated, and the juveniles will find its contents just as enjoyable as if they were enclosed in the costliest covers.

**LITTLE FOLKS IN PICTURE AND STORY.** Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price, \$1.00. If the little people of the household do not fall in love with this charming collection of stories and pictures they must be very hard to suit. It would be hard to imagine a more attractive feast than the publishers have here spread for them, or one so thoroughly adapted to their tastes. There are stories about cats, stories about dogs, stories about pigs, and stories about almost everything that can be thought of to amuse very little readers, and the pictures are every bit as charming as the stories.

**CHAUTAUQUA YOUNG FOLKS' ANNUAL.** The "Chautauqua idea"—which is to place educational advantages within easy reach of the multitudes so far as the young are concerned—is happily realized in the annual publications bearing the above title.

A variety of subjects, knowledge of which is of vital importance to the future success of the young, have been treated by famous writers especially selected for the work, and treated in such a manner as to educate, while affording delightful entertainment. To illustrate in the present volume for 1884, the third of the series, there are delightful lessons in Natural History, and on the care of Flowers and Plants, and instructive facts as to Food and Drink; faithful and suggestive sketches of Noted Men, showing how honorable success has been won in business, literature, science, art, and public life; chapters in History, and a score and more of fascinating stories and sketches relating to a great variety of important subjects.

If it were not for the suggestion of heaviness attached to the name, we might call these volumes a veritable cyclopedia, which in truth they are, full of the most valuable information, but as equally full of fascination and interest for all readers.

Owners of No. 3 of this Chautauqua series will not rest satisfied until they possess Nos. 1 and 2. No. 1 contains the famous "Stories of Liberty," in which some of the brightest American writers recount the efforts by which freedom has been won. In No. 2 can be found the valuable papers by Dr. D. A. Sargent (of Harvard University) nowhere else published. Every boy in the land should have a copy, and set up his own gymnasium. Papers on the use of the Microscope, on methods in House-keeping, and lessons in the Useful Arts also appear in these volumes.

It will be seen that the material in these annuals is of the best, which could not fail to be the case when prepared by such writers as Arthur Gilman, Sarah K. Bolton, Dr. D. A. Sargent, Benjamin Vaughan Abbott, Margaret J. Preston, Amanda B. Harris, Dr. Felix L. Oswald, Ernest Ingersoll, and others of equal repute. The present volume contains seven series of articles, with numerous choice illustrations. Published in quarto size, handsome cloth binding, and sent to any address for \$1.50.



**YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES OF FOREIGN LANDS.** Edited by Pansy. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price, \$1.00. Little folks who have never been abroad will find ample compensation for their loss if they can only turn over the pages of this beautifully illustrated book of stories of travel. There is hardly a country but is represented either by picture or poem or story, and the contents will be a source of perpetual pleasure for young readers.

**YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES OF AMERICAN HISTORY AND HOME LIFE.** Edited by "Pansy." Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price, \$1.00. The two writers who have done the most to make this charming book of stories what it is, are Mrs. Alden and Margaret Sidney, and what more need be said in its praise? The title describes the scope and character of the stories, but it gives no idea of the attractive manner in which they are written or illustrated. When a visit is made by the boys and girls to the bookstores, we advise a careful examination of the volume.

**ON THE WAY TO WONDERLAND.** Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price, \$1.25. The bright colors of this unique book, and the sound of its rhymes chanted by mamma, will captivate the eye and ear of the babies, whose own book it is. It contains the stories in rhyme of Wee Willie Winkie, Little Bo-Peep, Goody Two Shoes, The Beggar King, Jack and Jill, and Baubury Cross, all gorgeously illustrated.

**THE STORY OF THE MANUSCRIPTS.** In this interesting and scholarly volume Rev. George E. Merrill, D. D., gives the whole story of the preparation and preservation of the various Scriptural books, a record which will be read with interest not only by Biblical scholars, but by many others to whom the main facts are unknown. The manuscripts were originally written on papyrus, numerous copies being made in the early centuries, but in the various persecutions of the Christians a great number of the manuscripts were wantonly destroyed. In the reign of Diocletian, in the fourth century, there were nine years of persecution, and few of the original copies were left intact. Great value attaches to even such manuscript transcripts as were made after the originals, and they are carefully preserved in various libraries all over Europe. Some of these are upon vellum, showing their great age. The closing chapter of the book is devoted to a summing up of the opinions of the great critics on the history and credibility of the New Testament manuscripts.

As a record of facts bearing upon the history, authenticity and interpretation of the New Testament Scriptures, this work is invaluable, and no theological library is complete without it. Information upon the subjects treated equally comprehensive can be found in no other form so easily accessible and at so little cost. 12mo. \$1.00.

**WIDE AWAKE PLEASURE BOOK, Q.** Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.50. Another volume in the charming set of books for girls and boys, and we might almost say for men and women, for grown people take as much delight in their pages as the younger ones. It is no disparagement to the former issues to say that the present one surpasses them, for progress is the rule of its publishers, and the endeavor to do things better grows more and more decided every year. The Pleasure Book for 1884 contains stories by a score of the most popular writers of the day, sketches of life and character, bits of biography and history, narratives of travel, poems, charades, music, puzzles, etc. Its pages are enriched with hundreds of illustrations, drawn and engraved expressly for its pages, making text and engravings together, one of the choicest juvenile annuals issued by any publishing firm in the country.

**A FAMILY FLIGHT AROUND HOME.** By Rev. E. E. Hale and Susan Hale. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price, \$2.50. To those who have already made acquaintance with the former books of this series no word of praise of the present volume is necessary. It is animated by the same spirit, and prepared according to the same plan, and characterized by the same bright, sharp way of putting things. Although it is not dependent upon either of its predecessors, its characters are the same, and the reader has few new acquaintances to make. Of course the Horners are the central figures. The scene opens in Boston, or rather in East Boston, at the wharves of the Cunard Steamship Company, where Mr. Horner and Tom meet Hubert Vaughan, who, the reader will remember, was left behind in Europe at the close of the preceding volume. On his arrival they proceeded to the Hotel Vendôme, where Miss Lejeune is awaiting them, and the next day the party start for Mr. Horner's old home in Northern Vermont. Here, and in the country surrounding, the larger part of the summer is spent, the young people making excursions in all directions, taking in Lake Champlain, with all its historical and romantic surroundings: the Adirondack region, Lake George, and Schroon Lake, besides enjoying themselves nearer home in fishing and camping out. Into the story of their experience and adventures the authors weave a great deal of interesting local history, and in such a manner as to make a strong impression upon the mind of young readers. The volume is brought out in the same elegant form as its predecessors, with the same clear handsome pages and same wealth of illustration. The well-known reputation of the authors, the racy and unconventional style of the narrative and the superb manner in which the publishers have performed their part of the work, places the volume in the very front rank of the choice illustrated books of the season.

**ODE: INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.** By William Wordsworth. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$2.00. This beautiful volume challenges comparison with any of the medium priced presentation books of the year. The poem itself is one of the most perfect in the language, while the full page illustrations which accompany it represent the most exquisite work of such artists as F. C. Hassam, Lungren, Miss L. B. Humphrey, W. L. Taylor, W. John Harper and Smedley. Nothing has been left undone to make a perfect book. The paper is of the finest, the print beautifully clear, and the broad margin and elegant binding make it altogether a volume which will attract the eye, and satisfy the artistic taste of the book-buying public.

**MONEY IN POLITICS.** By J. K. Upton, with an Introduction by Edward Atkinson, Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. \$1.25. Mr. Upton, as many readers know, was for some years assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and, as a consequence, has a thorough understanding of the subject upon which he writes. His book is a complete history of American coinage and money issues, the management of national monetary affairs, and the different legal tender acts that have been discussed or passed by Congress. Mr. Atkinson, in his introduction, says of the book that it gives, in his judgment, the best record of legislation in the United States yet presented in regard to coinage, to legal tender acts, and other matters connected with our financial history. It shows in the most conclusive manner the futility of all attempts to cause two substances to become, and to remain of the same value or estimation, by acts of legislation. It gives a true picture of the vast injury to the welfare and to the moral integrity of the people of this country, which ensued from the enactment of the acts of legal tender during the late war, whereby the promise of a dollar was made equal in the discharge of a contract to the dollar itself. It shows that the mode of collecting a forced loan was the most costly and injurious method of taxation which could have been devised. It proves in the most conclusive way, the injury which will surely come when by present acts of coinage and of legal tender, our gold coin has been driven from the country, and our standard of value becomes a silver dollar of light weight and of uncertain value.

This book, Mr. Atkinson asserts, will prove to the mind of every thinking man that, if we persist much longer in sustaining the acts of coinage and legal tender which now encumber the statute book, our national credit will be impaired and all our working people, whose wages are paid in money, will be subjected to the most injurious form of special taxation which could be devised; it proves that a considerable portion of their wages will be taken from them under due process of law without power of redress on their part, while the rich and astute advocates of

the present system will reap wealth which they have not earned by taking from the laborer a part of that which is his rightful due. It is therefore of inestimable importance as giving the general reader a clear understanding of the real condition of things, and educating him into the right method of thinking about these matters, which sooner or later, will have to be settled by the voice of the people.

**THE COUNTESS OF ALBANY.** By Vernon Lee. Famous Women Series, Boston: Roberts Brothers. Price \$1.00. In this volume we have a biography of a once famous, now almost forgotten, person. The Countess of Albany gained her prominence in the political and social world of the latter half of the eighteenth century, not by any greatness of character or of achievement, but solely by favor of Fortune; for it does appear as a compensation for the misery of her domestic life that she was accorded a position in the world gratifying to her nature to hold. Fate certainly owed the woman destined to live for a few years only, but those years long ones, the wife of that Stuart known as the Pretender, many years in which she could be mistress of herself and the recipient of kindly consideration, if not some measure of posthumous fame. The book gives us pictures not only of the countess, but of many persons of more or less renown with whom she was associated. We are introduced to a somewhat distinguished company of civil and ecclesiastical officials, persons of literary and artistic tastes — men and women yet of historic note. The pictures are sketched with great power and painted in solid. The subjects are mostly such as would have delighted a Flemish artist to paint, and they have received true Flemish treatment. The author displays not a little of Carlyle's power of characterization.

**PLUCKY BOYS.** By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," and other authors. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.50. If there is any book of the season that we can heartily commend to boys of the stirring wide awake kind, it is this. The eighteen stories of which it consists, are by well-known writers, all lovers of boys and admirers of pluck, truthfulness, and manliness in them. The various young heroes described represent in their characters some particular quality which entitles them to be classed under the title which the compiler has given the book. Mrs. Craik's story is called "Facing the World;" Sophie May tells about "Joe and his Business Experiences;" George Cary Eggleston contributes a sketch called "Lambert's Ferry;" Kate Upson Clark has a story called "Granny," and there are others by authors of such reputation as Amanda B. Harris, Sarah Orne Jewett, Mary Wager Fisher, Hope Ledyard, Susan Power, Edith Robinson, and Tarpley Starr. The volume is bound in holiday style, and will make a capital gift book for that class of young readers for whom it was specially prepared.



## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Of Marion Harland's latest book, "Cookery for Beginners," the *London Saturday Review* says: "Mrs. Harland's little book shows its origin by the singular predominance of sweets (which is, speaking roughly, about three to one), and by such odd phrases—odd, that is to say, to an English ear—as that the chief merit of a cook is 'the ability to make good bread.' Alas! if that be so, how many inhabitants of London, England, possess a good cook? But Mrs. Harland is free from even a rag of national prejudice. She sternly, and with almost frightful boldness, denies the sacred PIE so much as a place in her book, and she ventures on the following utterance, which we purposely place in italics, and for which we hope that the eagle, whose home is in the settin' sun, has not already torn out her eyes. '*The best way*,' says this daring inhabitant of Boston, Mass., '*to manage a boiled egg at the table* [she speaks of it, it will be observed, as if it were a kind of wild beast] *is the English way of setting it upright in the small end of the eggcup* [Great powers! most Britons will cry, what is the large end of an eggcup?], *making a hole in the top* [note the precision of these indications] *large enough to admit the eggspoon, and eating it from the top, seasoning it as you go.*" The courage and genius of Mrs. Harland are not more clearly indicated by this sentence than the deplorable habits of her countrymen. She ought to be called, not Marion, but Columba. To desist from folly, however, her little book is a very interesting and valuable one. Its receipts, though few, are given with singular clearness and in the most practical of manners, and the mechanical value of the book is much increased by the inclusion of a large number of blank pages for additional receipts."

"The fine grade of religious books published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, justifies more than a passing notice. This firm turns out yearly an immense number of books of the choicest quality, and at all prices to suit the needs of Sunday-schools throughout the land. It has been the aim of the publishers to employ none but the best writers for these books, realizing it a most important part of Church work to provide for the needs of this large class. Mingling intellectual strength with deep religious feeling, at the same time the publishers strive to make the books interesting and attractive. For an untold number of examples prove that children and youth will *not* read religious or moral teaching presented in a dry manner, and why should they? Full of life and vigor, and overflowing with intense energy in every part of their nature, these young people *require* something healthfully to inspire to this force within them. If they do not find it in the natural avenues of the Sunday-school

or the town library, they will elsewhere, in questionable literature—an indulgence in which results in a feverish taste for excitement. To help these young people develop into strong men and women, D. Lothrop & Co. have put forth every effort, sparing no expense. A glance at their *Catalogue* will give an idea of what they have been doing in this department."—*The Messenger, Phila.*

Of Amanda B. Harris' last work, the *Advance* says: "*Pleasant Authors for Young Folks* is a delightful little book. The name of its author is sufficient to attract many readers who have been pleased with her 'Wild Flowers' and other books and sketches. These 'Little Biographies' of Walter Scott, Charles Lamb, Charles Kingsley, Dr. John Brown, George MacDonald, Dinah Mulock-Craik, John Ruskin, Charlotte Brontë and others, are made up of stories and incidents from the lives of these writers, bits of criticism and gems of extracts, put together as deftly and skilfully and making as fine and polished a whole as a Roman mosaic of the temple of Vesta. Such a delicious bit of a book as this in the hands of a boy or girl is worth more as an incitement to reading and an education of literary taste than many a library of a thousand volumes."

"Every day we see that there is an absolute necessity for giving good books to our children. We cannot begin too early to cultivate a taste for healthful literature. The recent developments in several cities must call the attention of all careless parents to this fact. The influence of bad books upon children is so apparent as to be startling, and the boy who went armed to school last week in Pittsburg and gave his name to his teacher as 'Schuykill Jack,' is only one of a large number of weak-headed boys who have been depraved by reading these stories which they ought never to have seen. Do not consider it lost or wasted time during which you read to your boy; perhaps no other hours in your life are so wisely used, and it will not be without its fruit, you may be perfectly sure. Do not always read down to your children: they appreciate higher and deeper thoughts than you sometimes think they do."—*New York Evening Post.*

A "School of Library Economy" has just been established in Columbia College, to be opened in October, 1886. The object includes "all the special training needed to select, buy, arrange, catalogue, index, and administer in the best and most economical way any collection of books, pamphlets, or serials." The instruction is to be given by "lectures, reading, the Seminar, visiting libraries, problems, and work." We shall watch with interest this new species of technical school.



## LAW IN EASY LESSONS.

"It is manifest that such a manual as *Every Man His Own Lawyer* would be a snare to the unwary, because it does not content itself with teaching the reader what to avoid, but professes to guide him in the labyrinthian paths of substantive law and technical procedure. It is equally clear, however, that a rudimentary acquaintance with the main principles of jurisprudence is indispensable to those who purpose to mingle in active life at all, and discharge the most familiar duties of the citizen. But law books are not inviting to the general reader—we may imagine, indeed, that Blackstone has rather lost than gained in the esteem of his professional brethren by the attempt to make his commentaries an exception to the rule—and the volumes may be counted on the fingers which are at once entertaining and trustworthy compends of legal lore. To the meagre collection of attractive introductions to this subject an addition has recently been made by BENJAMIN VAUGHAN ABBOTT in a couple of brochures, respectively called *The Travelling Law School* and *Famous Trials*, which are published in one volume by D. Lothrop & Co. The book is ostensibly written for boys, but it may be heartily commended to adult readers of both sexes. It is surprising how much sound law the author manages to insinuate in the guise of interesting incidents and pleasing anecdotes. Even they who are sickened by the scent of sheepskin and law calf, and who would as soon think of entering on a course of Calvinistic theology as on a study of jurisprudence, will imbibe through the author's cheerful narrative a good many useful notions of their legal rights and duties, just as children are persuaded to swallow an aperient in the shape of prunes or figs.

"In '*The Travelling Law School*,' as the name implies, the reader is invited to accompany a party of young students in a tour through several of the Atlantic States, the incidents of the journey suggesting succinct accounts of the main features of Federal, State, and municipal law. A much larger sum of information can be thus informally conveyed in about a hundred pages than would at first sight be deemed possible; and notwithstanding the suspicion with which lawyers are apt to regard the transmission of knowledge through such a pleasant medium, we are able to vouch in this instance for its accuracy. We have been particularly struck by the light which the author manages to throw, in a quick, unaffected way, on the characteristic features of the American Constitution. This he does by illustrations drawn from the organic laws of other countries possessing parliamentary institutions, and his references, on the whole, are singularly exact, though he might perhaps have laid more stress on the centralizing tendencies which survive in the executive branch of the French republican Government.

"The plan followed in '*Famous Trials*' is to take a given topic, like forgery, confessions, mistaken identity or circumstantial evidence and to illustrate the points best worth remembering by some actual and interesting case in which they were strikingly brought out.

"The instance of mistaken identity described by Mr. Abbott at some length is really much more curious than the Tichborne case, though the affair, having taken place many years ago in France, has been almost totally forgotten. The true husband's name was Martin Guerre, a man of fair social position and some property, who, after living happily with his wife Bertrande for about a dozen years, disappeared suddenly, and nothing was heard of him for eight years. At the end of that time the same Martin Guerre, as all the town people supposed, came back, recognizing his old neighbors and friends, and looking just as he used, except that he had grown stouter and sunburned. His wife also recognized him as readily as did his neighbors, and gave him an affectionate welcome. To innumerable questions about occurrences in old times, he returned satisfactory and explicit answers. To his wife, in particular, he rehearsed incidents of past years that had completely faded from her memory. When they awoke, for instance, on the morning after his arrival, he asked her to 'Bring me my white breeches trimmed with white silk; you will find them at the bottom of the large beech chest under the linen.' She had long forgotten the breeches and even the box, but she found them just as he had described. In the face of such evidence it seemed impossible to doubt that this man was the genuine Martin Guerre. Yet he proved after all to be an impostor, whose real name was Arnauld Du Tilh. Yet strange as it may seem, on the impostor's trial, although confronted with the man whom he was personating, he was able to answer questions about the past life of the Guerre family more minutely and accurately than the rightful claimant. Being disavowed, however, by the great majority of witnesses, including the wife, on the appearance of her true husband, he was sentenced to death for his fraud. Before his execution he made a confession, saying that some intimate friends of Martin Guerre, misled by the astonishing resemblance, had accosted him by that name, which gave him the idea of claiming Guerre's position and property; and that he had gained his intimate knowledge of Guerre's life partly from Guerre himself, whom he had known slightly in the army, and partly from several common acquaintances. With this slender outfit of material he came within an ace of effecting his design, thanks to an exceptionally tenacious and ready memory."—*Extract from notice in "New York Daily Sun," of "The Travelling Law School."* D. Lothrop & Co. \$1.00.

## AMERICAN BOOKS IN ENGLAND.

The cordial reception awarded to the best class of American books in England, is indicated by the following notices from the *Oldham Evening & Weekly Chronicle* of October 4:

"FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS AND HOW THEY GREW. By Margaret Sidney. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. This gorgeously got up and profusely and beautifully illustrated volume is one of engrossing interest. All the characters are skilfully drawn, the events are interestingly marshalled, and the plot most naturally developed. For humour and pathos, for sympathy yet fidelity, for loftiness of tone yet simplicity of style, this charming volume has few superiors. Here and there it reminds us of Mark Twain, anon of Dickens, and often of George Eliot, for the authoress has many of the strong points of all these writers. Such wholesome and bracing literature as this may well find its place in all our homes. It is a tale of a high order, and is a real study of life. It is fresh, breezy, bracing. It is strengthening and enthralling."

"CAMBRIDGE SERMONS. By Rev. Alexander McKenzie. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. This neatly and strongly got up volume consists of sixteen fresh, vigorous, chatty, colloquial sermons. The author has the solidity of the Scotch teacher, and the polish and beauty of the English preacher combined with the freedom, the raciness, interest, and the freshness of the American pulpit orator. These discourses are orations which were delivered extemporaneously and taken down by a shorthand writer. Hence they are homely, yet eloquent; natural, yet cultivated, and come right home to the hearts of the readers. No one could tire reading these sermons. They are as racy as a magazine article, as instructive as a lecture, and as impressive and lofty as a message from God. They are thoroughly American for their fearlessness, their living energy, and their originality. Sermons of this high order are sure to be in demand."

## GOOD READING.

A glance at the way reading is generally taught in our schools will convince any impartial observer that this subject is made the driest and dreariest of all studies. In our graded schools, children generally read, on an average, an hour a day during the eight or nine years' course, at the rate of less than one book a year. The average child easily learns by heart in a few weeks all there is in the first three books, after that the constant repetitions are in the highest degree monotonous. There is nothing to attract his attention or stimulate his love for reading. The selections filling fourth, fifth and sixth readers are too often far above the mental grasp of the pupil, and are also of so fragmentary a nature as to be almost unintelligible to the average

student. Word pronouncing, and that alone, is the only refuge of the teacher.

There can be no excuse on account of the cost, for the money now thrown away, and worse than thrown away, upon useless spelling books and mind-stupefying grammars, would purchase a rich supply of the best reading matter the English language affords for every school in the land.

I have tried this experiment, and to my mind it is no longer an experiment. I have seen the children of the poorest and most ignorant parents taking from the library works upon history, travels, biography, and the very best fiction, exhibiting in their selection excellent taste, and showing from their manner how much they love such books. They would no more choose bad reading than they would choose bad food when wholesome is provided for them. Shameful neglect, I repeat, and not innate depravity, drives our children into by-ways and forbidden paths. Let no one preach long sermons on the depraved tendencies of the young until he has tried this simple, cheap, and practical way of avoiding an unnecessary evil.—F. W. Parker.

The Golden Text Calendar, arranged by A. C. Morrow, editor of *The Illustrator* of the International Sunday-school lessons, with designs by Mary A. Lathbury, is specially adapted as a holiday gift. Beautifully lithographed and printed in nine colors. It contains the Golden Text for every Sunday, and more than fifteen hundred quotations from the best authors. The background of the calendar is of sprays of apple blossoms. To the right of the pad the passing of time is represented by the flight of birds and an angel bearing an hour-glass. To the left, a young girl, with light flowing hair, stands beneath the branches of a tree, gathering pink and yellow hollyhocks. The design is worthy of the artist, and the literary selections reflect credit upon the editor. Price, \$1.00.

BABYLAND. The Boston *DailyGlobe* says: "One need not concern herself about the 'Chatterbox,' or any of the annuals made up in England for American youth, when there are better books, in adaptability of matter to age, in engravings, paper and press-work, close by her at home. The mother may find a number of annuals published in this country which will suit her taste and purpose much better, and she ought always to give them the preference. BABYLAND for 1884 is in all respects a desirable publication for the youngest readers. Its songs and stories, its speaking pictures and its general attractiveness always win the smiles of little folks."

An interesting and suggestive little treatise on the "Care and Feeding of Infants," has been published by Doliber, Goodale & Co., Boston, who will send a specimen copy free to any address.



"AN ADMIRABLE BOOK."

*The Literary World*, in a critical review of one of D. Lothrop & Co.'s recent publications, *The Travelling Law School*, says:—"Mr. B. V. Abbott's object, in the second volume of the Business Boys' Library, is to give a series of first lessons on forms of government and principles of law. This is done by means of a very slight framework of imagination, a large amount of anecdote and illustration, a singularly lucid explanatory style, and a fullness of knowledge that 'backs' the narrative with manifest strength. *The Travelling Law School* is a fictitious body, taken about from place to place; all the objects and experiences encountered on the journey being examined in their legal aspects and relations, and their functions as such pointed out. Things that one can own are discriminated from things that are common property; Boston, New York, and Washington are differentiated in their civil and political bearings; the laws of the streets and the railroads, of money and the banks, of wills, evidence, fraud, and so forth and so on, are expounded by means of 'famous trials' and otherwise in an ingenious, always entertaining, and thoroughly instructive manner. We do not see why a course of instruction along the line of such topics as these would not be a wise feature in many schools of the higher grade, for which Mr. Abbott's book would be an admirable text-book. The study of such a book would be in the nature of a recreation, so full is it of matters of living interest, while of its practical value there could be only one opinion. Structurally it is in two parts, the second of which, entitled 'Famous Trials,' is separately pagged." 12mo, \$1.00.

A STANDARD GIFT BOOK.

A new edition of Arthur Gilman's *The Kingdom of Home* is announced by the publishers, and will form a strong attraction for holiday book-buyers. No poetical anthology has been received by the general public with such favor as this, and the reason is not far to seek. It contains the choicest poems on home subjects ever brought together, and the merits of its selections and pictures will keep it perennially in demand as one of the best gift books in the long catalogue of household treasures. The illustrations are abundant and exquisite. There are full page pictures, tiny ones, panel ones, head pieces, end pieces; some woven into the text, some the keynote of the stanzas, some of broad suggestions, some of quaint conceit. All subjects that bring up home associations are pictorially told in what, as to the rule, is the best of engraving. The old water-wheel is there, making music in the village glen; the limpid stream winding near the farmhouse; the spinning-wheel, "merrily, noisily, cheerily whirling;" the baby of the home saying her evening

prayer, and John asleep beneath the summer boughs. Everything that clusters about the fireside, breathes in farewells, sings in marriage and throbs in love, finds embodiment. The idea of home comprises everything we hold dear—wife, children, friends; the roof that covers us, and the things we have learned to love about us. It lies at the very foundation of religion, and our ideal of heaven is simply a home. It is the love of home which strengthens us to endure toil, privation and suffering, and thousands in all ages have met death willingly to sustain the sanctity of their hearthstones. There is not a poet who has lived since the dawn of historic times who has not sung its praises, and from the vast amount of literature which has thus grown up, the contents of the present work have been selected. The compiler has shown rare judgment in the performance of his task. He justly says that the treatment of this subject has not been confined to the great poets. "It is not the poetry of the intellect, but of the heart; and many who have been eloquent on no other theme, have sung the praises of home in a way that has touched the hearts of thousands." The collection, therefore, includes not only the productions of the masters, but those of many a minor poet as well. The paper is beautifully white and clear, the margin liberal, and the binding at once chaste and elegant. It will make a book for the household; "one not for a day, but for all time." 8mo, Russia leather, seal grain, \$6.00.

A SPECIAL LETTER.

As an indication of the great interest aroused by the matter of one of the recent publications of D. Lothrop & Co., while it was passing through the *WIDE AWAKE* magazine in serial form, we print the following letter written from BROOKLINE, Mass., and dated Oct. 6, 1884, and signed "A well wisher."

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

We have read with great interest the "Anna Maria Housekeeping Talks," and think you could not do a better work than to publish them in a cheap form, so as to be within the reach of almost any one, and so ladies could buy them for their servants to read. It cannot fail of success, it seems to me. The "talks" are too good to have their light "hid under a bushel," and ought to be in the hands of every one who has a house in charge, whether servant or mistress.

In accordance with the general desire expressed in this and similar letters, the publishers have presented the papers in an attractive 16mo volume, published at \$1.00. The subjects treated of embrace directions for the table and kitchen departments, the general arrangement and adornment of rooms, matters of dress and domestic economy, and numberless small details which every young girl will desire to be posted upon, and which even trained housekeepers are often grateful for being reminded of.



## LOTHROP'S ILLUSTRATED POEMS.

Among selections of the choicest works of best authors, in this department, are George Eliot's story of HOW LISA LOVED THE KING, and her splendid hymn, O MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE; Tennyson's MAUD, AND OTHER POEMS, also THE BROOK, AND OTHER POEMS; Adelaide Procter's beautiful poem THE LOST CHORD; the favorite Christian songs, THE NINETY AND NINE, and JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL; and the popular song, THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET. Each volume in this Series is furnished in elegant cloth bindings, or fringed floral bindings at \$1.50 each.

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Book lovers whose critical judgment extends to the binding as well as to the contents of a volume, will find something quite to their taste in Lothrop's new list of Illustrated Library Editions, which includes a selection of favorites presented in a form most acceptable to gift-makers, and very desirable for library use. The illustrations are by notable artists, and admirably suited to the text. In this class may be mentioned among others the volumes named below, which are published in 8vo form, extra cloth, in morocco, full gilt, at the wonderfully low prices indicated.

**POETS' HOMES.** The desire of multitudes to know something of the home life of the poets whose verses have become familiar in every household, will find gratification in the attractive one-volume edition of the delightful sketches edited by R. H. Stoddard, Arthur Gilman, and others, under the title of **POETS' HOMES**. It contains appreciative chapters upon Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Trowbridge, Lowell, Holmes, Bayard Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Piatt, Stedman, Aldrich, and other poets of reputation. The homes of these poets are described in charming sketches, many of which are accompanied by portraits and other illustrations. Cloth, \$4.00. Morocco, \$8.00.

**HAYNE'S POEMS.** The welcome accorded to the first edition of the "Poetical Works of Paul H. Hayne," has led to the publication of a new edition. The critical estimate of Mr. Hayne's works, favorable from the outset, accords him a place among the few American writers whose works are likely to have a permanent place in public favor. As has been appreciatively said, "He is a songster of the Southern groves, and having built a nest in the wild wood (referring to his country home at Copse Hill), he is content in the companionship of his mate and his young, warbling to nature and to nature's God. If his notes reach beyond his sylvan hall, and fall upon ears without its walls, and plaudits of approval come in return, he trills responsively a grateful melody, and resumes his solo as he would do had no *encore* greeted him." Cloth, \$4.00. Morocco, \$7.00.

In the same attractive bindings, are the following Complete Works of **FAMOUS POETS** at uniform prices, extra cloth, full gilt, \$3.00. Morocco, full gilt, \$6.00.

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Of the volume which includes those masterpieces of Sir Walter Scott, **MARMION**, **LADY OF THE LAKE**, and **THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL**, no explanatory words are necessary. These poems in the future, as in the past, will hold undisputed place among the gems of classic literature.

The popularity of England's Poet Laureate makes it equally unnecessary to more than present the title of the next volume upon the list, **THE COMPLETE WORKS OF TENNYSON**.

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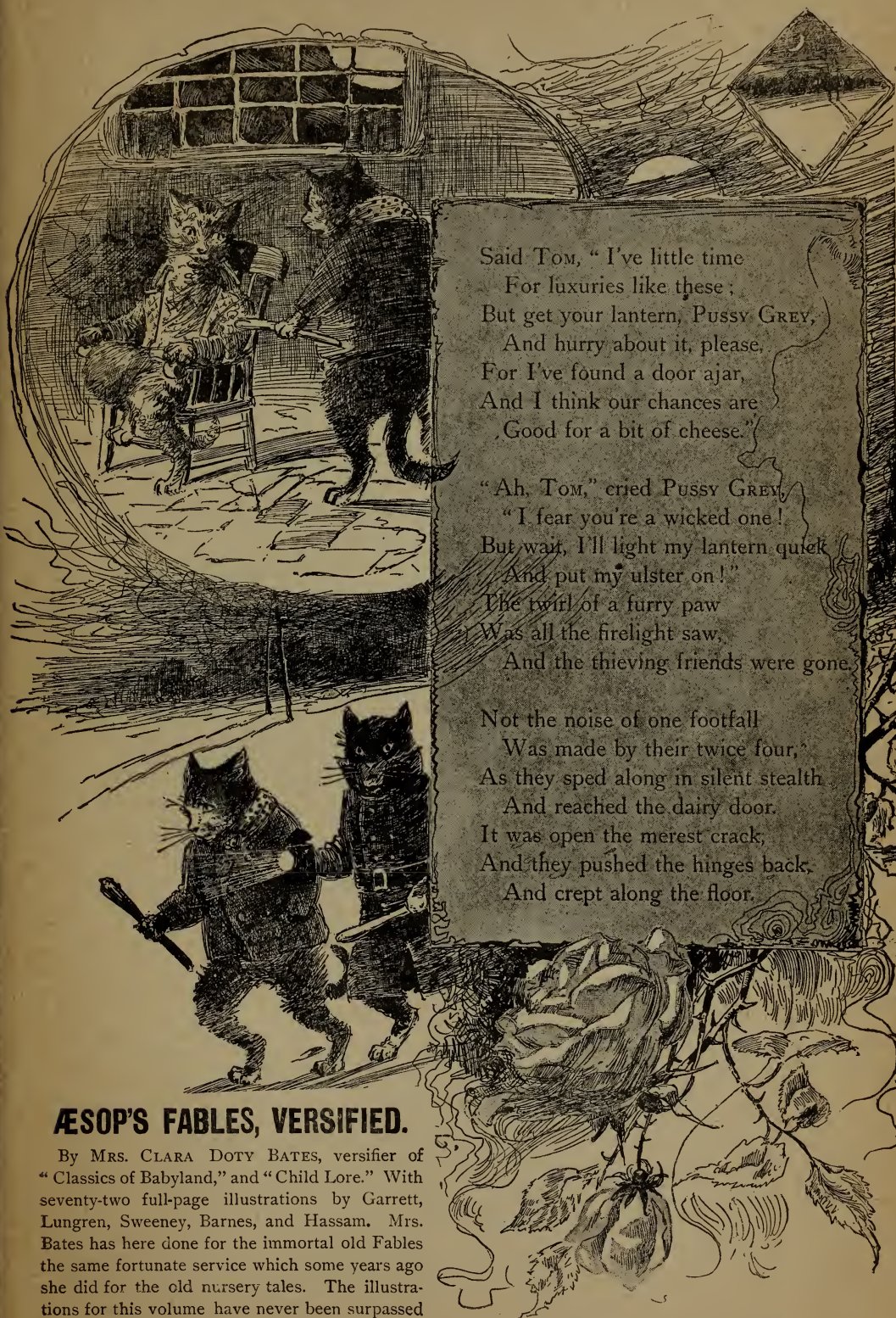
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Said TOM, "I've little time  
For luxuries like these;  
But get your lantern, PUSSY GREY,  
And hurry about it, please.  
For I've found a door ajar,  
And I think our chances are  
Good for a bit of cheese."

"Ah, TOM," cried PUSSY GREY,  
"I fear you're a wicked one!  
But wait, I'll light my lantern quick  
And put my ulster on!"  
The twirl of a furry paw  
Was all the firelight saw,  
And the thieving friends were gone.

Not the noise of one footfall  
Was made by their twice four,  
As they sped along in silent stealth  
And reached the dairy door.  
It was open the merest crack,  
And they pushed the hinges back,  
And crept along the floor.

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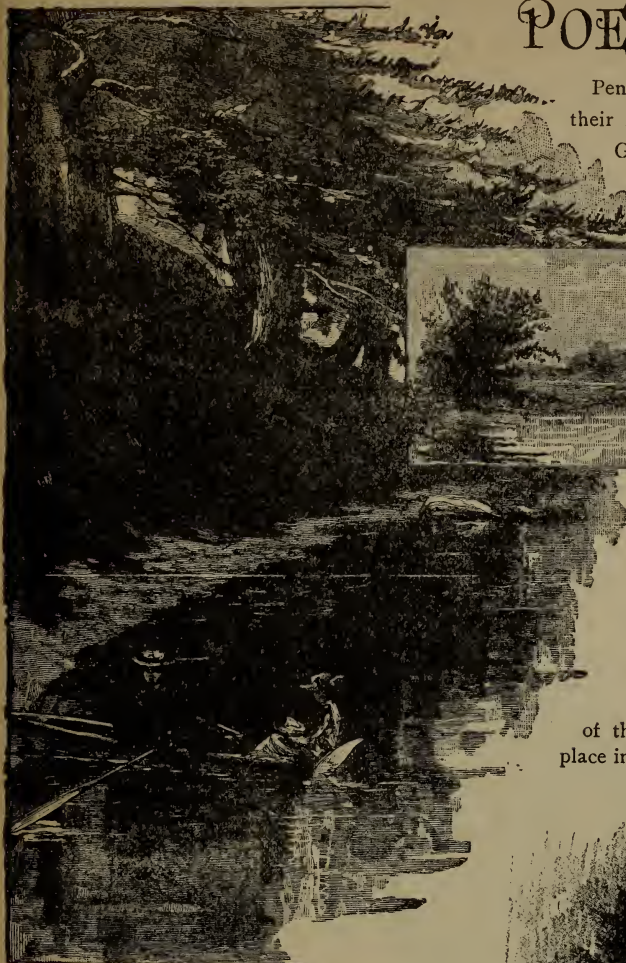
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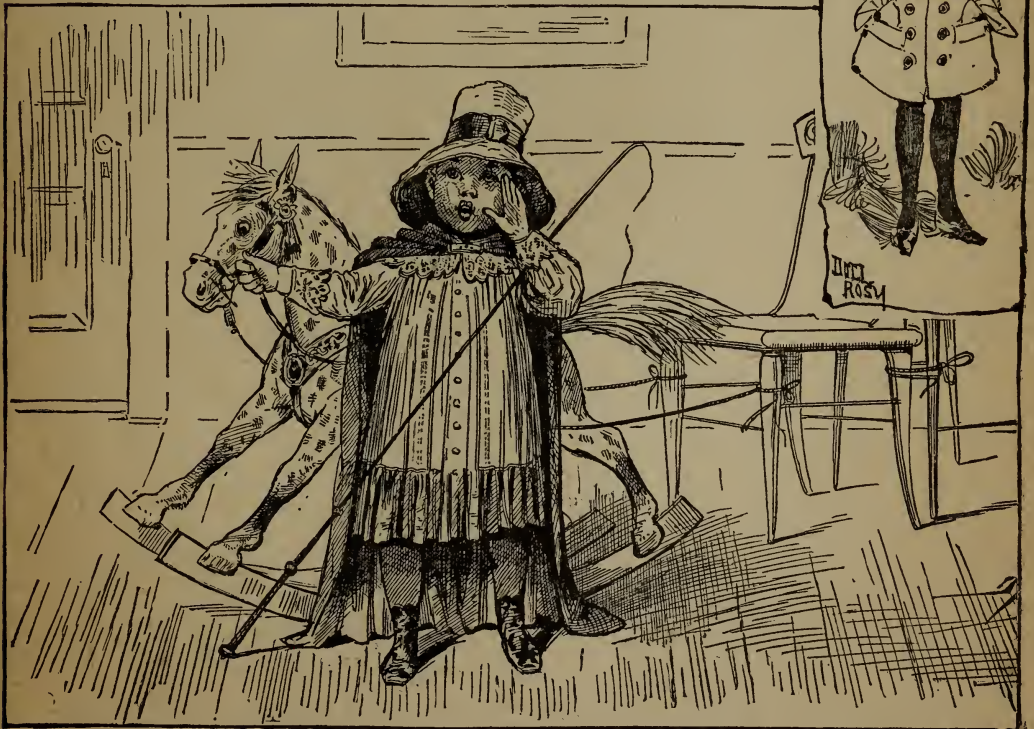
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